Representative English Comedies

VOLUME TWO

THE LATER CONTEMPORARIES OF SHAKESPEARE:

BEN JONSON AND OTHERS

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REPRESENTATIVE ENGLISH COMEDIES

WITH INTRODUCTORY ESSAYS AND NOTES

AND

A COMPARATIVE VIEW OF

THE FELLOWS AND FOLLOWERS OF SHAKESPEARE

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UNDER THE GENERAL EDITORSHIP OF

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VOLUME II

THE LATER CONTEMPORARIES OF SHAKESPEARE:

BEN JONSON AND OTHERS

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PREFACE

THE aim of this series has been stated in the Preface to the first volume: to indicate the development of English comedy by a selection of its representative specimens, arranged, when possible, in the order of their production and accompanied by critical and historical studies. The introductory essay and the special studies in that volume presented an historical view of comedy in England from its beginnings to the time of Shakespeare and his earlier contemporaries. In the present work and its companion, *Fletcher and Others*, the comedy of the contemporaries of Shakespeare to the closing of the theatres in 1642 is represented and discussed. It was intended to include here Dekker's *Shomakers Holiday*, and the consideration of Dekker, Middleton and Heywood; but Jonson has shouldered these dramatists out. They will appear in volume three, which is already in press.

CHARLES MILLS GAYLEY.

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA,
May 29, 1912.

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A Comparative View

OF THE

FELLOWS AND FOLLOWERS OF SHAKESPEARE IN COMEDY

(Part One)

By Charles Mills Gayley

A COMPARATIVE VIEW OF THE FELLOWS AND FOLLOWERS OF SHAKESPEARE IN COMEDY

1. The Judgment of Posterity

"THERE is such an overflowing life," says Swinburne in his paper on Thomas Middleton, "such a superb exuberance of abounding and exulting strength, in the dramatic poetry of the half-century extending from 1590 to 1640, that all other epochs of English literature seem as it were but half awake and half alive by comparison with this generation of giants and of gods. There is more sap in this than in any other branch of the national bay-tree: it has an energy in fertility which reminds us rather of the forest than the garden or the park. It is true," he concedes, "that the weeds and briars embarrass," that "the sun is strong and the wind sharp in the climate which reared the fellows and the followers of Shakespeare," that "the ground is unequal and rough," still, he has "often been disposed to wonder beyond measure at the apathetic ignorance of average students in regard of the abundant treasure to be gathered from this widest and most fruitful province in the poetic empire of England." To describe in part this province, and to suggest some reasons why "so few should have availed themselves of the entry to so rich and royal an estate," is the purpose of the present essay.

Is this, one asks, the most fruitful province in the poetic empire of England? Is the estate royal? Are the fellows and followers of Shakespeare who created it a generation of giants and of gods? or are but one or two divine, and that by spells; and but two or three gigantic, and that by comparison with their coevals, Shakespeare excluded? And is it possible that "the apathetic ignorance of average students," at any rate concerning nine-tenths of the comedies of Shakespeare's fellows and immediate followers, is not to be wondered at, after all?

In the first volume of this series justice has, I hope, been done to the work in comedy of Shakespeare himself and of his earlier contemporaries, such men as Lyly, Peele, Greene; and mention has been made of the activity of less prolific playwrights, Gascoigne, Edwards, Lodge, Nashe, Porter, and Robert Wilson. In this volume and that which will presently follow will be con-

sidered the additions to the estate of comedy made by Shakespeare's fellows and followers in the half-century mentioned above. For purposes of convenience, and for lack of space, the discussion will be primarily limited to the period which begins about 1597–8, when Ben Jonson was writing his first great play, and ends with 1625, when Shakespeare had been nine years dead and Fletcher, the disciple both of Jonson and Shakespeare, was laid in the grave at St. Saviour's, Southwark. While the conditions of the stage from 1597 to 1614 will be passed in general review, attention will in this volume be particularly directed to some of the comedies produced between 1597 and 1611, when Shakespeare practically withdrew to his home in Stratford-on-Avon.

To the writers who in 1598 were cultivating comedy we are pointed by the *Wit's Treasury* of Francis Meres. If we exclude from his account those whose activities have been sufficiently discussed in our first volume, there remain to be considered, as "best for comedy," Thomas Heywood, Anthony Munday, George Chapman, Henry Porter, Robert Wilson, Richard Hathway, and Henry Chettle. Our informant has already mentioned Chapman in a list of those who are "our best for tragedy," and with him Michael Drayton, Thomas Dekker, and Ben Jonson. These, as we know, were writing at that time comedy as well. In connection with the preceding authors, they are frequently entered in the accounts of the theatrical proprietor and manager, Henslowe, between 1597 and 1603, as producers of various kinds of drama; and with them John Marston, John Day, and William Haughton. Shakespeare does not occur in Henslowe's accounts, but Meres ranks him as "most excellent in both kinds"—tragedy and comedy. Coming down to 1612, we find that, in the preface to his *White Devil*, Webster mentions, in company with five of these dramatists, "the worthily excellent Master Beaumont and Master Fletcher"; and that these poets had come to London before 1607 with two comedies "then not finished" appears from other authority. By 1610 Nathaniel Field is acknowledged as Chapman's "loved son," and has written comedy. By 1615 Middleton is named among the poets, by Howes in his continuation of Stow; and in Taylor's *Praise of Hempseed*, where "many that are living at this day" are mentioned—"which do in paper their true worth display," William Rowley and Philip Massinger are joined to half a dozen of the preceding. These lists are to some extent repeated by Heywood in his *Hierarchy of the Blessed Angels* (1635), and the names of John Webster, Thomas May, and John Ford are added. In 1623 the first play of Richard Brome (written in company with Ben Jonson's son) was licensed; and by 1625 James Shirley had made his first attempt at comedy. Entries in the Stationers' Registers and the Revels Accounts, and the dates of plays as published, confirm the roster. It is, perhaps, for our purposes,

more than complete, for Brome, Shirley, and Ford had not attained importance in comedy before 1625, and Hathway's contribution is negligible.

Of the comedies of Shakespeare's earlier contemporaries only two or three had life upon any stage after 1600, and then but for a moment. Of comedies produced between 1597 and 1625 by his later contemporaries there are recorded some two hundred and fifty. Of these about one hundred and twenty have disappeared. Of the remaining one hundred and thirty about fifty survived the Restoration as acting plays; but since the middle of the eighteenth century not more than twenty-six of them have been presented upon the public stage.

Three of the twenty-six dropped out before 1775: Fletcher's *The Tamer Tamed* and *Wit Without Money* (in 1757); and Jonson's *Alchemist* (in 1774). Ten more dropped before 1800: Chapman, Jonson, and Marston's *Eastward Hoe* (adapted as *Old City Manners*, in 1775); Fletcher's *Little French Lawyer* (in 1778) and his *Prophetess* (in 1784); Beaumont and Fletcher's *King and No King*, *The Scornful Lady*, and *The Coxcomb* (in 1785, 1788, and 1792, respectively); Massinger's *The Bond-Man* (altered, in 1779); Jonson's *Volpone* and *The Silent Woman* (in 1785 and 1784); and Marston's *The Dutch Courtezan* (altered as *Trick upon Trick*, in 1789). Eight others ceased to be acted before 1825: Fletcher's *The Pilgrim* (in 1812), *Beggar's Bush*, adapted as *The Merchant of Bruges* (in 1815), *The Humorous Lieutenant* (in 1817), and *The Chances* (in 1808; as an opera in 1821); Beaumont and Fletcher's *Philaster* (in 1817); Dekker's *Olde Fortunatus* (in 1819); Massinger's *The City Madam* (altered as *Riches*, in 1822); and Rowley's *A New Wonder: A Woman Never Vext* (altered, in 1824). Four more had disappeared by 1850: Jonson's *Every Man in his Humour* (in 1825); Massinger's *The Maid of Honor* (adapted, in 1829); Fletcher's *Rule a Wife and Have a Wife* (in 1829) and *The Spanish Curate* (in 1840). In the last quarter of the nineteenth century only one of the comedies written between 1597 and 1625 still held the boards—Massinger's *A New Way to Pay Old Debts*. Such is the verdict of theatre-going posterity concerning the value of the comic output of "this generation of giants and of gods."

A few plays have been recently revived by stage societies and universities: *The Shomaker's Holiday*, for instance, *Every Man in His Humour*, *The Silent Woman* and *The Case is Altered*, *The Knight of the Burning Pestle* and *The Coxcomb*, Fletcher's *The Maid in the Mill*, Heywood's *Fortune by Land and Sea* and *The Faire Maid of the West*, and Middleton and Rowley's *The Spanish Gipsie*,—but the interest evoked has been historical and literary rather than dramatic. The popular judgment of posterity is not the only criterion of literary or dramatic worth; but it is an important criterion. Significance for thought and conduct, significance for feeling are also criteria; but of what

avail are they for posterity, if posterity will neither read nor hear? The reading public has retained Homer but none of his contemporaries. It has retained Æschylus, Sophocles, Euripides, but not their contemporaries. It has retained Dante, Milton, Goethe, but few of their contemporaries. It has retained Shakespeare. The reading public is more hospitable to the literature of the past than the public of theatre-goers; but it is at the same time more select in point of numbers. If it be not acted the drama is but literature after all. To fulfil its function it must be played, and of the play the theatre-going public is the final judge. The play justifies itself not by contemporary applause alone, nor by the appreciation of the select few of reading posterity, but by its appeal to the multitude that generation after generation throngs to behold it upon the stage. And of its significance for life, its truth, worth, and power, this continued acceptability is the ultimate criterion.

Of the sanity of this criterion no more convincing proof can be adduced than that afforded by the stage-history of Shakespeare's plays. Until the closing of the theatres in 1642, they continued to crowd the house whenever they were revived. After the Restoration the taste of the learned was undoubtedly for the drama of a more rigorous technique; and that of the public, for the witty and often licentious adaptation of continental themes and models. But though Pepys found *The Tempest* of "no great wit," and *Midsummer Night's Dream* "most insipid and ridiculous," he witnessed, according to Sir Sidney Lee, thirty-six performances of twelve of Shakespeare's plays between 1660 and 1669. In the last years of that century it was in Shakespearean parts that Betterton achieved his fame; and, from his time down, no English-speaking actor or actress has been counted supremely great who has not re-interpreted Shakespeare for ever-growing and never-wearied audiences. In continental Europe that vogue increases as the years elapse.

Omitting *Troilus and Cressida*—which can only by a *tour de force* be regarded as comedy—and dramas, like *Pericles*, of which Shakespeare wrote only part and that without peculiar creativity, we have of Shakespeare's comedies seventeen. Of these, the product of the twenty years preceding 1611, all have held the stage in the nineteenth century; all have engaged the activities of the greatest masters of the histrionic art; and all, with possibly the exception of *Measure for Measure* and *All's Well that Ends Well*, may be commonly seen in the theatres of to-day. In the former of these, indeed, John Kemble made a name; and in the Helena of the latter, actresses from Mrs. Jordan to Ellen Terry have scintillated. And even though the painful nature of the themes preclude the frequent performance of those two dramas, in poetic philosophy and dramatic effectiveness they retain a hold upon the world of readers no less compelling than the comedies ordinarily performed.

Such is the popular verdict of posterity. Of two hundred and fifty comedies produced during the twenty-eight years preceding 1625 by Shakespeare's fellows and followers, only twenty-six were still acted a century and a quarter after the last of them was written, and only one may be called an acting play to-day. Of the seventeen comedies produced by Shakespeare, all live. The explanation must manifestly be sought not only in a critical evaluation of the contemporary output, and especially of the twenty-six less unfortunate comedies, but also in a study of the conditions under which they were produced. And of this latter, first.

2. Shakespeare and the Theatrical Companies, 1597–1603

In the year 1597 the more important of Shakespeare's older contemporaries in dramatic production were dead. Peele's death is assigned to that year; Greene had died in 1592; Marlowe, in 1593; Kyd, in 1594. Lyly, Lodge, and Robert Wilson the elder still survived; and so did Nashe, or less significance as a playwright; but their careers in dramatic authorship were already closed. Of the rest, Chapman, Munday, Drayton, Chettle, not one was in any way associated with Shakespeare in theatrical affairs. They were writing for the Admiral's and Pembroke's men at Philip Henslowe's theatre of the Rose on the Bankside in Southwark. And all the younger dramatists —I count twenty-three—were doing the same thing; and, with but few exceptions or for brief interims, they continued to do it for the next five years. During that period Shakespeare, on the other hand, was practically alone as dramatist of his company—the company with which he had always been connected, and which he did not leave till he left London, the Lord Chamberlain's—at that time acting at The Curtain, in Holywell, near Finsbury Fields.

In 1597 Shakespeare's reputation in comedy was well assured. He had already written his *Love's Labour's Lost*, his *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, the *Comedy of Errors*, the *Merchant of Venice*, *Midsummer Night's Dream*, *All's Well that Ends Well*, and *The Taming of the Shrew*; and he was in 1597–1598 presenting his *Henry IV* and *The Merry Wives*. Of the success of his plays with the populace we have ample testimony, not only in contemporary notices, but in the proof of his increasing affluence as afforded by the purchase on May 4, 1597, of New Place, the largest house in his native town of Stratford. That his plays meanwhile had appealed to a more cultivated audience than that of the city theatres is demonstrated by the record of performances presented at Court. During the years 1591 to 1597, inclusive, four of the public companies had been called to entertain royalty: the Lord Admiral's,

once, on February 16, 1591; the Earl of Pembroke's, twice, but not since the beginning of 1593; the Queen's players—formerly a famous company which included Tarleton and Robert Wilson—five times, but not after December 26, 1591; Shakespeare's company, twenty-two times—the first on December 27, 1591. After that day the Queen's players are not heard of at Court again. I speak of Shakespeare's company above merely to avoid confusion, for it changed names three times before 1604. It is, however, in general known as Lord Strange's from 1588 to 1594; and as the Lord Chamberlain's from then on, till 1603, when, with the accession of James I, it passed to his patronage and was called the King's.

This preference for Shakespeare's company continued, in spite of a temporary cloud occasioned by the acting of *Richard II* against the Queen's wishes in 1601 (when there was danger of an uprising in favour of the Earl of Essex), until Elizabeth's death. Between January 1, 1598, and March 6, 1603, the Chamberlain's men acted fifteen times at Court, the Admiral's only nine; the Earl of Derby's, perhaps once; the other men's companies, not at all. The Children of the Chapel, meanwhile, had acted at Court but twice; those of St. Paul's, once only.

The plays presented by the Chamberlain's company must have been, to a large extent, Shakespeare's; for the only others, of which we have knowledge, produced by the company during these years, were Ben Jonson's *Every Man in his Humour* and *Every Man out of his Humour*, an anonymous tragedy called *A Warning for Faire Women*, and Dekker's *Satiro-Mastix*. It is possible that a very popular comedy, later acted twice at Court, 1613 and 1618, by Shakespeare's company, and at the Globe in 1607, may also have been in their repertory as early as 1598. I refer to the charming, anonymous *Merry Devill of Edmonton*. It was certainly in existence in 1604. Only two of these plays, the first and the last, were comedies of dramatic and intrinsic potency sufficient to command continued popularity. They are both included in this volume. The "sweet pageant of the kindly fiend," because it continues into the later Elizabethan period, with no slight facility of construction, the romantic plot and simple manners, and the virile characterization, distinctive of Greene and Porter; and because, though not of dramatic vitality sufficient to maintain it upon the eighteenth-century stage, it was the darling of city and Court for many a year. It was acted before the King, in company with *The Maides Tragedy* and *The Tempest*, in 1612–13, and, again, with *Twelfth Night* and *The Winter's Tale* in 1618; and it was one of the plays revived in the Theatre Royal after the Restoration.

The Chamberlain's men seem, therefore, in the years 1598–1603, to have had but few plays not written by Shakespeare. He, meanwhile, had added to his list of comic dramas *Much Ado about Nothing*, *As You Like It*,

and *Twelfth Night;* and had produced *Henry V*, *Julius Cæsar*, *Hamlet*, and *Troilus and Cressida* as well.

This preference for Shakespeare's company at Court indicatestwo things—the excellence of the plays presented and the excellence of the cting. The latter, undoubtedly, contributed much to the triumph over othea companies. The Strange-Chamberlain's numbered among its players many rof the most skilful of the day, John Heming (reputed to have been the original Falstaff), Henry Condell (who is conjectured to have played Jonson's Bobadill), Augustine Phillips, Slye, Pope, Kempe, the best comedian, and Richard Burbadge, the greatest tragic actor of the age. The last mentioned had been with the company since 1592, and he continued to play for it till the time of Shakespeare's death, if not till his own death in 1619. During 1592 and 1593 the company had also had, at times, the services of another very able actor, Edward Alleyn; and it is not impossible that he may have contributed to the success of the seven Court performances of the Chamberlain's in those years. Moreover, Shakespeare himself, who was, as Chettle tells us, in 1592, "exelent in the qualitie he professes," took part. He is mentioned with Kempe and Burbadge as receiving payment for two comedies acted at Greenwich Palace, on December 26 and 28, 1594. The continued patronage of the Court must, however, have been due to the superior fitness of the plays presented as well as to the excellence of the acting. Now, the Strange-Chamberlain's company, while acting at Henslowe's theatres of the Rose and Newington Butts between 1592 and 1594, had performed a few of the plays of the great dramatists written originally for other companies, such as Greene's *Frier Bacon* and *Orlando*, Greene and Lodge's *Looking-Glasse*, Marlowe's *Jew of Malta* and the *Massacre of Paris*, and Peele's *Battle of Alcazar*. It played also the old *Hamlet* and Kyd's *Jeronymo*, and the old *Taming of a Shrew*, in company with the Admiral's men. Some of these plays it owned, others it probably had a right to play in partnership in one of Henslowe's houses. At the order of the Queen it might, of course, perform any play. But with the most liberal allowance of old plays alone, the company cannot have satisfied the requirements of Court. And since it had no writer of note, so far as we are informed, save Shakespeare, it is evident that many of the plays presented before 1598 must have been his. When we add to this the consideration that of the twenty-four plays acted at Court during the next five years no less than fifteen were presented by this same company, and that only one of those fifteen, viz. *Every Man out of his Humour*, is known to have been the work of a living contemporary, we come to a realization of the supremacy of Shakespeare, not merely as the playwright of the city, but of more cultivated circles; and we have definite reason for concluding that one of the causes why the comedies written by his twenty-seven competitors were

not acted at Court was that they were of a quality suitable rather to tickle the ears of groundlings and fill the pockets of that purely commercial theatrical proprietor, Philip Henslowe.

Such, with a few exceptions, was the case. Shakespeare was stimulated, not only by Court taste and favour, but by the co-operation of actors who since July, 1599, were occupying the finest theatre in London, the new Globe on the Bankside, and who in their art far surpassed those of any other company. The only other public company worth mentioning in 1597 was the Lord Admiral's, which had acted in Henslowe's theatre, the Rose, from 1594. For the old Queen's company for which Greene had written, and Tarleton and Wilson played, had been disbanded in 1594; the Earl of Pembroke's was on its last legs; and the Earl of Worcester's was not to attain prominence till 1602. Of the Children's companies nothing need be said just now, though they are plentifully to be heard of later: especially the Chapel boys, who were installed in Blackfriars this year of 1597.

The Admiral's, until 1597, had had one celebrated actor, Edward Alleyn. His promise had been recognized as early as 1583, when, but sixteen years of age, he was acting with Worcester's men. He had married Henslowe's step-daughter, Joan, about 1589; and though he acted for a year or two afterwards with Lord Strange's company, he did so under Henslowe's supervision at the Rose, and he was known as an Admiral's man. As an Admiral's man he achieved great success in Marlowe's *Tamburlaine*, and *Dr. Faustus* and *The Jew of Malta*, and probably also in Greene's *Orlando Furioso*. But in 1597 his father-in-law records that "his son, Edward Allen, left playing"; and, from that date till about the end of 1600, the Admiral's men were deprived of their mainstay. From Christmas of the latter year until the beginning of 1604 Alleyn appeared with them sometimes at Court; and after the erection, in 1600, of his father-in-law's theatre, the Fortune, on the north side, in which he had a pecuniary interest, he seems to have resumed his acting with the Admiral's, probably on special occasions, in the new theatre as well. After February, 1604, we have no definite proof that he was seen upon the boards. His investments in theatrical and other ventures had rendered him independent of his profession; and in 1605 he bought the magnificent Manor of Dulwich. There, "playing the last act of his life so well," he founded and endowed in 1619, for poor scholars and pensioners, the famous and still efficient College of God's Gift. Without him to play the leading rôles there could have hardly been, between 1597 and 1601, the former stimulus to the dramatists in Henslowe's employ. For though Singer and Juby, the two Jeffes and Gabriel Spenser were well-known names, they had not the reputation of their rivals in the Chamberlain's company. As for Spenser, Ben Jonson killed him in a duel the next year. That was on September 22, 1598, two days after *Every Man*

in his Humour, with Shakespeare, Burbadge, Heming, Condell, Slye, Kempe, and the rest of the Chamberlain's company in the cast, had been acted at the Curtain. I have sometimes wondered whether the quarrel between the duellists arose out of bitter feeling on Spenser's part because Jonson, at that time writing for the Admiral's, had given his new play to the rival company. We may be sure that Henslowe's sympathies were with "Gabrell" when he writes to his son-in-law deploring his loss and adding that he was "slayen in hogesden fylldes by the hands of bengemen Jonson, *bricklayer*." Jonson had not been bricklaying for many a year; but he had been selling a profitable play to a hated rival. That and the slaying of "Gabrell" would naturally appeal to Henslowe as conduct compatible with a quondam bricklayer. As one should now say, plumber—doubly so, if the dramatist had once been such.

However that may be, the Admiral's had no very good actors after Alleyn left, and with a few exceptions the plays which they performed were poor. This is not to be wondered at when we observe from Henslowe's account-book that most of his dramatists were continually in his debt, and that he kept them writing in a slap-dash fashion, at tremendous speed, often two or three plays at the same time, with in most cases two or three, sometimes even five, men on the same play. Such "henslowterature" could hardly warrant a long run upon the popular stage, still less a welcome at Court or a place among the dramatic classics. Here are examples of the method of procedure. On December 3, 1597, Ben Jonson receives part payment, in advance, of one pound for the plot of a play which he engages himself to write out and deliver in full at Christmas. On February 15, 1598, Anthony Munday receives five pounds, payment in full for the *First Part of Robin Hood;* on February 20 he is in partnership with Chettle on a *Second Part*, for which they are paid £4 15s. in advance; on the thirteenth, Chettle not having enough to keep him busy (or alive) is in partnership with Drayton on a play called *The Welshman*, part payment, two pounds; the same day he is receiving full payment, £4 5s., for a *Famous Wars of Henry I*, which he has written with Drayton and Dekker; twelve days later he is receiving full payment for the *First Part of Godwin and his Three Sons*, which he has almost finished, with Drayton, Dekker, and Wilson; two days later his *Second Part of Robin Hood* (with Munday) begun about five weeks ago, is licensed; the same day, March 28, he is receiving part payment in advance for a *Piers of Exton*, with Drayton, Dekker, and Wilson again in partnership; and two months later he has finished, with the same three journeymen, another collation called the *First Part of Black Batman*. Nearly every play is in two parts with a view to keeping Henslowe on the hooks, so that if one journeyman or another gets into jail Henslowe shall bail or pay him out:—"£2 0 0, to discharge Dekker from the Counter." And nearly every payment is in several parts with a view to

ho.ding the writers in Henslowe's clutches. Of the four older dramatists, Drayton, Munday, Chettle, Chapman, the last alone co-operates with no one. Of the younger set, Marston alone. Porter, Haughton, Dekker, Jonson, Middleton, Heywood, Webster, Day, and the rest are, so long as they write for Henslowe, headed, gutted and salted, like pilchards, and cooked and packed in a common unguent.

3. The Tendencies of the Henslowe Group of Playwrights

Not only are these plays hastily written and in jumbled collaboration and for current consumption, they are, with a few striking exceptions to be mentioned later, written in one-sided exaggeration, or in defiance, of obvious dramatic principle. Robert Wilson the elder had, as early as 1580 to 1588, shown how the moral interlude might emerge in romantic and social comedy. In his *Three Ladies of London* and its sequel, *The Three Lordes and Three Ladies of London*, he had enlivened the "old moral" by an infusion of passion and intrigue and had paraded it in the trappings of romance across the background of contemporary English life and manners. He had retained the Vice of the moral interlude, but had developed that figure from an abstraction into a concrete character with social and individual traits, and had surrounded him with a *posse comitatus* representing not sins but "humours," impersonations of worldly wisdom, shoddy, Painful Penury, Diligence, and so on. In the *Rare Triumphs of Love and Fortune*, played as early as 1582, which may also be his, we find, within a moral interlude of classical and mythological origin, a romantic comedy. In short, as I have already said in my "Historical View of the Beginnings of English Comedy," Wilson had shown the comic dramatists who were to follow how to fuse in the mould of the didactic play materials of the chivalrous, the magical and the passionate; how to proceed toward romantic comedy that should have a value for the heart, as well as for amusement and morals; and Greene and Shakespeare had availed themselves of Wilson's example, and improved upon it. The dramatists of the Henslowe factory, on the other hand, as a rule, exaggerated out of due proportion one or the other factor of his success; they overdid the marvellous and sensational, or the didactic, or the pathetic. They aped his success piecemeal. His career was well known to them and appeared to be imitable.

For Wilson had been an actor in the Earl of Leicester's company since 1574. In 1583, with James Burbadge, the father of Shakespeare's friend Richard, and with Tarleton, the celebrated improviser, clown, and dancer of "jiggs," he had joined Queen Elizabeth's players. "Among these twelve players," says Howes in his addition to Stow's Chronicle under that year,

"were two rare men, viz. Thomas [he means Robert] Wilson, for a quick, delicate, refined, extemporal wit, and Richard Tarleton, for a wondrous plentiful, pleasant extemporal wit,—he was the wonder of his time." Wilson had also long been a strolling player as well as a writer of plays. It was probably he who had introduced Greene to the Queen's company when, between 1583 and 1586, the latter came to London and began as "author of Playes and penner of Love pamphlets"; and it is probably to Wilson that Greene refers in the *Groatsworth of Wit*, 1592, as a stroller who for seven years had been absolute interpreter of the puppets and penned morals. It is said, too, that he had played *The King of Fairies*, *The Labours of Hercules*, and other such interludes, and had made money enough to have £200 worth of clothes and build a windmill, if he pleased. In this there is something of surmise; but that he was one of the earliest regular playwrights for a London stage and that his comedy-interludes cannot have escaped the notice of Henslowe's writers of 1597 are facts. The Queen's company, indeed, had played at Henslowe's theatre but three years before.

The Old Sensational Comedy.—Of the older set of Henslowe's writers, three, Munday and Drayton, who were of about Wilson's age, for they were born in 1553, and Chettle, who was born in 1564, spent most of their efforts developing the interlude of chronicle history, folk-lore, and ballad in unsymmetrical relief, with here and there a careless dash of the comedy of low life. The outcome was a crude, inchoate, and sensational drama, intended to be romantic but failing in the characterization and emotional veracity necessary to tragedy; failing also of critical observation, consequently lacking that *vis comica* which makes of the drama of mirthful diversion a means to purge mankind of its whims and vanities.

Between 1597 and 1603 Michael Drayton collaborated in some twenty-three Henslowe plays, not only with the older contemporaries mentioned above, but with half a dozen of the younger set; and he wrote by himself one drama of the popular hero type. But his own drama is lost; and of the other twenty-three—eighteen chronicle or chap-book interludes and five comedies—only one has survived, the *First Part of Sir John Oldcastle*. If we are to judge of Drayton's contribution to comedy from this chronicle-comedy, it was very slight. There is certainly no evidence of the poet, sometimes melodious, sometimes majestic, of the *Heroical Epistles*, the *Barons' Wars* and *Palyolbion*, here. In general, it may be surmised that Drayton's share in the joint plays was confined to furnishing his colleagues with historical or biographical material which they worked up. The only genuine comedy that has been assigned to him is *The Merry Devill of Edmonton;* but, as Professor Manly shows, there is neither external nor

internal evidence for supposing that he had anything to do with it. The play belonged to Shakespeare's company, and was written not later than 1604, maybe as early as 1598. During these years we have no proof that Drayton produced plays for any other company than the Admiral's.

Associated with Drayton and two of the younger set in the manufacture of *Sir John Oldcastle* was Anthony Munday, and he, probably, had the chief hand in the writing. The play is of a piece with the popular biographical dramas which constitute the bulk of his work. Although it contains lively situations and an array of boisterous-humorous characters, it is but a loosely contrived composition. Oldcastle, the Lollard, is neither an inspiring nor a diverting figure, and Sir John, the priest of Wrotham, is but a poor shadow of Falstaff. The play was evidently intended to profit by the success of Shakespeare's *1 Henry IV*, which had been acted in 1597. The other eleven plays which Munday wrote in partnership between 1597 and 1602 were, with two exceptions, exploitations of popular history or folk-lore, and they are all lost but one—a tragedy written with Chettle, the *Death of Robert, Earle of Huntington*, "called Robin Hood of Merrie Sherwodde." This had been preceded by a *Downfall of Robert, Earle of Huntington*, which is of Munday's unassisted composition. It was intended for a historical-pastoral comedy. The historical strand is shoddy, and the construction is by patches; but the comedy of low life is not unimaginative, and the pastoral of the greenwood may well have "prompted," as Mr. Bayne[1] has surmised, "Shakespeare's picture of the forest, 'where they live like the old Robin Hood of England . . . and fleet the time carelessly as they did in the golden world.'" The play was very popular, and made Henslowe much money; but it has not the merit of Munday's earlier work.

Early in his career of ballad-writing, "Tarletonising" upon the stage in improvised rhymes, and romance-translating, "A.M." (probably Anthony Munday) had produced a romantic comedy of no slight influence in the development of the type. This was *Fedele and Fortunio*, registered for publication in 1584. It purports to be a translation of an Italian comedy; but it must be much more than a translation, for the humorous characters, especially that of Crackstone, "at one and the same time the Bobadill and Dogberry and male Slip-slop of the play," are English of racy speech, thought, and manner. I have elsewhere described its well-knit plot of nascent humours and romantic passion, and its burlesque of witchcraft;[2] and have shown how it introduces into English comedy the lady's-maid, develops the female go-between and the witch, and anticipates the central intrigue of the *Midsummer Night's Dream*. If Munday had persisted in this kind of play, or in the romantic comedy of

[1] *Camb. Hist. Eng. Lit.*, V, 355.
[2] *Plays of Our Forefathers*, 319; cf. *R.E.C.*, I, LXXXVIII.

contemporary life and humours illustrated by *The Weakest Goeth to the Wall*, also conjectured to be one of his early productions, he would have lived to posterity as something other than the Antonio Balladino, "the pageant poet to the city of Milan, . . . when a worse cannot be had," of Jonson's *The Case is Altered*, or than the Posthaste of *Histrio-mastix*, or the butt of Beaumont in *The Knight of the Burning Pestle*. Even if he had followed up the style of the first play which he wrote for Henslowe, in the folk-lore field, his *John a Kent and John a Cumber*, 1594, where again he takes up wizardry but combines it with romantic love and the comic realism of low life in a not unsuccessful fashion. But from that time on till 1602 he is plotting, with Chettle and half a dozen others, forcemeat for Henslowe. He more and more loses individuality in the effort to stuff the public maw; and it is just as well that so little of the product remains. His later work was in pageants for the city; and he died in 1633.

Henry Chettle, the youngest of the elder Henslowe dramatists, was, as Nashe tells us, fat and puffing—a kind-hearted, vainly indefatigable and lovable creature, who served as a mucilage to hold together the men of the older and the younger generation. We find him working with Drayton and Munday on the one hand; and, on the other, with Porter, Dekker, Jonson, Heywood, Wilson, Haughton, Hathway, Day, Smith, and Webster. He wrote half a hundred plays; but not more than ten without assistance. Of the latter, one—a tragedy—has survived. Of the former, three or four; but only one is of interest in our present survey, *The Pleasant Comedie of Patient Grissil*. Since that was written in company with Dekker and Haughton and has nothing in common with the crude school of sensational folk-lore and chap-book drama cultivated by the older Henslowans, but Chettle's emotionality, I shall defer consideration of it till we come to the work of the younger collaborators. Like other plays of Dekker and Haughton, it is a romantic comedy of domestic life. Chettle alone with his ranting, melodramatic style, his love of shuddering realism and exaggerated horror, his lack of dramaturgic coherence, and his wooden verse, could never have produced a piece of literature, with all its imperfections, so noble and charming as *Patient Grissil*. He is present not in the humorous parts usually assigned to him, but in the pathos of the play. The same verdict must be rendered regarding the division of authorship in that other domestic, or early citizens' comedy, *The Blind Beggar of Bednal Green*, completed in May, 1600, five months after *Patient Grissil* was presented. The "merry humours" of the Norfolk stranger and his serving-man may well have been concocted by that native of Norfolk, his colleague, John Day; but the primitive dramatization of ballad-theme and chronicle-history, the sometimes effective, but more often melodramatic pathos of the Blind Beggar in disguise, retrieving his honour and watching over his

daughter, deserted, despairing, and lustfully persecuted, bespeak Chettle from start to finish. Like others of its kind, the play gave an impetus to the comedy of London life, soon to achieve with Dekker, Middleton, and Fletcher its more striking success. An adaptation was performed at Drury Lane as late as 1741; but the realism of the original is crude, and the pathos, though genuinely conceived, inartistic. About the pathos of Chettle's life, there is, on the other hand, nothing dubious or inartistic. He began as compositor, mounted to stationer and publisher, and failed. He turned playwright and became Henslowe's chief drudge. He was never out of debt, and was familiar with the Clink; still, like an Irish dramatist of similar proclivities, a century and a half later, he was, probably, never too poor to give his last groat to one poorer than himself. He was always a-tiptoe to the tetchiness of poets. As far back as 1592, when the dying Greene had reviled Marlowe and Shakespeare, it was Chettle in his *Kinde Hart's Dreame* who tried to soothe the wounded feelings of the two great ones; but he was none the less loyal to the memory of the embittered Robin who had died, "in lousie circumstance," at the shoemaker's in Dowgate. He took pride in the friendship of Nashe and other "scholars." He was manifestly beloved by the younger men of his acquaintance; and, for reasons that we know not fully, honoured by them as worthy in the next life to sit under that "large vyne" in "the Fieldes of Joye," where Marlowe, Greene, Peele, and Nashe have "got," and others greater still.

The New Critical Movement.—As it was the tendency of the Henslowe writers described above, together with Middleton and Heywood, in those early days, to overdo the historical and sensational in comedy, so it was that of other of their colleagues to overdo the critical. I use the term at present not in respect of rules but of spirit. In spirit the Elizabethan comedy of humours, whether social or personal in its intent, in general lacked that universality of characterization, that charm of sympathetic interest which are requisite to convincing, persuasive, and permanent appeal.

George Chapman—who was by six years the junior of Drayton and Munday, having been born in 1559, and by ten years the senior of Dekker and Middleton, and by fourteen of Porter and Jonson—was the first to achieve success in the critical school of humours. He had been writing for Henslowe since February, 1597, perhaps even since the end of 1596; and by July, 1599, he had sold that manager the first drafts of five of the eight comedies in which he is supposed to have had any hand. Four of the five, *The Blind Beggar of Alexandria*, *The Humerous Dayes Mirth*, *Monsieur D'Olive*, and *All Fools*, to call them by their later accepted names, are written not to delight by mirroring the roundness and the feature of life as it is, or by presenting its beauty and romance and idealizing its facts, but by presenting

abnormalities, oddities, follies, and by scourging them with ridicule. In none of these plays, great though the constructive merit of some may be—their laboured characterization, or their realism—is there a man of winsome personality or a woman of charm, in none a wholly natural, ingenuous, and spontaneous human being. Chapman had thoroughly inaugurated the comedy of humours before he left the Henslowe group. He was not the only humours dramatist, in 1597, or necessarily the first to offer Henslowe a comedy of that kind. For Henry Porter, to whom attention was given in the first volume of this series as one of the earliest of the new "humours" school, had already sold the Admiral's company a play, of which we do not know the name, on December 26, 1596. It is probable that this was either *What Will Be Shall Be* or *Woman Hard to Please*, which were acted soon afterwards. Then followed his famous *Two Angry Women of Abington*, probably under the title of *Love Prevented*, on May 30, 1598—a humours comedy of historical distinction; and, later, he is writing in company with Jonson and Chettle another play, evidently of humours, called *Hot Anger Soon Cold*. It was only a month after this collaboration with Porter that Jonson produced his *Every Man in his Humour*, the most significant and successful of critical comedies up to that time, and, though acted not by the Admiral's men but the Chamberlain's, written in the spirit of Chapman and during the period of the author's closest association with the Henslowe group.

Even after they emerged from Henslowe's employ Chapman, Jonson, and Marston (who also for a brief period was associated with the Henslowe group) continued to produce comedy which devoted itself largely to the exposure, sometimes personal but more often broadly satirical, of the follies, whims, vain pretensions, delusions, disagreeable traits, even vices of humanity. Now, man is, as George Meredith has most whimsically but reverently and justly observed, "man is a laughing animal, and at the end of infinite search the philosopher finds himself clinging to laughter as the best of human fruit, purely human and sane and comforting." But by "laughter" Meredith means the laughter of mirth, not of contempt: the thoughtful laughter that may explode our "unreasons and sentimentalisms," our shams, hypocrisies, and solemn conceits, and still entertain a pity for the *débâcle*, a fellow-feeling for the egoist taken by surprise and emptied of his stock-in-trade. The critical school of humours, on the other hand, understood by laughter, only too frequently, the bitter chuckle, the lifted eyebrow, and "hooked nostrils" of Persius, or the righteous indignation and scathing scorn of Juvenal. And, so, of Jonson, in spite of his keen observation, ponderous learning, logical constructive power, and marvellous wit, and of Marston, we find, as of Chapman, that not more than one or, at the outside, two comedies written respectively by each laugh humanly, provoke to mirth and to joy in human aspiration at the same time.

The distinctive feature of the critical comedy of humours is not so much a novelty as an elaboration of a long-accepted practice. It derives, as I have attempted elsewhere to show, from the didactic of the Mirth interludes, which ridiculed conceit and braggadocio, as in the *Thersytes* and its descendent comedy, *Ralph Roister Doister*; or of the Youth interludes, such as *Hyckescorner* and the *Interlude of Youth*, which, with their Vice and Deadly Sins, portrayed the conflict of the spirit with the excesses and lusts of the flesh; or of still later survivals of the Moral interlude (the early comedy interlude), such as the *Trial of Treasure*, directed against cupidity, and Lupton's *All for Money*. In all of these the Vice, though efficient for evil, is in progress of evolution through what was called an "Inclination" to what came to be called the "Humour"; from the extravagance that is immoral to the extravagance that is comic in its folly, and in accordance with which every Man is in his Vice, and every Vice is but a Humour. And the deadly Sins, which attended their master Vice, became the accomplices or dramatic foils of the central folly. For the artistic development of this factor of the interlude, Robert Wilson had paved the way. His reorganization of the Moral play, by an interweaving of a strand of romantic love and adventure with the pedagogical, was prophetic of a broadly constructive comedy at once imaginative and realistic. But as his *Three Ladies* and *Three Lordes and Ladies* contained the sensational in germ to be over-cultivated by injudicious followers, they contained, also, in germ the critical and satiric which, forced by undue nurture, were so powerfully to affect the development of the "humours" school.

The portrayal of vices in crude solution with farce and extempore gag and popular jig had, indeed, continued to find for many a year favour with the public. Richard Tarleton's interlude of the *Seven Deadly Sins* was acted at Court by the Queen's men in 1584–5; and the second part of it under the name of *Four Plays in One* had been revived by Lord Strange's men at Henslowe's Rose as late as 1592, with great applause and pecuniary profit. It illustrated the evil effect of Envy, Sloth, and Lechery by presentation of appropriate historical and mythological plays. Burbadge, Slye, and Condell acted; and it is not impossible that Shakespeare himself took the part of Henry VI in the Induction.[1]

The humane and artistic development of humours had, however, meanwhile been making no inappreciable headway. Lyly's Sir Tophas and Peele's Huanebango, Greene's Orlando and Adam and Andrew, Shakespeare's Biron, Armado, and Holofernes, probably also that unconscious humorist, Launce, were before the English play-goer in 1592; and by 1598 Falstaff and all that jovial rout. The critical comedy of Chapman, on the other hand, and of those who trained with him in the Henslowe group, was not immediately pro-

[1] Cf. Greg's *Henslowe Papers*, 130; and Murray, *English Dramatic Companies*, I, 80.

ductive of thoroughly genuine humorous personages, unenvenomed, or luring to laughter of no *arrière-pensée*. No such character is given us by Marston; by Jonson, as early as 1598, only Bobadill. And in his later career Jonson rarely created the species of mirth that is at once thoughtful and sympathetic, even more rarely touched this foolish world with the magic of romance. Of the peculiar merits of his comedy something will later be said. Of the inartistic vagaries into which the satiric impetus precipitated him, with Marston, Dekker and others, we shall presently have illustration in connection with the activities of the Children's companies of players.

The leaders of the critical school of comedy did not themselves unvaryingly eschew the attempt to unite with the portrayal of contemporary humours the interest also of romantic intrigue. Though Chapman's first comedy *The Blind Beggar of Alexandria* (1596) advertises itself as "pleasantly discoursing the variable humours of Irus in disguised shapes full of conceit and pleasure," and relies for much of its fun upon the "insophistical and plain humour" of the "martial Spaniardo, Signor Bragadino," and the "most dangerous and stigmatical humour of the Count," which consists of "pistoling men," its plot is a preposterous, romantic intrigue. The best of his later comedies, also, involve romance. And it was by employment, as we shall presently see, of the same motive of interest that Marston achieved his only real success in comic drama. Jonson, alone, if we may except one play, *The Case is Altered*, —and that, as we have it, may be the revision of a very early effort—clung consistently to the critical theory of comedy as dealing with typical eccentricities of character.

And here it must be noted that of the Henslowe group these three men, at least, were thoroughly cognizant of that other aspect of critical comedy which has to do with so-called classical rules. Though he mentions no theory of comedy other than the satiric in "the ancient comic vein of Eupolis and Cratinus now revived,"[1] and repudiates even that, Chapman observes the unities both of time and place in his Henslowe play, *An Humerous Dayes Mirth*, and in at least one other comedy. Jonson, not only later but in his *Every Man in his Humour*, and other plays written during this period, makes explicit profession of his adherence to these unities; and Marston manifests his knowledge, a few years later, by his apology for breaking what was really the only essential unity for the ancients, that of action. "Rules of art," he says, in the Induction to *What You Will*, "were shaped to pleasure, not pleasure to your rules." The subjection of comedy to rules had, as Professor Herford has fully shown in his essay on Jonson which follows, an appreciable influence in the artistic development of the species. But it is interesting to note that the unities as practised by the playwrights were not the unities of

[1] *Prologus*, *All Fools*.

the Greeks and Romans, but those unities as interpreted by the Italian poets and critics of the Renaissance, who had emphasized, as necessary to verisimilitude, the restrictions of time and place, and correspondingly neglected the unity of intrigue or action. And here we find an additional impetus to the humours of the English critical movement. For the unity of action—the single, complete, and significant plot—it substituted what Jonson calls "the unity of person."

> "The laws of time, place, person he observeth,
> From no needful rule he swerveth,"

says the Prologue to *Volpone*. And by "person" he meant what Professor Schelling describes as "a single dynamic personality"—in other words, a character of dominant eccentricity, that is to say of a "humour." And since the humour of the giant is thrown into higher relief by the ineptitudes of surrounding pigmies, there attends the *comitatus* of minor "humours." Here, again, the critical comedy, while exaggerating the didactic of the vernacular English interludes, joins hands with the comedy of Plautus and Terence, and substantiates its truest claim to the designation of modern classical. Of the critical principles individual features had already been exemplified in comedies influenced by Roman rule or practice from *Thersytes*, *Roister Doister*, *Damon and Pithias*, and *The Supposes* down to the *Comedy of Errors* and the *Taming of the Shrew*, but it is in Chapman's dramatic exaltation of the personal eccentricity, and in Jonson's adaptation of that to the intrigue of Latin comedy and the rules of the comedy of the Renaissance, that the modern classical effort becomes comprehensive. In Jonson alone does it become also conscious, and, as time elapsed, closely consistent with the fundamental requirements of genuine classical unity. But the period of gestation was between 1596 and 1599, when Chapman, Jonson, Marston, and Porter were associated as playwrights in Henslowe's employ.

The Imaginative and Popular Movement.—The remaining writers of the Henslowe group are of the generation of Jonson and Marston; but their services to the development of comedy were neither in adherence to the critical school of humours nor in prosecution of the pseudo-historical comedy of the older generation. As they emerged from the hack-writing of the chronicle and folk-lore kind they devoted themselves, without regard to history or theory, to the production of comedy, more artistic in intent, at any rate, than that which has so far been described. Their comedy was sometimes of the imaginative romantic type that had been cultivated by Greene and Shakespeare; sometimes of contemporary life and manners romantically viewed; sometimes of such manners, and the suitable intrigue, presented with sheer

realism. The representatives of this freer and more popular movement were John Dekker, Thomas Middleton, and Thomas Heywood, born, all three, about 1570. And with them may be associated Henry Porter, born in 1573; John Day, born 1574; and William Haughton and John Webster, who were some four to six years younger.

Since two of these men, Porter and Haughton, are of importance only in the earlier stage of the comedy of manners, it may be well to confine what we have to say of them to this place. If the former had continued in his dramatic career—we do not hear of him after 1599—he might have produced social-romantic comedy not only of literary but of abiding dramatic value. His *Two Angry Women of Abington* had the breeziness of actual life in the country: the manners are shrewdly and vividly reproduced, the colloquy is facile and natural, the complication well conceived, and the principal characters so spirited and spontaneous that none of them is the embodiment of a mere humour. The characters are, indeed, rather boisterously realistic and amusing than charming; the heroine is frankly a healthy animal, and the love affair mock romantic. But I feel, however, that the play, none the less, deserves to be ranked not merely with the series of efforts then making in the direction of humours, but with that which made for an unconsciously artistic comedy, not too realistic, nor critical, nor sentimental, but imaginatively constructive.

Some six months before Henslowe bought what was probably the first draft of Porter's *Two Angry Women*, he had paid a writer whom he familiarly calls "yonge Harton," ten shillings for a "Book," that was of some significance in the history of realistic comedy. That was November 5, 1597; on February 18, of the next year, another payment is made to William Haughton, and the name of the play is given *Woman Will Have her Will*. It was completed a month or so later; and it is noteworthy, not only because of its originality and genuine comic characterization and force, but because it is one of the earliest of our comedies of London manners pure and simple, that is to say, with neither critical purport nor romantic strain. The play was a great success upon the stage; and it was printed four times between 1601 and 1631—twice under the alternative title, *Englishmen for my Money*. One cannot read it without realizing at once the reason of its popularity. Although evidently the work of a very young man, the vivacious and genial plot, the breath of London home and street, the devil-may-care jollity of youth pitted against avarice and age, the unforced sequence of ludicrous situations, and the flattery of national pride, could not but have won the heart of every city lad or lass in the audience. A usurer, whose "snout" is "able to shadow Paul's," has drifted from Portugal to London, has married, waxed rich "by the sweet-loved trade of money," and now, in his widowhood, is set

on finding wealthy foreign husbands for his three daughters. These admirably natural creatures have "a tutor for the devil," who, instead of teaching them philosophy, acts as intermediary for their love affairs with three true-born English gentlemen. Marina "scorns philosophy"; Laurentia wants to know "Why was I made a maid, but for a man?" and Mathea, but "in her twelves," "is resolved to have her will," *alias* Ned. To all or which the tutor for the devil says "nothing but Amen!" Their foreign suitors, talking respectively Italian-English, French-English, and Dutch-English, are, of course, made ridiculous by the elect Harvey, Heigham, and Walgrave; while the Portuguese father in comfortable nescience continues to plot matrimonies favourably for the foreigners and take up bills of exchange unfavourably for the Englishmen. With his connivance the three foreigners substitute themselves in disguise for their rivals in a nocturnal interview with the daughters. There are in the early comedy of manners few funnier scenes than that in which the Dutchman, befooled by the wily lass, whose window he would scale, appears hanging in a little basket "'twixt heaven and earth like Mahomet's sepulchre":

> "And so good night; for London maids scorn still,
> A Dutchman should be seen to curb their will."

The Londoners are to the manner born, Brown the clothier, Towerson the merchant and his friend Moore, the Bellman and the Post. And we smell "the sweet air of Tower-hill" as we walk with the lovers to the house in Crutched Friars where their sweethearts live; or we mingle with the brokers on the Exchange, or hear the well-known sounds of Leadenhall and Fenchurch Street, Tower Street, Canning, and Cornhill;—and Bow-bell rings. It is possible, since young Haughton was during the next year associated with Chettle and Dekker in *Patient Grissil*, that he may have derived from them, especially from the latter, the suggestion for this portrayal of living manners as well as for the comic use of foreigners' English. For the Welsh-English in *Patient Grissil* appears to be Dekker's; and in Dekker's *Shomakers Holiday*, of July, 1599, the Dutch jargon is used for similar comic effect. There, too, the intrigue of the well-born gallant with the citizen's daughter forms the basis of the love interest, and the play caters to the pride of Londoners. But the fact remains that in these features Haughton's *A Woman Will Have her Will* anticipates the realistic comedies of Dekker. It also anticipates the portrayal of London life afforded by Jonson's *Every Man in his Humour;* and is of as early a date as Porter's *Two Angry Women*. It is probably the earliest extant effort to transfer to London the comic realism of Shakespeare's *Merry Wives of Windsor*.

In still another field young Haughton shows his enterprise—the comic

dramatization of supernatural legend and romance upon a background of contemporary manners. He is, of course, not a pioneer in this procedure. Greene's *Frier Bacon* had been eleven years, and the anonymous *Merry Devill of Edmonton*, perhaps two, before the public, when, in 1600, Haughton's *The Devil and his Dame* (later known as *Grim, the Collier of Croydon*) appeared. And there had been a still earlier play of *The History of the Collier*. But Haughton's vivid and divertingly satirical amalgamation of Machiavelli's *Novella* of Belphegor (a devil who after a year and a day of a wife on earth concludes that hell is, after all, to be preferred) with the country humours and amours of the collier and Joan "the flower of Croydon" has at any rate the merit of preceding the more successful attempt of Jonson[1] at bringing the devil up to date. And in the play, now lost, of *Friar Rush and the Proud Woman of Antwerp*, 1601, Haughton and Day evidently anticipate Dekker's well-known treatment of another realistic and satirical adventure of devils in seventeenth-century Europe.[2] Haughton's work is not of abiding literary or dramatic value, but it has a place in the history of comedy. He is a minor shooting-star. In 1602, after five years of dramatic activity in Henslowe's employ, he is swallowed in the night like Porter before him. But during those five years he had produced alone some six or seven plays, and had been associated with others, Chettle, Dekker, and especially John Day, in fourteen more. Since his interest, again like Porter's, lay principally in the dramatization of well-known English themes, and since his method was realistic and fresh, one cannot but regret the cessation of his activity before his powers were yet mature. He was born about 1578, and was probably a University man.

During this period the plays of Middleton and Heywood were still rather of the old sensational manner than of the realistic and romantic in which they later made their reputations. To them as to Webster, Dekker, and Day we shall presently revert. Suffice it to say, here, that the last two alone materially contributed to the development of the new popular comedy as cultivated by the Henslowe group in the years now under consideration.

Of the Admiral's comedies between 1597 and 1603, many achieved an ephemeral popularity with a public naturally captivated by the reshaping of the wooden history play into something of romantic, realistic, or satirical interest; but only ten can be said to possess anything like literary distinction, and of those not more than six display also constructive dramatic skill. Haughton's *Englishmen for my Money*, Porter's *Two Angry Women*, Chapman's *All Fools*, Dekker's *Olde Fortunatus* and *The Shomakers Holiday*, and Dekker, Chettle, and Haughton's *Patient Grissil*. Of the six the four first mentioned

[1] *The Divell is an Asse*, 1616.

[2] *If this be not a Good Play the Devil is in it*, 1610.

continued for a period to hold the stage; but only one survived the closing of the theatres in 1640, as an acting play—the *Olde Fortunatus* of Dekker, which was momentarily revived as a spectacle in the Covent Garden Theatre as late as 1819.

4. Personal Satire, and the "Little Eyases"

Mention has already been made of two companies of boy-actors, the Children of St. Paul's Choir and those of the Chapel Royal. They had achieved prominence in the presentation in their own playing places and at Court of the dramas of Lyly, Marlowe, and others of the older generation. The Paul's boys, who acted in a school-building adjoining the cathedral, had, however, been suppressed about 1590 for some offence to the Court, and do not reappear until 1599 or 1600. Then they leap into distinction, rather because of their connection with what is called the "war of the theatres" (1598–1602) than because of any dramatic worth in the plays which they presented. The Chapel children, who had been performing since 1597 at Burbadge's theatre of Blackfriars, are lifted into consequence on the same account. But since they presented Jonson's side of the stage quarrel, and plays of purely dramatic merit by other writers, like Chapman, their importance in the history of comedy vastly outweighs that of the Paul's. It is to the unwisdom of making them mouthpieces of personal satire upon their seniors, playwrights and actors of reputation, and to the temporary diversion of interest from legitimate drama as presented by the men's companies of the Globe and the Fortune, that Shakespeare alludes in the well-known passage where Rosencrantz tells Hamlet that the "tragedians of the city" have been driven to travel because of the popularity of an "aery of children, little eyases, that cry out on the top of question, and are most tyrannically clapped for 't."

Light is thrown upon the controversy by some consideration of the history of Queen Elizabeth's relations to the theatre of Blackfriars. When, in 1596, James Burbadge had undertaken to turn part of the old Blackfriars monastery, on the north side of the Thames within the city walls, into a private theatre, and the city authorities, opposed to theatres of any kind in the city, had protested, she retorted by specially sanctioning the Master of the Chapel children as manager of this private theatre, and by taking under her exclusive patronage in 1598 two public companies, the Chamberlain's and the Admiral's. While this action had the appearance of restricting the number of theatrical enterprises, it in effect confirmed Blackfriars as the one private theatre, and vastly increased the importance of the new Globe erected on the Bankside by Richard and Cuthbert Burbadge, Shakespeare, Heming, Phillips, Pope, and

Kempe, for the Chamberlain's in 1599, and the new Fortune erected by Henslowe, north of the city limits, in 1600, and occupied by the Admiral's men. Although the public theatres could each accommodate on a conservative estimate some fifteen hundred to two thousand people, and the Blackfriars not more than five hundred, the latter as a "private" theatre, that is to say, completely roofed like a private dwelling (while the others were open in the centre to the elements), would naturally attract the patronage of the more wealthy and aristocratic lovers of plays—members of the Court and the Queen herself. It was better adapted to the masques which Chapman and Jonson were then beginning to write, and to the elaborate music, singing, and dancing which were so important a feature of the masques. It is, therefore, not at all improbable, as Professor Wallace[1] has argued, that "high prices, select audiences, royal patronage, and unique entertainment made the Blackfriars one of the centres of London social life." I am not at all sure that this select popularity occasioned any manifest decrease in the revenues of the public theatres; but it is only natural that the men's companies, and the Children of St. Paul's who for several years had been out of favour, should have resented the aristocratic preference for Blackfriars and for the poets who between 1598 and 1602 were writing for it.

The "war" served little purpose but to stage this rivalry. In the process it offered opportunity to Marston through the Paul's boys, and Dekker through the Chamberlain's and Paul's, to vent their spleen upon Jonson and Chapman at the Blackfriars, and *vice versa*. In the mud-throwing Munday was bespattered, and maybe Samuel Daniel, and one or two other poets. The mob seems to have been momentarily diverted. But the Poetomachia is little else than an aberration of the comedy of humours into ridicule and farcical abuse; and it impeded the development of the natural comedy of manners and romance. Its saving grace is that it embalms for us of later generations something of the personality of the individuals engaged.

It is not impossible that the quarrel began with contemptuous allusions to Jonson in Marston's satire called *The Scourge of Villanie* (1598); or with caricatures of Jonson in *Histriomastix* and *Jack Drum's Entertainment* (1598–1600), in which Marston seems to have had a hand; or perhaps with B. J.'s own injudicious, not to say unkind, ridicule of Munday as Antonio Balladino in the *Case is Altered* (*c.* 1598), or (but this is a shadowy identification) or Daniel as Master Matthew in *Every Man in his Humour*; or merely in B. J.'s irritating assumption of superiority; or in Marston's "holier than thou" pose, the "uplifting" ineptitudes of his satires, or his petulance. We do not know. The personality of either Marston or Jonson was undoubtedly capable

[1] *The Children of the Chapel at Blackfriars*, chaps. XIII., XIV.; and in the *Century Magazine*, Sept., 1910.

of summoning to the surface the most intolerant capabilities of the other. "You are sudden of passion," pleasantly remarks a contemporary to the author of *The Scourge of Villanie*, "you are as sudden of passion in all matters as an interjection, and yet as defective in most cases as an heteroclite."[1] As to the temper of Jonson—"he was a great lover and praiser of himself, a contemner and scorner of others, given rather to lose a friend than a jest, jealous of every word and action of those about him," records his "loving friend, W. Drummond." Jonson, of course, lays the blame for the stage quarrel upon Marston; he told his loving friend that "he had many quarrels with Marston, beat him and took his pistol from him, wrote his *Poetaster* on him; the beginning of them were that Marston represented him on the stage in his youth given to venery." What the play in question was we haven't the faintest idea. And the course of the stage quarrel I do not propose to narrate, since it does not in any way illuminate the history of comedy as an art. Occasionally it is referred to, in what follows; and Professor Cunliffe has devoted to it some paragraphs of his Essay on *Eastward Hoe*. The reader desirous of probing its biographical details may find ready approach to the literature through the treatises mentioned below.[2]

Undoubtedly Marston had reason to believe that his vocabulary was ridiculed in the turgid terms of Clove, a character in Jonson's *Every Man out of his Humour* (1599); and it is possible that Marston and Dekker saw some reflection of themselves respectively in the "impudent" Hedon and the "arrogating" Anaides of Jonson's *Cynthia's Revells* (1600). But, as Tucker Brooke has recently shown,[3] the latter characters are intended rather to satirize "extravagant and feeble-minded gallants' of the Court than two poets in whom the courtiers, for whom the play was intended, had no particular interest. In the *Poetaster*, however, Marston is caricatured as Crispinus, a venomous traducer of Horace (Jonson), and Dekker as Demetrius, Crispinus's hack-writer and follower; and both are punished: notably Crispinus, who by the ministration of a pill is purged of his fustian vocabulary. To this attack Dekker responded in the same year (1601) with *Satiro-Mastix*, in which not only Jonson's plays are ridiculed, but his personal appearance—his face, "full of pockey holes and pimples,"—his chequered career, his religious profession, and his overbearing disposition, held up to contempt, and he himself, as Horace, condemned to wear a wreath of nettles. This concludes the quarrel proper. Jonson made no retort in dramatic form; and, the public probably wearying of personalities, the tempest in a tea-pot subsided. I have

[1] W. I., in *The Whipping of the Satire*, 1601.

[2] *Camb. Hist. Lit.*, IV, 379, 380; bibliography, 587; Schelling, *Eliz. Dr.*, I, 476-89; II, 501, bibliography. Penniman, *The War of the Theatres*; Small, *The Stage Quarrel*.

[3] *The Tudor Drama*, 377.

no doubt that it was largely a play to the gallery from the first. Very soon afterwards Marston is eulogizing Jonson, and collaborating with him and Chapman in the composition of *Eastward Hoe*. An echo, however, is heard in the *Second Part* of the anonymous *Returne from Pernassus*, acted at Cambridge in the end of 1601 or the beginning of 1602; and it arrests attention because it connects Shakespeare actively with the controversy. Says Kempe in this play, referring to Jonson's chastisement of Marston in the *Poetaster*, "Why here's our fellow Shakespeare puts them [the college-bred dramatists] all down —ay, and Ben Jonson too. And that Ben Jonson is a pestilent fellow; he brought up Horace giving the poets a pill; but our fellow Shakespeare hath given him a purge that made him beray his credit." I have long thought that Shakespeare's "purge" was more probably the passage, already quoted, in *Hamlet*, than any lost work of his, or than the *Satiro-Mastix* played by the company of which he was virtually the head. Now comes Mr. Tucker Brooke, suggesting that *Hamlet*, which had been presented "in the two Universities of Cambridge and Oxford and elsewhere," before it was printed in 1603, may have been so presented before it was entered in the Stationers' Register, July 26, 1602—even as early as the end of 1601, when the Chamberlain's company was on a provincial tour; the tour, in fact, of the adult players in *Hamlet* travelling to Elsinore. And that the "purge" in the *Hamlet* as then acted, and so vividly recalled by Kempe in *The Returne*, was in all likelihood much more copious and drastic than we may imagine from the passage retained in the Shakespeare Folio twenty-two years later. That in itself is fuller than the version given in the quartos. But in 1623 the stage quarrel was a dead issue, and not at all suitable to be revived in full by the editors of a folio for which Ben Jonson was even then writing verses commendatory of Shakespeare. The lines as we have them are the most memorable outcome of the sordid affair. They seem to emphasize Shakespeare's absolute good humour and his ability to sweep the deck of that bilge-water with artistic finality. None of the other plays concerned is of any consequence to the lover of vital drama. The *Poetaster* shines in satire and in impetuous poetry; *Satiro-Mastix* has a scene or two of tragic intensity, and scenes of irresistible drollery; but neither is a comedy of distinction in plot, or, save for one or two characters, in portrayal of humanity. The literature of the controversy is unutterably wearisome; it has no bearing upon social conditions or upon the development of the drama, and has been given an exaggerated importance by a few to whom it has seemed worth while to lead students through the bogs after a will-o'-the-wisp.

As literature some five of the Paul's comedies survived the period; but none of any distinction as drama save *Satiro-Mastix*, and a play by Middleton called *Blurt Master Constable*. Neither of these continued to hold the stage.

Of the Chapel comedies about seven retain a place in the history of literature; but only three—Jonson's early romantic play *The Case is Altered* and two of Chapman's—have interest for the lover of drama as such. And none of these continued to hold the stage.

These considerations of the methods of composition, of ideals, of the quality of audience and of actors, will in some degree explain why it was that so few of the comedies produced by Shakespeare's fellows between 1597 and 1603 (and the foregoing covers the groups producing) found favour with the cultivated Elizabethan, why so many of them disappeared, and why, of those that are still extant, only a scant half-dozen have any claim to literary and dramatic esteem.

5. Companies and Playwrights under James I: especially from 1603 to 1614

The fact that "our all kinde sovaraigne," James I, gave immediate "grace" not only to those "worthy of honour," but to "the meane" as well, "taking to him the late Lord Chamberlain's servants, now the King's acters; the Queene [Anne] taking to her the Earl of Worster's servants, that are now her acters; and the Prince, their son, Henry Prince of Wales, full of hope . . . the Earl of Nottingham (the Lord Admiral) his servants, who are now his acters," [1] is of marked importance as influencing the course and character of the drama under the new regime. Not only these companies, but also the old Queen Elizabeth's players (some of whom soon became Prince Charles's men), the new company of the Princess Elizabeth. and the Children's companies—the Paul's who became Children of the King's Revels, and the Chapel boys who became Children of the Queen's Revels—with their respective playwrights, enter into competition under changed conditions. It will be profitable to consider the companies of most importance during the first half of the period which closed in 1625, beginning with the Admiral's and concluding with the Chamberlain's, which under the patronage of King James maintained its pre-eminence while other companies waxed and waned. Consideration of Prince Charles's company and of his sister, Princess Elizabeth's, may be deferred, since we have record of but two or three plays of importance presented by either before 1613; and since the dramatists with whom they were most closely identified after that date will be discussed in the following volume.

The Admiral's men, after 1600, played generally at the Fortune, which Henslowe had built in Golden Lane, St. Giles Without Cripplegate, to catch

[1] Dugdale's *Time Triumphant*, 1604.

the trade abandoned by the Chamberlain's men when they removed to the south side of the Thames. In 1604 they passed under the patronage of **Prince Henry**, and after his death were transferred in 1613 to that of the Elector Palatine, or the Palsgrave. By his name they are known until 1625. The membership of the company remained much as it was, save for additions, until 1613. In 1618 Edward Juby is manager; and only two others of the list of 1598 are mentioned. Juby is dead in 1622. Between 1604 and 1613, as the Prince's players, they were in their heyday of royal favour. They performed at Court forty-one times: almost as often as all the other companies, exclusive of Shakespeare's; but, even so, not one-third as often as Shakespeare's. We know the names of only a few of the plays presented by them; and of the three that have maintained a name in dramatic literature—the *First* and *Second Parts of the Honest Whore* and *The Roaring Girl*—Dekker is principal author. None of these, however, has survived upon the stage. From 1613 to 1634 we have record of no important play licensed for the company; nor do we hear of them at Court. Their success between 1603 and 1613 must have been due largely to the long experience and harmonious development of actors trained in the tradition of Edward Alleyn, to the excellence of their plays of contemporary pathos and realism, and probably to the revival of the best of their Elizabethan repertory. For by 1604 the group of dramatists, whose joint activities as Henslowe men have been described, was completely dispersed. One or another of its poets wrote occasionally for a company temporarily under Henslowe's management, such as Prince Charles's or the Princess Elizabeth's; but with the exception of Dekker and, to a slight extent, Middleton, none wrote for the Admiral's men.

Chapman and Marston did not write for Henslowe after 1599. The former turned to the Children of the Chapel, afterwards of the Queen's Revels; the latter, first to the Children of Paul's, and afterwards to those of the Queen's Revels. Drayton, Munday, and Jonson are not in Henslowe's accounts after 1602. To Drayton and Munday no dramas of a later date have been authoritatively assigned. Jonson wrote at first for the Children of the Chapel (or Queen's Revels), but soon returned to the King's men. Chettle wrote no plays that we know of after 1603. In that year Heywood, Webster, and Day are mentioned by Henslowe for the last time. Of these, Heywood was then writing for the Earl of Worcester's men, and for them, under the patronage of Queen Anne, he continued to write; Webster, except for two plays for the Paul's boys, in which he was slightly associated with Dekker, wrote for the King's men and Queen Anne's; Day wrote for Queen Anne's and the Queen's Revels' children. Save for the plays in which he collaborated with Dekker, Middleton wrote for the Paul's boys and the Queen's Revels' children; later, for the Lady Elizabeth's and Prince Charles's, and also

for the King's men. One play only of Dekker's was acted by the Chamberlain's men, and that in 1601 ; after that he gives a few plays to the successors of the Admiral's (Prince Henry's men), and for the rest, like Middleton, wanders from company to company—the Paul's boys, Queen Anne's men, and Prince Charles's.

Like Prince Henry's players, another company, which used to be known as the Earl of Worcester's, but under the new reign is known as **Queen Anne's**, appears to have continued in marked degree the tradition of the old chronicle and chap-book drama, with its spectacular and melodramatic features, and its appeal to national and domestic English interests, adventurous, pathetic, and tragic. It mingled with these, as the fashion changed, a dash of the new citizens' comedy, and of modern realistic tragedy ; but on the whole it clung to the style of play that had delighted the Elizabethan Londoner when presented by the old Queen's company, the Earl of Pembroke's, and the Admiral's. As it drew its dramatists principally from the last of these, it drew its players largely from Shakespeare's while that was still the Chamberlain's. With the famous Will Kempe, and Duke, Beeston, and Pallant from the Chamberlain's, Thomas Heywood from the Admiral's, and John Lowin, afterwards a most celebrated actor, and others, they were playing at Henslowe's theatre of the Rose in August, 1602. At the end of 1603, as Queen Anne's men, they occupied the Curtain. In the next year they took possession of a new theatre, the Red Bull—satirized for its heroic prentice plays by Beaumont in *The Knight of the Burning Pestle*—and with that theatre, except for a brief occupancy, 1617–18, of the new Cockpit in Drury Lane, they are associated till 1623. The names of Heywood and Beeston are still on the company's list at the time of the Queen's death in 1619. As early as 1602–3 Heywood was writing for them ; for instance, the first draft of his heroic tragi-comedy *The Royall King and Loyall Subject*, and his domestic tragedy *A Woman Kilde with Kindness*. Between 1607 and 1613 the company acted other of his plays suited to the mythological or heroic tastes of burghers, and some of the poorer citizens' comedies of Dekker and Day. After 1613 there is little record of the Queen's plays, and the company seems to have broken up in 1623. Between 1604 and 1614 it acted at Court thirteen times, but not any important drama of which we know. Two of the tragedies performed in the city, *A Woman Kilde with Kindness* and Webster's *White Devil*, are of permanent dramatic and literary value. Of the comedies, Heywood's *Foure Prentises of London* has a grotesque immortality as the cabbage-rose of heroic shopkeepers' plays ; and the *Wise-Woman of Hogsdon* has inherent comic and romantic worth—but, though popular for a generation, it lacks enduring merit, and beyond suggesting a scene in one post-Restoration play, has not since influenced the stage.

After 1603 the **Paul's boys** continued under the same name until 1607, acting, probably, still in their singing school. Among their comedies were two by Dekker (slightly assisted by Webster), four by Middleton, and one by Beaumont. And they had Chapman's powerful tragedy, *Bussy D'Ambois*. In 1606 they acted three plays at Court, at least one of them by Middleton. It is conjectured that the next year they became the **Children of the King's Revels** and acted at Whitefriars; but even so they disappear in 1609, with only two or three more plays of distinction to their credit.[1] Though their career was brief, they had, during the new reign, presented at least a dozen comedies, principally of contemporary manners and of humours, realistic and satiric, that have retained a place in the history of dramatic literature. But the appeal of these plays, though popular, was ephemeral. Perhaps four of them possess one or more of the qualities of enduring comedy—Middleton's *Michaelmas Term*, *A Mad World*, *My Masters*, and *A Trick to Catch the Old One*, and Lodowick Barry's *Ram Alley;* but for all their keen and witty realism, only the latter two have both constructive characterization and convincing technique, and only the *Trick* has sufficient significance for life to atone for the foulness that bedaubs the whole group. The *Ram Alley*, the main idea of which is borrowed from the *Trick*, got itself revived temporarily as late as 1724; and the *Mad World* has furnished materials to post-Restoration comedy. But none of these Paul's plays has actually held the stage since 1715.

The career of the other boys' company, the Children of the Chapel, which passed under Queen Anne's patronage as **Children of Her Majesty's Revels** in 1604, was both longer and more brilliant. They acted at Court three times in the ensuing year, one of their performances being Chapman's *All Fools*, undoubtedly rewritten. Though they did not reappear at Court between 1605 and 1612, because of disfavour, partly due to their presentation of *Eastward Hoe* with its slurring reference to the Scots, they continued under various reformations in the city until Anne's death in 1619. Between 1604 and 1609 they performed at Blackfriars all the comedies produced by Chapman, by Fletcher, and by Beaumont and Fletcher during the period; nearly all by Marston and Day, and at least one each by Middleton and by Rowley. On April 5, 1608, they were suppressed for scandalous skits upon both French and English royalty, and their principal poet, Chapman, was driven into hiding. Before January 4, 1610, they reappear, this time associated with the King's men under the management of Burbadge, who had taken over the lease of Blackfriars. Soon after, they removed to Whitefriars; and there one of their first plays was Jonson's famous comedy, *The Silent Woman*. During

[1] Professor Wallace, *Century*, Sept., 1910, gives proof to show that they were "subsidized to quit" in 1608 by the managers of the Queen's Revels' Children, and of Shakespeare's company.

1612–13 they performed at Court three times in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Cupid's Revenge*, twice in their *Coxcomb*, and once in Chapman's *Widow's Tears*. From that time on the best of the dramatists already mentioned were allying themselves with the King's and the Lady Elizabeth's companies. Since 1611 the Children of the Queen's Revels (or of Whitefriars, or Rossiter's company, or Children of the Chapel) had been losing their most efficient actors. Joseph Taylor, in 1619 the successor of Burbadge in the King's company, had joined the Princess Elizabeth's in 1611; and is with Prince Charles's in 1616. Nathaniel Field joined the Lady Elizabeth's in 1613, and is with the King's between 1617 and 1619. Giles Carey, also, had gone to the Elizabeth's in 1611; and Hugh Attawell is with Prince Charles's in and after 1616. In consequence, from 1613 on the Queen's children sank to a minor position and betook themselves to the provinces. In 1629 they are disbanded. But in their prime they were a shining aggregation of actors. Nineteen of the comedies produced by them between 1603 and 1613 have qualities of literary excellence; and nine of them are dramatically effective as well. While, like the Paul's boys, they excelled in plays of contemporary manners, they presented, with striking success, comedies also of romantic intrigue, tragi-comedies, and at least four of the strongest tragedies produced by the later contemporaries of Shakespeare. Of the Queen's children's comedies, eight outlived the Restoration and five—*The Dutch Courtezan*, *The Scornful Lady*, *Eastward Hoe*, *The Silent Woman*, and *The Coxcomb*—moved in original or adapted form upon the stage in the last quarter of the eighteenth century. During the ten years under consideration the plays of this company made a closer approach than those of any other to the general style and excellence of those presented by their whilom associates, the "King's acters."

The *personnel* of the Chamberlain's men, who became the **King's players** on May 17, 1603, is, with a few exceptions, what it had been in 1598, and it does not radically change during the connection of Shakespeare with the company. Kempe, Duke, Beeston, and Pallant had, as we have noticed, transferred their services to the Earl of Worcester's (now Queen Anne's) players in 1602; and Pope died the next year. But Kempe had been replaced as chief player of comic parts by Robert Armin; and Laurence Fletcher, probably at the order of King James who liked his acting, had been taken in as manager. At the King's entry into London in 1604 nine shareholders of the company walked in procession, clad in red, as members of the King's household: Shakespeare first, then Phillips, Fletcher, Heming, Burbadge, Slye, Armin, Condell, Cowley, in the order named. But by 1603 they had drawn from the Earl of Worcester's John Lowin, who acted, in tragedy, the deuteragonist, counsellor, wronged brother, or shrewd villain,

and, in comedy, the more imposing "humour" rôles—Morose, Volpone, Mammon, and, after Heming's retirement, his famous part of Falstaff. And when in 1608, the Burbadges added to their Globe activity the lease of the Blackfriars theatre, the King's men drew into close association with them the Children of the Queen's Revels who played in the latter place. It is not at all surprising, therefore, that when, in 1609–10, the King's occupied Blackfriars themselves they should take over two or three of the Children; Nat Field, for instance, who, however, soon rejoined the Queen's Revels at Whitefriars; and William Osteler, who acted with the King's, in 1610, in Jonson's *Alchemist*, and the next year married Heming's daughter Thomasina, and, of course, soon afterwards became a shareholder in the Globe. The King's men maintain the primacy during King James's reign; and in the company the primacy of Shakespeare continues until his final retirement to Stratford in 1611. During that period, besides the tragedies *Othello*, *Macbeth*, *Lear*, *Antony and Cleopatra*, and *Coriolanus*, he produced also the romantic dramas, *Measure for Measure*, *Pericles*, *Cymbeline*, *The Winter's Tale*, and *The Tempest*, some of them imbued with a heightened measure of that idyllic charm which breathed in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, *Love's Labour's Lost*, *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, and *As You Like It*, but all, in addition, flavoured with a more varied vicissitude of plot and the more serious romantic quality, heroic or tragi-comic, of his later style.

In his function as chief dramatist of the company, Shakespeare is, however, less isolated than before. The reputation achieved by his plays both at the Globe and at Court, and the favour accorded to the acting of the King's men, have attracted younger writers. Ben Jonson, who, as early as 1599, had given them two comedies, wrote for them, between 1603 and 1611, his *Sejanus*, *Volpone*, *The Alchemist*, and *Catiline*. For them Webster fitted out Marston's *Malcontent* with an Induction in 1604. In 1606 or 1607 Cyril Tourneur gave them his masterpiece of ghastly realism, *The Revenger's Tragedy*. Shakespeare's friend, George Wilkins, victualler and innkeeper of St. Sepulchre's, wrote for them his jejune *Miseries of Enforced Marriage*, and by some wondrous chance, if we can believe historians and critics, contrived to collaborate with the master himself, about 1607, in *Timon of Athens* and *Pericles*. Barnabe Barnes was honoured by the performance of his tragedy *The Divil's Charter*, a queer medley of necromantic thrills and anti-papist satire. And, also before 1610, the company had acquired and acted the crude but powerful *Yorkshire Tragedy*, and the tragi-comedies of *The London Prodigall* and *The Faire Maide of Bristow*—all by anonymous writers of dramatic, if not high literary, gifts. With the exception of Jonson, these are minor acquisitions; but between 1608 and 1611 there appear in the firmament of the Globe and of the company's other theatre in Blackfriars

the twin luminaries of the new romantic drama and of the comedy of intrigue, Francis Beaumont and John Fletcher. They are inheritors of the radiance of Shakespeare and Jonson interfused. And their plays are destined for a season to eclipse in popularity those of their masters. Between 1608 and 1613 Beaumont and Fletcher were writing occasionally for the Queen's Revels' children, but the King's men presented the three greatest of their dramatized romances, *Philaster*, *The Maid's Tragedy*, and *A King and No King*, and two of Fletcher's comedies of manners and intrigue, *The Captain* and *The Woman's Prize*. From 1614 to the time of his death in 1625 Fletcher was the leading dramatist for the company.

A study of the performances at Court between 1603 and 1625 again certifies the paramount importance of this company. During that period the King's men appeared 189 times; all the other companies put together, men and boys, only ninety-seven. Prince Henry's, or the Palsgrave's, leads with forty performances; the Princess Elizabeth's is a poor third with seventeen; the others dwindle from fourteen to three apiece. The same study reveals also the limits of Shakespeare's period of greatest popularity, and the gradual change of taste to which Fletcher owed his succession in the primacy. Of the plays performed at Court by Shakespeare's company during James's reign, three-quarters were acted before 1614. Shakespeare died in 1616; and during the latter half of the reign the King's men appeared at Court only forty-five times. We have the names of about thirty-three of their performances at Court before 1614; about seventeen are of Shakespeare's plays. Unfortunately we cannot rely positively upon Peter Cunningham, whose *Extracts from the Revels' Accounts* has been the authority for most of the names. Critics in the past have been generally of the opinion that he inserted into the account-books of the Masters of the Revels the leaves which give the list of plays for the winter of 1604–5, and for 1611–12, respectively. But many have conceded that if the lists were forged, they were forged with remarkable show of verisimilitude; for they are corroborated in significant details by memoranda of Edmund Malone, inaccessible to Cunningham, based upon authentic documents, and made before Cunningham was born. Recent investigations, moreover, of a minute, scientific, and technical kind, indicate, with hopeful appearance of finality, that Cunningham's lists are, after all, genuine portions of the original manuscripts.[1] According to these documents and corroborative information, the tragedies of Shakespeare presented at Court during the first half of James's reign were *Lear*, *Othello*, and *Julius Cæsar*; and the comedies and histories, *Merry Wives*, *Measure for Measure*, *Comedy of Errors*, *Love's Labour's Lost*, *Henry V*, *Merchant of Venice*, *Much Ado*, *The Tempest*, *The Winter's Tale*, *1 Henry IV*. Also the lost play of *Cardenna*, to which Fletcher contributed. Internal evi-

[1] See Ernest Law, *Some Supposed Shakespeare Forgeries*, 1911.

dence would, of course, warrant us in assuming that *Macbeth* was intended for presentation before the King. During the same eleven years four of the Beaumont and Fletcher plays are named as presented by this company at Court; three by Jonson; one each by Chapman, Heywood, Barnabe Barnes; and the anonymous comedies, *The Faire Maide of Bristow*, *Mucedorus*, and *The Merry Devill of Edmonton*. We have not the names of the plays presented between 1614 and 1618; but during the last seven years of the reign there are only five Shakespearean performances—*Twelfth Night*, twice; *Winter's Tale*, twice; and *1 Henry IV*—out of twenty-five in all. Of the remaining twenty more than half are of comedies by Fletcher.

So long as the influence of Shakespeare ruled the King's company his taste appears to have prescribed the manner of play presented at Court: the tragedy of the inevitable; the comedy,—serious, humorous, or romantic,—or, if of manners, genial and constructive. As his influence wanes from the date of his withdrawal to Stratford, one notices the increasing substitution of tragi-comedy for tragedy; of the drama of sensational surprises, of spectacles and masques, for that of character as developed by incident; of the comedy of artificial chivalry and sentimental heroism for simple romance; and of intrigue, intricate in plot and offensive in manners, for the old-fashioned humour of the typical individual and the charm of personal interest. A list of plays, in which the heroic romantic of *The Island Princess* and *The Pilgrim*, the sensational of *The Coxcomb* and *More Dissemblers besides Women*, and the intrigue of *The Spanish Curate*, *Beggars Bush*, *The Wild-Goose Chase*, and *The Maid in the Mill*, predominate, constitutes a definite index to the change which had taken place in the taste of the Court. But the verdict of posterity indicates that while thus purveying to contemporary taste the company did not wholly ignore the dramatic values that make for permanence. Of the comedies of King James's reign that still held the stage after 1750 two-thirds were drawn from the repertory of the Players to the King. The remaining third is divided equally between the Queen's Revels children and its principal legatee, the company of the Princess Elizabeth.

6. An Estimate of the Critical Comedy: principally of Humours and Intrigue

At the beginning of this essay I queried why so few of the comedies produced by Shakespeare's later contemporaries had survived upon the stage; why only twenty-six of them lived beyond the middle of the eighteenth century; and why, with one exception, none appears upon the stage to-day. Some answers based upon a general consideration of the methods and

qualities of authorship in relation to the conditions imposed by the acting companies, the theatres, the audiences, and the social preferences of the day, have been suggested. It remains for us now to examine such of the plays as scholars of the present age deem worthy, in spite of the verdict of their theatre-going ancestors, still to be studied for their intrinsic excellence; and by a critical evaluation of each to intimate to what extent the "apathetic ignorance of the average student" is to be deplored, to what extent regarded as a corroboration of that verdict. In connection with this procedure there will be opportunity also to observe the more significant movements of comedy as a type.

Since we have already examined the inchoate productions of the older Henslowe playwrights we may proceed to an evaluation of the work of a few of the more immediate contemporaries of Shakespeare—especially Jonson, Chapman, and Marston. In the next volume of this series the study will be extended to the efforts of his remaining fellows and followers in the popular treatment of romance and realism, in tragi-comedy and the later comedy of romantic intrigue.

Ben Jonson.—A review of contemporary opinion and of the judgment of playgoers and critics from Jonson's day to the present time indicates that for reasons dramatic or literary, or both, *Every Man in his Humour*, *Volpone*, *The Silent Woman*, *The Alchemist*, *Bartholomew Fair*, and *The Staple of News* may be regarded as his best comedies. Of these, the first was presented by Shakespeare's company in 1598, probably for the first time, September 20. Though by no means the earliest play professing to ridicule "humours," Jonson's is the earliest written in accordance with a critical theory, and has always been the most popular. For, in kind, it is probably fair to say with Gifford that it was the "first regular comedy in the English language"—that is to say, comedy of character and of the classical type; and, as to popularity, it not only pleased in its own day, but was a favourite in Charles the Second's and in George the First's and George the Third's. Garrick, having retouched the play and added a scene in the fourth act between himself (as Kitely) and Dame Kitely, made of it such a comedy, says Arthur Murphy, as "was hardly ever seen on the English stage." That was in 1751, at Drury Lane. Woodward acted Bobadill, and the play "drew crowded audiences, and kept possession of the stage during the manager's life." It was acted twice in Covent Garden in 1825. I count in all thirteen revivals since the Restoration. Dr. Ward tells us that Charles Dickens, who was fond of amateur acting, "is still remembered as an inimitable Captain Bobadill." For the theatrical vitality of this comedy sufficient reasons are assigned by Professor Herford in the essay included in this volume. With

an eye to admirable comic situations, Jonson has elaborated an intrigue which springs spontaneously from the interaction of the characters; and the characters themselves, in their several "humours," exhale the spirit of comedy and of contemporary manners. That this masterpiece is not nowadays acted may be because the minor characters seem to be too conscious of their "humours," and their "humours," habits, or affectations, being of a forgotten vogue, seem to be made, not born, and to savour of the didactic satirist behind them. Consequently the very artifice of the resulting action, conducted as it is by devices, also somewhat outworn, may defeat the art. For all that, in originality of invention, in characterization, in its ridicule of such "humours" as are both permanent and provocative of laughter, and in its deliberate and successful adaptation of the methods of Latin realism as opposed to the unregulated, vociferous, and sensational devices by which the Henslowe drama commonly catered at the time to the Elizabethan public, *Every Man in his Humour* in its influence upon the history of the stage, as well as for its literary and dramatic merits, is a classic.

Volpone, or *The Fox*, "first acted in the yeere 1605, by the Kings Maiesties servants," was eight times revived between 1660 and 1785. Cumberland, writing towards the end of the eighteenth century, speaks of it as "nearest to perfection of any one drama, comic or tragic, which the English stage is at this day in possession of."[1] But it was not received with public favour in its own day, and it has long ago been dropped from the theatrical lists. Francis Beaumont, writing to his "dear friend, Master Ben Jonson, upon his *Fox*," deplores the disapproval of the prejudiced and "subtle gallants" of that day; "E. S." conveys the idea that, though "*The Fox* will live when all his hounds be dead," the play was killed in the University towns, "both Minerva's cities"; and John Fletcher begs Ben to forgive friends, foes, and fools for the ill success of the play. Other contemporary admirers of Jonson were united in regarding it as one of the author's greatest works. In my judgment it is the noblest of monuments to his dramatic imagination and poetic ability: it has impressed readers more profoundly than any other of his productions; certain of its figures, the Fox himself, Corbaccio, and Mosca, have achieved historic actuality in the literature of contempt—as others, like Sir Politick and his lady, in that of derisive laughter; and its lightnings of voluptuous riot and of scathing scorn are not readily surpassed in English verse. But, in spite of these characteristics and of the compelling vigour both of humour and of satire in the first half of the play, the drama is not a good acting comedy. The two plots are intrinsically unrelated; the comic of the minor, though in itself irresistible, is an impertinence beside the grim amusement afforded by the major; and the major plot itself is not only injudiciously

[1] *The Observer*, III, 176.

bombasted with incidents farcical and detrimental to the interest, but is, also, unconvincingly concluded. As a moral satire, this is one of the noblest in dramatic cast which the language possesses; but just because the author's object is to punish iniquity, *The Fox* is not a comedy. The subject of *Volpone* is too foul, too tragic; its atmosphere too redolent of meanness; its realism at once too loathsome and too cruelly like the human actuality—as of apes behaving unseemly in the Zoo. Its satire is too fierce for comedy. There are in life some fixed tendencies of character, some "humours" that have no humour in them; some situations of comic ingredient that crystallize as horribly incongruous. There are passions that, deployed in literature with comic intent, succeed only in alienating the æsthetic sympathy which should differentiate comedy from journalistic satire. The last word was said by Coleridge, when he confessed that, in spite of all the excellence of *Volpone*, it is impossible "to keep up any pleasurable interest in a tale in which there is no goodness of heart in any of the prominent characters." Either the scoundrels should have been punished in the most drastic and summary manner possible to tragi-comedy, or the romance of Celia and her lover should have been deepened into pathos, the hypocrisy of the villains heightened into crime, and the comedy cast as a tragedy.

Of *The Silent Woman*, "first acted in the yeere 1609" (1610 n.s.) "by the Children of her Majesties Revells," and *The Alchemist*, "first acted in the yeere 1610 by the Kings Maiesties servants," enough has been said by Professor Herford and others, in the essays which follow, to explain their long life on the stage. The former is a masterly comedy of the practical joke, and of "humours" intensified, to be sure, for artistic effect, but not out of proportion to the probabilities of human nature. Its plot, even with the defects which I have elsewhere pointed out, deserves Dryden's encomium of admirable. The reason given for its failure in the revival by Garrick and Mrs. Siddons is not convincing. Revised, but slightly, to suit the histrionic methods and taste of to-day, it should score a success. *The Alchemist*, on the other hand, has never failed the great actor; and it has exhausted the superlatives of admiring critics from Shirley and Herrick to Dryden, from Steele to Gifford, from Swinburne to the latest editor of the play. It was, when first produced, acclaimed the masterpiece of comedy, and it was most popular during the period of the Restoration. Theophilus Cibber, in the early eighteenth century, made a famous success as Abel Drugger. And when, in 1743, Garrick played that rôle at Drury Lane in a manner "imitable by none," he displayed "one of the most finished studies of low humour that the world ever saw," and proved the permanent capabilities of this the greatest of Jonson's comedies of character. In those triumphs Macklin played Face, and Mrs. Macklin, Doll. In 1753, and again in 1774, Garrick revived the

play. It has more than all the merits of *Epicoene* and *Every Man in his Humour*, with less of the defects that proceed from the portrayal of mere habit or idiosyncrasy, or from the conscious elaboration of intrigue. It has the veracity and the vigour of *Volpone* with none of the revolting realism or the bitterness. That *The Silent Woman* and *The Alchemist* are not upon the stage of the twentieth century is not because of any imperfection in their make-up, nor because of any change in manners or in popular taste, but largely, I imagine, because theatrical syndicates and stage-managers are so frequently of a foreign strain, or, if Anglo-Saxon, rarely conversant with our racial traditions or our literature. In construction these plays are surely equal to *The Comedy of Errors* and *The Taming of the Shrew* and *The Merry Wives of Windsor;* in characterization and in wit they are superior.

None of Jonson's comedies achieved a more immediate and tremendous triumph with the people than *Bartholomew Fayre* (acted 1614 by the Lady Elizabeth's servants); and the success was renewed from time to time for about a century and a quarter. But though it has humour to fit out half a dozen comedies, has an action which moves of itself from side-splitting situation to situation, and presents a most vivid picture of contemporary London life, its theatrical vogue could not now be revived. For its popularity arose from the ridicule with which it covered the Puritan professions and hypocrisies of Jonson's personal observation, and the faithfulness with which he reproduced and pilloried a myriad manners of 1614. It is a crowded Hogarth, a social-historical document, a most hilarious piece of literature. It shows admirably how Jonson could make the commonplace artistic by a process of selection and idealization. Of the bourgeois Fair "he hath made," says Dryden, "an excellent lazar; the copy is of price, though the original be vile." The fact that the copy is not always of enduring characteristics, but, often, of mere idiosyncrasies or habits pertinent to the period, would, in itself, account for the relegation of this most entertaining play to the bookshelf.

Though in its inventiveness and its timeliness of satire upon the style and methods of "the first English newspaper," *The Staple of Newes* (acted 1625 by His Majesty's servants) is "worthy to be ranked," as Professor Herford holds, "among Jonson's best plays," it, too, must be regarded as an historical painting. It is a remarkable *tour de force* of a wearied *littérateur*. Its life-likeness of portraiture and its satiric invective passed with its period; and its dramatic cleverness was vitiated, even for its own age, by the allegorical character of its central group. The Princess Pecunia and her attendants—the women, Mortgage, Statute, Bond, and Wax—are of the antiquated flavour of Robert Wilson's "stately morals" of the *Lords and Ladies of London;* and the "intermeanes" have too much profit mingled with their delight.

But two, then, or at the most three, of Jonson's comedies have dramatic as well as literary vitality, and deserve a place upon our modern stage. As a writer of the realistic comedy of character, he is, of his age, unsurpassed. In all but his greatest plays, however, the artifice of construction defeats art : the reader, and *a fortiori*, the hearer, will miss the sequence unless he treasure every hint of motive ; the method makes too severe demand upon the attention. In too many of his plays Jonson is critic and reformer rather than creator ; even at their best his "humours" are prone to be each a confirmed disposition, one peculiar and abstracted quality of character "that draws a man one way" ; and at their worst they are the very eccentricities of manners, to call which "humours" Jonson himself would say is "more than most ridiculous." Moreover, as Gifford in his illuminating *Memoirs of Ben Jonson* has remarked, this dramatist is limited as an artist by the very fact that he was "the painter of humours, not of passions. . . . Passions may be unamiable, but they can scarcely be uninteresting. . . . Humours are far less tractable. If they, fortunately, happen to contain in themselves the seeds of ridicule, then indeed, like the solemn vanity of Bobadill and the fantastic gravity of Puntarvolo, they become the source of infinite amusement ; but this must not always be looked for." Jonson did not always aim "to produce a certain *quantum* of laughter. . . . Many humours and modes of common life are neither amusing in themselves, nor capable of being made so by any extraneous ingenuity whatever. . . . He wished to exhibit them in an odious and disgusting light, and thus to extirpate them." Sometimes, too, he lacks discrimination. He labours upon the most unimportant and disagreeable until he wearies his audience. "He continues, like the unfortunate lutanist of Dryden, to finger his instrument long after it has ceased to make music to any ear but his own." This criticism I have quoted, because it serves to explain not only why so many of Jonson's comedies have not survived in public favour, but why a like fate has befallen most of those produced by his contemporaries and immediate successors in the field of manners. While he over-emphasized the critical or moral aspect of humours, they over-emphasized the amusing aspect—or what passed for amusing—forgetting that a jocular realism in depraved manners, such as most of them depicted, is no more diverting than a satiric realism in morals. The decadence of Elizabethan comedy begins with the elimination of the romantic element, or with the inverse of that, the sensational perversion of the romantic. Though, as drama, it must enact conflict and, therefore, move by way of plot—which, when comic, results in the adjustment of the incongruous individual to society—comedy, at bottom, depends upon the delineation of character. But if the delineation would evoke, as it should, the interest that proceeds from fellow-feeling, it must not confine its efforts to the exposure of idiosyncrasies and the explosion of futilities and over-swollen

pretensions. It must imbue the mimic world with that essence of romance which idealizes the stubborn characters and conditions of common life, and so makes persons human, and plot palpitant, and stirs the heart of the spectator —that essence of romance which alone saves the real world from the desperate veracities of fate or logic, the veracities that make for tragedy. The humanizing essence which makes for comedy is of the breath of emotion, the infinite variety and charm of personal possibility, the potency of self-realization.

Otherwise, comedy can make its appeal only by the procedure of critical analysis, which, as in the case of Jonson's failure, desiccates character into humours of an abstract kind ; or by the impressionistic and morally indifferent reproduction of the superficial in motive and manners—the more impressionistic the more worthless, if not aggressively vile, as in the case of the early stuff of the Middletons and Rowleys ; or by the combination of "cloak and dagger" melodrama with the salacious fascinations of contemporary wit, as in the worst plays of Fletcher after Beaumont had ceased from the partnership.

George Chapman.—After Chapman emerged from the Henslowe group he turned to the Children of the Queen's Revels ; and by them nearly all his comedies were produced. Not counting *Eastward Hoe*, in which he had the assistance of Jonson and Marston, he produced seven comedies ; and one more has been conjecturally assigned to him. By general consent his best unaided work as a comic dramatist is to be found in *All Fooles*, a comedy of intrigue acted in its final form about 1602 3, and in *The Gentleman Usher* and *Monsieur D'Olive*, romantic comedies, presented in final form before 1606. They are of great interest to the historian of the drama, but of no worth to the theatre. The first has been absurdly overpraised by Swinburne, of whom it is certainly not disrespectful to say that he was occasionally as injudicious in criticism as he is always melodious in poetry. He calls *All Fools* "one of the most faultless examples of high comedy in the whole rich field of our Elizabethan drama." Ward, while conceding the "inferiority of *All Fools* in humour of characterization to *Eastward Hoe*," ranks it as "a very admirable comedy." Its most recent editor, Professor Parrot, with reservation as to "excrescences in speech and incident, and a slight weakness of treatment in the solution," decrees it "the most nearly perfect of Chapman's plays." And Professor Phelps calls it "Chapman's comic masterpiece," adding, "it impresses one as particularly well adapted for the stage ; but it would require a constellation of actors, since nearly every character has more than one good chance." It would require, also, a constellation of auditors—if not to follow the intricacies of the plot, at any rate to nudge each other into wakefulness. The complication, an ingenious literary welding of two Terentian "fables," is not in itself too intricate, but it is confusedly presented ; it can't even be read with

comfort: one has to be turning back all through the first act to the list of *dramatis personæ*. And I am sure that it could not be heard "with delight." Few expositions in comedy are more primitive, puerile, and obscure. The opening scenes abound in long-winded moralizings—twenty-five to thirty lines apiece of clumsy blank verse—and each surcharged with cheap cynicisms about women: "inconstant shuttlecocks," "undressed, nasty, sluttish to their husbands; spong'd up, adorned, and painted to their lovers." Through all this verbosity the translator of Homer is making a fatuous struggle to tell us who's who, without letting out too soon what's what. The style in dialogue is sometimes clever; and it rather excels in the superannuated quibbling of the Lylian school; but the prose speakers think nothing of running their two pages, or even four, at a breath. The characterization is of Terentian types garbed in Elizabethan tires and fashions, and fitted out with dice, drink, and tobacco; but their humours are commonplace and shallow, for the dramatist displays no insight into the inner man. The manners are not by action, but description—entertaining to the student, but hardly to a spectator. The passion is of fustian and classical allusion; and the mirth, of stinking Satyrs, two-legged stallions, purblind parents, and the inevitable "horn." From the dramatic point of view, the only relief is in a half-dozen comic situations, which, however, do not contribute to the solution. That is contrived by transmogrifying character and huddling up poetic justice. From the literary point of view, the value lies in the intellectual ingenuity, the descriptive quality, and the occasional naturalness of dialogue and of two or three soliloquies; also in about ten lines of poetry. The value to-day is purely historical: in relation to the dramatic presentation of contemporary manners, to the development of the Lylian style in dialogue, and to the inception of the critical comedy of humours—of which this author was perhaps the originator.

Concerning the two romantic comedies, acknowledged to be Chapman's best work in that kind, the same may be said with but slight variation. *The Gentleman Usher* is historically of notable significance; dramatically it is impossible. According to one of its admirers—and not the only one—it "marks the triumph of poetic and romantic comedy in Chapman's work." Maybe so. In the romantic plot, which develops only with the third act, there are passionate and even painful situations; and at least one scene is illuminated by a poetry almost Shakespearean—that in which the prince and Margaret, dispensing with "outward rites," their "contract make and marry before Heaven." The characterization of Margaret is, beyond cavil, tender, grave, and pathetic. Chapman has here, for once, created a woman of charming and convincing reality. His Bassiolo, too, the kind-hearted go-between and conceited toady and dupe, is worthy of commendation: he is humorously

conceived, is involved in ludicrous situations, and is capable of life, perhaps, as a farcical reality upon the stage. But the other characters are confusing and flimsy abstractions; and the plot—even the most ardent vindicator of Chapman must confess that the first two acts, floundering through banquets, masques, and minor intrigue, get nowhere; and that the romantic interest of the last three is rescued from tragedy by an interposition so improbable as to render the preceding pathos absurd. I agree with Professor Phelps that *The Gentleman Usher* "lacks almost every qualification of a good play"; and with the Master of Peterhouse that while "this comedy is full of ambitious elements . . . Chapman has attempted a larger task than his genius, perhaps too hastily called on to perform it, seems to have been equal to accomplishing." Aside from the actual but infrequent dramatic and poetic merits already conceded, the play could never lay any claim to theatrical adequacy. Its historical worth, however, is, as I have said, considerable. It combines the "humours" quality of Jonson's comedy of manners and satire with the plot of serious romantic interest and poetic characterization already developed by Shakespeare in such dramas as *Measure for Measure*, *All's Well*, *Much Ado*, *The Merchant of Venice*, and *Two Gentlemen of Verona*. And it avails itself, in this combination, of methods and materials as well as of atmosphere that distinctly anticipate the tragi-comedies of Beaumont and Fletcher, and several of the later romantic comedies of the latter dramatist. It lacks the idyllic element and the martial element; but in other vital respects, by intention if not in successful execution, *The Gentleman Usher* may be regarded as a forerunner of *A King and No King* and *The Loyal Subject*, even of *Philaster*. Professor Parrot has definitely indicated various prophetic qualities of the play: the atmosphere of courtly romance, the passion of noble prince and lustful father for the same girl, the blending of the comic and the romantic plots, the sensational reverses and surprises, and the presence of certain typical characters—common to the Fletcherian comedy of romance.

If, as some critics hold, *Sir Gyles Goosecappe* was an earlier effort of Chapman's, it is further proof of his priority to Fletcher in the manipulation of the serious love-plot. And the combination of the revolting and sensational with the humorous and purely farcical in a play, *The Widdowes Teares* (not printed till 1612, but written perhaps just after *The Gentleman Usher*) warrants an attribution to him of deliberate and sustained effort to domesticate this species of serio-comic drama. But, whether judged from the literary or the histrionic point of view, these are poor productions.

With regard to *Monsieur D'Olive* the verdict must be somewhat different. It continues the effort to unite the sensationally romantic with the comedy of humours, and is a failure as a play; but it is anything but a poor production. It lacks unity: the romantic interest of the first act is far-fetched and artifi-

cial, and is dissipated in the second by the comic of D'Olive; and the two plots fail essentially to coalesce. But to the literature of Elizabethan comedy the production has contributed one of its most ingeniously complex and yet lifelike, novel and amusing, creations of character, some of the most facile and witty dialogue to be found outside of Middleton and Fletcher, and a satire upon contemporary manners not excelled in vividness, geniality, and durability by any of Chapman's fellows. I doubt, indeed, whether even Jonson's best portrayal of character obsessed by humour is more cunningly diversified and shaded, more spontaneously and captivatingly elaborated than Chapman's portrayal of Monsieur D'Olive—"the true map of a gull, . . . the perfect model of an impudent upstart, the compound of a poet and a lawyer." "You cannot load the ass with too much honour": his most bathetic braying is subtly super-asinine. Duped into the belief that he has been appointed ambassador to the French King, D'Olive conjoins with his pomposity and ridiculous self-disclosure a satiric philosophy of fashionable life and an abounding flow of mother-wit simply delightful. His discussion of "tobacco-drinking" and his osculation of the Duchess are classic. But, as in the case of *All Fools* and *The Gentlemen Usher*, *Monsieur D'Olive* has, unfortunately, no histrionic vitality. Its romantic features and their occasional poetry survive in the vitality of the title-rôle; and the title-rôle is not drama, but comic literature.

The study of Chapman's career as a comic dramatist affords excellent proof of the evanescent quality of contemporary popularity. If we arrange his comedies in the order of their production, as it appears to be indicated by tests of verse, style, dramatic development, and other evidence, external as well as internal, we find that, beginning with *The Blinde Begger of Alexandria* in 1596, they proceed in their final form as follows: *An Humerous Dayes Mirth*, 1597; *May-Day*, 1600–1; *Sir Giles Goosecap* (?), 1601; *The Gentleman Usher*, 1601–2; *All Fools*, 1602–3; *Monsieur D'Olive*, 1604; *Eastward Hoe* (so far as it is his), 1604–5. *Widow's Tears* has been placed ordinarily in 1605–6, but the versification would indicate a date as early as 1602. That even the earliest and poorest of these was well liked by the public we know from the testimony of Henslowe, whose record of performances and receipts shows that hardly any other plays presented by the Admiral's men between February 12, 1596 and April 1, 1597, had so successful a run; and that it was revived with, profit in 1601. If, as some critics doubtfully, but with no little show of probability, maintain, the very popular *Comodey of Humers*, which ran from May to November, 1597, was no other than *An Humerous Dayes Mirth*, then we find that Chapman achieved a success even more evident in pecuniary returns than that achieved by *The Blind Beggar*. And of his later comedies, *All Fools* gave similar

proof of popularity. The testimony of contemporary men of letters—Meres, Webster, Heywood, Jonson, Taylor—confirms our knowledge of the high esteem in which he was held, not only as a scholar and a translator of the classics, but as a dramatist. That such playwrights as Marston, Jonson, and later Shirley should have collaborated with him in the production of dramas is proof definitive of contemporary opinion regarding his ability in that field. His success was largely due to his apprehension of the public taste and his quick response to the demand of its changing fashions. He began, in *The Beggar* and *An Humerous Dayes Mirth*, with the unusual incident, the shifting intrigue, the humours and caprices for which the public hungered. To the growing demand for the romantic love-plot and the sensational complication which characterized the years in which *Much Ado*, *Troilus and Cressida*, and *Measure for Measure* were produced, he responded with *May-Day*, *The Gentleman Usher*, and, maybe, *Sir Giles Goosecap* and *Widow's Tears*. When the appetite for realism and satire was whetted by the successes of Jonson and Middleton, Chapman revised his old play of 1599—*The World Runs on Wheels*, or *All Fools but the Fool*—as *All Fools*, giving it probably more of Elizabethan flavour than it formerly possessed; and this he followed with the commingled satire and romance of *Monsieur D'Olive*. Finally, with Jonson and Marston, he produced just what Londoners wanted in *Eastward Hoe*, the best portrayal of their own whims and ways and the most artistic satire of the day. Clumsy or careless as he was in the handling of plot, and, more often than not, vague in characterization, he unfailingly supplied the crowd with the commodity which it then most affected: situation unusually comic or sensational; boisterous and elemental humour of broad dialogue, highly seasoned abuse, and the slap-stick; the varied fascination of misunderstanding, swindling, disguise, and cuckoldry. He supplied also the courtier and the man about town with the sententious, witty, and quotable phrases with which they delighted to interlard their conversation. His popularity as a comic dramatist was undoubtedly enhanced by his skill in the making of masques and of tragedies of contemporary history, as well as by his Homeric fame. There was added, at intervals, the charm of his "full and heightened style." But in his comedies the proportion of such style to the catch-penny and common is not great enough to atone for the actual defects, nor is the proportion of sympathetically human and durable characterization and of compelling interest sufficient to vitalize the mass. His plays of unassisted authorship catered to the fashion; their popularity was of an age. Only one, and that of inferior merit, outlasted the century—*May-Day*, which appeared as *Love in a Sack* at Lincoln's Inn Fields in 1715. One other comedy has qualities, dramatic and literary, sufficient to stamp it a classic; but in it Chapman was working, as he had worked once before, on

"Bengemens plot," and was working with Benjamin's aid and Marston's as well. That is why *Eastward Hoe* survived (as *Cuckola's Haven*) in 1685, and as late as the last quarter of the eighteenth century was adapted by Mrs. Lennox for the Drury Lane Theatre. It will always be literature, and there is no reason why it should not be acting drama as well. For the share of Chapman and Marston in its composition, and for its position in the history of comedy, the reader is referred to Professor Cunliffe's essay prefixed to the play as edited for this volume.

John Marston.—As we have already seen, Marston appears in Henslowe's records of the Admiral's men but for a moment, and that in 1599.[1] In the same year and the next he is writing, for the Children of Paul's, plays whose interest is in their satirical attack upon Ben Jonson in his self-assumed rôle of censor of literature and drama. In and after 1601, however, Marston's productions are presented by the Children of the Chapel (later, of the Queen's Revels).

Much of the freshness, vigour, wit, and vivid characterization which make *Eastward Hoe* a masterpiece of realistic comedy may be found also in Marston's tragi-comedy of *The Dutch Courtezan*. Whether he wrote this before or after his collaboration with Chapman and Jonson I find it difficult to decide; but that the two plays are of approximately the same date of composition, 1604–5, there is no doubt; and that *The Dutch Courtezan* is a work of greater maturity in observation, temperament, and art than any other of the comedies produced by him during the brief period of his dramatic activity, 1598–1607, is, I think, self-evident. "We have but to open his works," declares Gifford, "to be convinced that Marston was the most scurrilous, filthy, and obscene writer of his time." And Dr. Stoll, in his discriminating study of the relations of Webster to Marston's *Malcontent*, confirms this judgment. "Take them away," he says of certain scenes, "and you take away one of the most characteristic features of Marston's comedy—the witty, foul-mouthed cynic, inspecting and manipulating, during lulls of the action, some great fool and ass. . . . The impudent, startling, and often outlandish vocabulary and figures, the abrupt and jerky antitheses, the outbursts of railing and satire, the lively, but filthy and hideous, imaginations—all are of a piece with the rest of the play, and with Marston as a whole." And so, too, "the harping on revolting olfactory images." In one and another of Marston's plays, whether tragedy or comedy, with the exception of *The Dutch Courtezan*, these features obliterate whatever dramatic or literary merit may otherwise obtain. In the *Histrio-Mastix*, probably revised by him about 1599, we have, conjecturally, Marston's attack upon

[1] If he is the Mr. Maxton of the Diary, Sept. 28th

Jonson—certainly Marston's "wild outlandish terms"; in *Jacke Drums Entertainment* of 1600, even more probably his, we have that richer assortment of indigestible words which Jonson, in the *Poetaster*, makes Crispinus vomit up; in the *Malcontent* of about the same year we have not only the affected phraseology but the foul-mouthed cynicism and hideous imaginations of Malevole; in *What You Will*, which by its style as well as its personal and general malignity must fall between 1600 and 1603, we have again the railing rhodomontade, the pessimism, and, apparently, the flings at Jonson; in *The Parasitaster* (produced in 1606, after January 30) we have the histrionic indignation of that other malcontent, Faunus—a bitter pessimism, and a ribaldry only more disgusting than the vices which he attacks. To conceive of Marston's returning to that kind of affectation in comedy, after he had co-operated in an *Eastward Hoe* (between May 4 and September 4, 1605), and produced of his own effort (in 1605 or 1606) a *Dutch Courtezan*, is disconcerting. But he did return to it, for his tragedy of *Sophonisba*, undoubtedly written later—for it is announced at the end of *Parasitaster* as forthcoming—doubly redoubles the brutal realism of his earlier work.

However the order of dates may run, in *The Dutch Courtezan* we find none of the gobbets of style, none of the revolting imagery, none of the personal animadversion, and but little of the strained cynicism of the other comedies. In the prologue Marston forswears railing, though "rail we could":—

> "the only end
> Of our now study is, not to offend. . . .
> We strive not to instruct, but to delight."

Though the "full scope of the play," as he informs us, is to point "the difference betwixt the love of a courtezan and a wife," and though the theme, itself of a most delicate nature, is handled with an Elizabethan directness which would render it unacceptable to any self-respecting playgoer of to-day, the drama is admirably constructed and makes excellent reading. Not, of course, *virginibus puerisque*. There is a real moral purpose in the story of the high-minded Malheureux who, arguing that "the sight of vice augments the hate of sin," finds that, at first sight, even he can succumb. His soliloquy on the unmoral superiority of beasts vividly forecasts similar soliloquies in Beaumont's parts of *Philaster* and *A King and No King*. The intrigue is cleverly compounded of interests romantic, comic, and pathetic. The situations as well as the characters are lifelike—none the less so when painfully pornographic; and the sensational reverses of fortune are adroitly invented. The by-plot of episodes, in which the ever-recurring and incorrigible Cockledemoy, after the fashion laid down in *The merry, conceited jests of George Peele*, cozens the Mulligrubs, ludicrously pious and money-

loving Puritans of the Family of Love, is not closely interwoven with the main movement, but is, for all that, first-rate acting farce. The scene, unlike that of Marston's other plays, always excepting *Eastward Hoe*, is in London; and the picture of contemporary life is entitled to a laudable rank among those presented by the citizen comedies of manners and romance which, following in the wake of *The Merry Wives of Windsor* and *The Shomakers Holiday*, played so large a part, during this period, in the entertainment of the public. The distant but honourable relationship of the tender-hearted Beatrice and her spontaneously bubbling sister to well-known Shakespearean characters has been noticed by all readers. The younger, Crispinella, is undeniably fascinating, not only in her romantic recalcitrance, but in the naturalness which prompts her to "speak what she thinks," and that with a bourgeois broadness that would drive a twentieth-century barmaid to cover. Though historians of social custom assure us that such virginal wit would not have offended the seventeenth-century ear, it is with some relief that one notes how very much Crispinella's seventeenth-century sister is shocked. The courtezan Franceschina is, as Mr. Bullen has described her, "a fair vengeful fiend, . . . playful and pitiless as a tigress, whose caresses are sweet as honey and poisonous as aconite." The caresses are indeed of such professional artistry that one cannot but cry with Crispinella (though in altogether different sequence), "My stomach o' late stands against kissing extremely."

The Dutch Courtezan is the only comedy of genuine merit, dramatic and literary, produced by Marston unaided. It was played at Court as late as eight years, or nine, after its original production; and in 1680 Betterton revised and revived it under the name of *The Revenge, or A Match in Newgate*. It was several times after that altered, and under various *aliases—Woman's Revenge, Love and Revenge, Vintner in Suds, Vintner Tricked*, and, finally, as *Trick upon Trick*, at Drury Lane,—it held the London stage until 1789. I heartily agree with Dr. Ward that with proper revision and "in adequate hands it would prove a source of genuine delight to any theatrical audience." The proper revision would be a difficult task, not so much in view of the coarseness of the lines, for they are not, as a rule, wanton or intrinsically revolting, and could be cut, but in view of the intimately carnal nature of the central situations. I have seen a famous Russian actress in scenes of a modern popular play, just as perilous of subject and much more wanton in purport, performing to interested audiences of fashion; but I have felt as if I were peeping through a keyhole. And I opine that my fellow-hearers were similarly affected. Though enchained by the histrionic skill of the impersonation, an audience may be repelled not so much by the portrayal of immorality as by the betrayal of its confidence in the matter of taste—which is, after all, the sovereign arbiter of art.

In a recent article on "Poetry and Common Sense" in one of our leading weeklies[1] a writer has discriminatingly explained the relative absence of cetrain traits of continental poetry from English literature "by a distinctive Anglo-Saxon characteristic—an imperative common sense." "In respect of realism of a very un-English sort, England," he affirms, "even in its drama and fiction, has lagged behind other countries, but especially in its poetry. It has never relished unblinking accuracy in setting forth the relations of the sexes. Frank utterances in *Don Juan* seem to English critics blotches of bad taste and bad art. To turn to America, Walt Whitman's similar experiments found favour chiefly on the Continent. The usual explanation is that such restraint is prompted by a finer morality. Probably it would be truer to say that it comes from the poet's common sense, a fellow-feeling with his readers." That something of the same recoil obtained in Marston's own day is evident from the comment of his contemporary, Anthony Nixon, who wrote in *The Black Year*, of 1606, of *The Dutch Courtezan*, then recently published, as "corrupting English conditions." When we consider that of all Marston's works this is the least objectionable, we are astounded at the impudence of his publisher, William Sheares, who, some quarter-century after Marston had exchanged the stage for the pulpit, dedicates the collected *Workes* to the Viscountess Falkland, with an extenuation of any shortcoming on the ground that "they were the author's Juvenilia and youthful recreations. However," he adds, "he is free from all obscene speeches, which is the chief cause that makes Plays to be so odious unto most men. He abhors such writers, and their works; and hath professed himself an enemy to all such as stuff their scenes with ribaldry, and lard their lines with scurrilous taunts and jests; so that whatsoever, even in the spring of his years, he hath presented upon the private and public theatre, now in his autumn and declining age, he need not be ashamed of" (!).

Marston began by lampooning "villainies" public and private, concrete and abstract, in satires that must have been composed when he was not more than twenty-two years of age. But, as the grievances of a youth of twenty-two, whose imaginations were even then hideous and his language scurrilous and foul, were not genuine, so the indignant fury all through his career was histrionic; his righteousness, a second-hand literary article, good for trade. The indifference to fame which he parades in his callow first-fruits, *The Scourge of Villanie*,

> "Let others pray
> For ever their fair poems flourish may;
> But as for me, hungry Oblivion,
> Devour me quick,"

[1] *The Nation*, July 13, 1911.

is as insincere as the satirical pose of his life; and the same insincerity marks the *Oblivioni Sacrum* of his epitaph.

As to his comedies, if, as he informs us in the preface to *The Fawne* (*Parasitaster*), "comedies are writ to be spoken not read; . . . the life of these things consists in action," their doom, with the exception of *The Courtezan*, was sealed in his own day. The play-going public has consigned the rest to oblivion long ago; never again can the world of readers be edified by any of them. *The Malcontent* is ambitious in sensational devices, but sepulchral in its action, grim and discordant in its poetry. In the purging of Zuccone by his neglected spouse, *The Fawn* presents boisterously comic situations that might be played with impunity in a brothel; and, for the rest, the interest centres in a series of cynical or ribald dialogues and declamations, which have the wit but not the humour of the vaudeville monologue of to-day. *What You Will* has no merit whatever. These three plays are, in general, excremental or venomous. Here and there a deodorized sentiment or image, rhetorically expressed; and here and there a dramatic character of original and distinctively "humorous" peculiarity. But Malevole, Faunus, and such other railers are sewers of scurrilous cynicism, flattery or hypocrisy, rather than of humours. They constitute a misanthropic type not artistically indigenous to comedy. The humours, on the other hand, of the silent lord, Granuffe; the jealous husband, Don Zuccone, and his resourceful wife, Zoya; the sickly knight, Sir Amoroso; the choleric marshal, Bilioso, have their appropriate place in the museum of literary history.

Marston's contribution as a comic dramatist is to the development, through the *Dutch Courtezan*, of the romantic comedy of manners; through his share of *Eastward Hoe*, of realistic comedy; and through *The Malcontent*, and, in some sense, again *The Courtezan*, of the sensational tragi-comedy already naturalized by Greene and Shakespeare, and soon to be elaborated to its extreme by Beaumont and Fletcher, Middleton and Rowley.[1]

Field.—With these dramatists of humours must, at any rate, be mentioned Jonson's "scholar" and Chapman's "loved son," Nathaniel Field. As a child actor of the Queen's Chapel he had in 1600, when but thirteen years of age, attracted the favourable attention of the former by his playing in *Cynthia's Revels;* and later he had taken a leading part in *The Silent Woman*. The gratitude of Chapman he earned by his successful performance in *Bussy D'Ambois*. In 1610 his comedy, *A Woman is a*

[1] *The Malcontent* (all Marston's, save the Induction added in 1604 by Webster), as a tragi-comedy of the "revenge" *motif* is a rare instance of the fusion drama, a surviving "sport" of the blood and thunder tragedy of Thomas Kyd. See Stoll's *John Webster*, pp. 57, 98; Baskervill, *Jonson's Early Comedy*, 162, 268; Hart's *Jonson*, I, xliv.

Weather-cocke, was produced by his company of the Queen's Revels' children; and in 1615, by the Prince Charles's and the Lady Elizabeth's (the latter of which he then headed), his *Amends for Ladies*. The earlier play enjoyed a contemporaneous popularity sufficient to ensure its revival after the Restoration. But neither play possessed the vitality requisite for permanent approval. His notability is one of dramatic promise. He had caught from Jonson such tricks of method as were imitable, and had conjoined therewith a characterization of romantic love derived from Shakespeare, a fitful poetic beauty reminiscent of Beaumont, and an heroic intensity borrowed from Chapman. It is likely, as will be shown in my study of Beaumont and Fletcher in the volume which follows this, that his contribution to their *Four Plays in One* was by no means insignificant. Between 1617 and his retirement from the stage in 1619 he played important rôles for the King's Company in dramas of Fletcher and Massinger; and with those authors he was associated in the composition of at least one tragedy, *The Fatall Dowry*. But as a playwright he never fulfilled the promise of his youth; and even of that earlier output the vivacity is clouded by unpardonable because dramatically unjustified indecency.

In the continuation of this essay, the comedies of Dekker, Day, Heywood, Middleton, Rowley, Beaumont, Fletcher, Massinger, Brome, and Shirley will receive attention. Our estimate here of those produced by eight or nine of the fellows of Shakespeare—Drayton, Munday, Chettle, Porter, Haughton, Chapman, Jonson, Marston, Field—appears to result in the conclusion that the "apathetic ignorance of the average student" concerning this "rich and royal estate" is after all not flagrantly reprehensible. Not more than ten of the comedies reviewed have intrinsic literary and dramatic excellence. One of these, *The Merry Devill*, held the stage till almost the end of the seventeenth century; five—*Volpone*, *The Silent Woman*, *The Alchemist*, *Eastward Hoe*, and *The Dutch Courtezan*—were still approved by the theatre-going public toward the end of the eighteenth century; and one, *Every Man in his Humour*, in the nineteenth. We can quarrel with the popular taste only because the public neither reads the ten nor adapts and places upon the stage, let us say, five. In regard to the rest, the apathetic ignorance of the average student but confirms the judgment of the last eight generations of playgoers.

Ben Jonson

EVERY MAN IN HIS HUMOUR

With Critical Essay and Explanatory Notes by C. H. Herford, Litt.D., Professor in the Victoria University of Manchester

CRITICAL ESSAY

Life.—Ben Jonson (1573–1637) was "poorly brought up," in London, but attracting the interest of Camden, then a master at Westminster School, became under his hands one of the ripest scholars of his time. From Westminster he probably passed into the business of his stepfather, a working bricklayer, but presently escaped to take arms with the English forces in the Netherlands, where he challenged one of the enemy to single combat, and killed his man. Returning to London in the early nineties, he married a wife whom he afterwards described as "a shrew, yet honest," and probably about 1595 began to write for the stage. Of several early pieces, written chiefly in conjunction with others, only the titles are recorded. His earliest extant play, *Every Man in his Humour* (acted 1598), is entirely his own. A duel with a fellow-actor, whom he killed, consigned Jonson immediately after to prison, where he became a Catholic. A series of plays increasingly personal and "humorous" follow: *Every Man out of his Humour* (1599), *The Case is Altered* (1599), *Cynthia's Revels* (1600), *The Poetaster* (1601). Then, disgusted with comedy, he produced after an interval of sullen seclusion the Roman tragedy of *Sejanus* (1603). A period of sustained and brilliant production followed: *Volpone* (1605), *Epicœne, or the Silent Woman* (1609), *The Alchemist* (1610), *Catiline* (1611), *Bartholomew Fayre* (1614), *The Divell is an Asse* (1616). The failure of the last named led to a prolonged withdrawal from the stage. Jonson continued, however, to produce masques for the Court at Christmas and other times, his habitual practice since 1604. To these years (1616–25) also belong much of his miscellaneous verse, collected under the titles *The Forest*, *Underwoods*, etc., and antiquarian labours, mostly consumed in the fire which destroyed his library about 1623. He was also a frequent guest at many noble houses; his visit to the poet Drummond of Hawthornden yielded the "Conversations" recorded in Drummond's notes. In 1625 want recalled him to the stage. Four other comedies followed: *The Staple of Newes* (1635), *The New Inne* (1629), *The Magnetick Lady* (1632), *A Tale of a Tub* (1623), described with only partial injustice by Dryden as his "dotages." He was now bedridden, but enjoyed the homage of many young and brilliant poets—"sons of the tribe of Ben" He died August 6th, 1637.

Jonson's Mental Habit and Outlook.—Jonson's intellect was of the type which has, broadly speaking, no history. Its extraordinary force slowly gathered and slowly declined, without perceptibly modifying the character or direction of his sensibilities, or enlarging the comprehensive but rigid horizon of his field of view.

The whole man came to the front at once. His nature, though by no means shallow, had no mysterious depths which prolonged experience or reflection were needed to disclose; and his imagination, though a magnificent instrument for rearranging the vast materials which experience and reflection put in his hands, was singularly lacking in the divining power which presses into the heart of things and makes each familiar topic a starting-point of new discovery and disclosure. His admirations were not easily provoked, nor, when once established, easily disturbed. Hence his literary output (and the term suits this great workman among dramatists) is, for all its infinite profusion of varied detail, relatively homogeneous.

His work may be divided without inconvenience into "periods"; but their turning-points are rather the intervals of scornful seclusion or diverted labour which divide his successive masses of production than the emergence of new phases of mental habit or of characteristic outlook upon the world. At most, it may be said that the ingredients of a common mixture are present at different times in somewhat different proportions.

His comedies, about equal in number to Shakespeare's, but spread over thirty years instead of twenty, are obviously far less various in cast of design and technical maturity. If Shakespeare has no "dotages," Jonson has no prentice-work; his years "in the workshop" have left no record. His first extant play is already, in the strict sense, a "masterpiece," marking that his apprenticeship is over; it is not his greatest work, but it fully discloses his quality and significance.

His First Period: the Humour Comedies.—*Every Man in his Humour*, acted in 1598 by the Chamberlain's Company, embodied the Jonsonian theory of comic art; and its author may perhaps already have haughtily invited its first audience to see "a play such

as other plays should be." Whether the Prologue was produced then, or later, is of little moment: it in any case only gave explicit utterance to the doctrine, written large on every page of the play, that comedy has to "show an image of the times, and sport with human follies, not with crimes." This doctrine combined, it will be seen, two distinct demands upon the comic dramatist. He was to present real life—"deeds and language such as men do use"; and he was to present only its lighter and laughable aspects. Comedy was, in short, to be realistic and it was to be *comic*. The comedy of the popular stage habitually sinned against both demands. Not that any Elizabethan writer of comedy had yet deliberately tried to paint the manners of another age than his own, or curtailed the inevitable humours of a clown or fool. But their realism had been for the most part only a naive combination of contemporary English manners with wildly romantic adventures and personages; and their humour had often been gratuitously interpolated in a serious or sensational intrigue of passion, death, and crime. Jonson's peculiar animosity is directed against the audacities of the romantic comedy of adventure—the flights over months and years, over land and sea, the children in swaddling clothes who grow into greybeards before the curtain falls, the battles waged with a few rusty swords, the attempt, in short, to put great things in little room, for which Shakespeare in the choruses of *Henry V* so finely apologizes, perhaps with an eye to these very taunts of his younger colleague. Examples of realistic comedy were not indeed wholly wanting when Jonson wrote. But they were found mostly in academic circles, at the Universities and the Inns of Court, where the bourgeois drama of Plautus and Terence acted as a powerful solvent upon romantic proclivities. The most Jonsonian comedy before Jonson is probably the *Supposes* of Gascoigne, translated from Ariosto. Several of the Latin comedies acted at the Universities, such as *Hymenaeus* (*c.* 1570) and *Laelia* (*c.* 1590), handle domestic intrigues.[1]

But Jonson's formula, however effective as a condemnation of the art he opposed, by no means adequately expressed the spirit

[1] Cf. the valuable article: "Die latein. Universitätsdramen Englands in der Zeit der Königin Elisabeth" (*Jahrbuch d. d. Sh. G.*, XXXIV, 221 f.); Brandl, *Quellen u. Forschungen*, LXXX, p. cxix.

of his own. "To show an image of the times" was no doub his primary aim; but the zeal of the satirist and the curiou fancy of the scholar continually disturb the process of faithfu reproduction. He is bent on correcting and reforming, an no realist with that bent remains a realist long. To hold up mirror to men does not suffice him; he must accentuate thei foolish traits and efface their virtues; and as the personages grov abstract and typical, so the action in which they move become symbolic and allegorical. Both these tendencies are very pronounce in Jonson; and his vast acquaintance with the lore of satiric sym bolism—with the fables and parables, the irony, or burlesque, whic satirists of genius have commonly preferred to direct invective— made this a particularly easy mode of digression from the plai way of realism. Even his first comedy is contrived according to scheme which, if not exactly allegorical, is highly scholastic an doctrinaire—the theory of Humours. But here at least the scholar' contribution may be said to have not only not impaired the wor of the poet and the observer, but to have actually enriched an stimulated it: for it was evidently by aid of the conception o *Humours* that Jonson developed a plot which, while highly complex is propelled at every point by springs derived from individual bent The characters are the sources of the intrigue, not merely puppet who carry it on; the jealous husband, the timid father, the rakish son, the military braggart, and the rest, do their kind, and the plo results. We easily recognize in these figures the characteristic type of Roman comedy. But never was the transfusion of the comi spirit into the moulds of another race and time more complete tha here. No shred of Roman raiment lingers in the vesture of thes Elizabethans. If Bobadill and Parolles are in some sense Englis versions of Plautus' boastful soldier, it must be allowed that Bobadil is rendered with a yet subtler feeling for the out-of-the-way idiom of Elizabethan character. How admirable is the combination o braggadocio and cowardice with the fashionable melancholy of th day! As a painter of the Elizabethan "gull" Jonson had n superior; even Shakespeare's Sir Andrew and Slender borrow trait from Master Stephen, as Ford from Kitely; and it may hardly b doubted that the wonderful expansion of Shakespearean comedy i

the last years of the century owed as a whole something to the phenomenal Humour Comedy of 1598.

The second canon of his theory, that comedy must deal "with follies not with crimes," Jonson has here, on the whole, faithfully observed. But, as with the first, we already detect the little rift which will, by and by, not shatter the music, but give it a deeper and more strident and sonorous note. As the scholar Jonson mingled recondite allegory in the matter of observation, so the vehement *censor morum* and the passionate lover of poetry and all intellectual excellence infused an alien ferocity, and more rarely an alien enthusiasm, into the manner of comedy. As yet the Jonsonian ferocity is in abeyance; but the Jonsonian enthusiasm found vent in a noble passage of the original play, which its author suppressed in the definitive version. Edward Knowell's famous outburst, in the last scene of the quarto, on the glories of poetry is one of the most signal utterances in Jonson of the high Elizabethan temper.[1] Young Knowell's character, as originally conceived, seems out of place in the Comedy of Humours—a bit of type strayed, as it were, from the "wrong fount." His father, it is true, laments his "humour" of "dreaming on nought but idle poetry"; but the humour, in a man of brains and spirit like young Knowell, was too much Jonson's own to become the right comic stuff in his hands; this was reserved for Master Matthew, whose mild lyric ebullitions help to drive Mistress Bridget into young Knowell's arms. A few years later, it is true, in the *Poetaster*, young Ovid is permitted to exalt poetry in a still loftier flight of indignant eloquence; but here Jonson has already descended from

[1] Indeed if you will look on poesy
As she appears to many, poor and lame,
Patch'd up in remnants and old worn-out rags,
Half-starved for want of her peculiar food,
Sacred invention; then I must confirm
Both your conceit and censure of her merit;
But view her in her glorious ornaments
Attired in the majesty of art,
Set high in spirit with the precious taste
Of sweet philosophy; and which is most,
Crowned with the rich traditions of a soul
That hates to have her dignity profaned
With any relish of an earthly thought,
Oh then, how proud a presence doth she bear!

the relatively serene height of general satire to the arena of personal conflict—where he does battle with the mean poets on behalf of the great ones : poetry is the cause that animates his pen.

On the whole, however, the theory of Humours may be regarded as a fortunate ingredient in Jonson's earliest work : it leavened the mass of observation without itself obtruding. In the second play, *Every Man out of his Humour*, on the contrary, this fusion has failed : the meal presents itself in clotted lumps of indigestible nutriment, and the leaven *tastes*. In the first Humour play the theory of Humours was illustrated ; in the second it is formally expounded and defined. In both, notwithstanding the titles, every man is " in his humour " at the beginning, and, generally speaking, out of it at the end. But the cure is effected, in the earlier, by natural and familiar incidents ; in the later the sick are jostled out of their infirmities by processes often too laboriously symbolical of the disease to resemble the blunt reproofs of Nature. When Buffone, the " public scurrilous and prophane jester," has his mouth stopped with wax, we have left the circle of the Jonsonian Inferno represented by such everyday discomfitures as those of Bobadill or Master Stephen, and passed into the sphere typified by Crispinus' forced eructation of his verbal monstrosities in the *Poetaster*. The palming-off of the bourgeois Sogliardo at Court is more like a parable on the text *Nocitura petuntur* than a scene of contemporary life, and Puntarvolo's arrival at his castle is rather an ingenious *reductio ad absurdum* of his special humour than a striking instance of the *imitatio veri*. Where the incident is not exactly unreal it tends to be more extravagant and farcical. Thus Fungoso's futile attempts to keep pace with Fastidius Briske in new suits of clothes may be described as a no less futile attempt on Jonson's part to outdo Master Stephen's desperate emulation of the wonderful oaths of Bobadill. Naturally, the play has not the definite local flavour of its predecessor. There are plenty of London types, but they figure in a motley crowd which represents Court and country as well as town, and wears the badge of moral habit more prominently than that of geographical *milieu*. The mainspring of the intrigue, so far as any one has this function, is no longer a substantial,

unmistakably English figure like Brainworm, but the abstract and bloodless Macilente.

Yet while Jonson's satire thus grew more abstract, his relations with London, and especially with literary London, were becoming ominously personal. From 1599 onwards, by his own account, the petulant styles of jealous rivals attacked him on every stage; and he retorted in kind. *The Case is Altered*, a play of which it is equally clear that he wrote a part and that he did not write the whole, opens with a scene of merciless ridicule discharged against the City poet Anthony Munday.[1] Dekker and Marston, already covertly alluded to in *Every Man out of his Humour*, were openly ridiculed as Anaides and Hedon in *Cynthia's Revels;* the anger they kindled became the fiery core of the *Poetaster*. In *Cynthia's Revels* the satirist's scorn has undoubtedly flourished at the cost of dramatic *vis*. Inordinate self-esteem lifts him to a pinnacle from which the diverse humours of men become mere variations in a flat monotony of folly. Compared with the full and lifelike portraiture of *Every Man in his Humour*, the figures are mere silhouettes; and the ingenious analyses of character which accompany them do not make them live. Description displaces action and symbolism supplants reality: nowhere are these two congenial vices of Jonson's art more exuberant, more brilliant in detail, more ineffective on the whole. The Fountain of Self-love, in particular, is an Aristophanic device, turned to very imperfect account.

The *Poetaster* is a far more vital and dramatic work; partly because Jonson was writing for once against time, and, in his eagerness to forestall the expected retort of Dekker, had to forgo much of his learned elaboration and futile discursiveness; partly because the felicitous plan of holding up an Augustan mirror to the deformities of the age itself appealed, through his scholar's apprehension of the classical world, to the more vital and human grasp of character which in relation to the contemporary world he had temporarily lost. Crites acquires flesh and blood and marrow as Horace;

[1] It was excluded by Jonson from his published works. The first edition, a surreptitious quarto, appeared in 1609. It is the most Plautine of the plays which go under his name, the intrigue being deftly interwoven of motives from the *Captivi* and the *Aulularia*. Cf. Koeppel's excellent analysis of the sources, *Quellenstudien zu den Dramen Jonsons, Marstons, und Beaumont und Fletchers* (Erlangen, 1895).

Mercury and Arete and Cynthia are replaced by the more plausible figures of Virgil, Maecenas, and Augustus. In the *Poetaster* the Jonsonian conception of human society emerges from the disguise imposed at the outset by his tact and later by the sheer incubus of his own symbolism. The mass of men are the prey of ridiculous affectations : but from the mass stands out a little band of privileged censurers—the burly figure of Jonson himself towering among the master spirits of the world.

The Second Period : his Highest Achievements in Comedy.—The *Poetaster* closes Jonson's first period of comedy. Its pungent scorn exasperated his old enemies and provoked the hostility of many at whom it was not aimed. The soldiers and the lawyers fell upon the abuser of their several professions, and were not easily appeased. Sick of his barren warfare with "these vile Ibydes, these unclean birds that make their mouths their clysters," Jonson resolved to withdraw from the Comic stage and try "if Tragedy have a more kind aspect." And when, four years later, he once more threw the whole force of his mind into comedy,[1] it was in a fashion which betrayed in more than one way the recent author of the tragedy of *Sejanus* (1603). *Volpone* reflects the foul recesses of the private life of Juvenalian and Petronian[2] Rome, as *Sejanus* its infamous politics. The hideous occupations of the parasite and the "captator," stock subjects of Roman satire, were painted with amazing vigour for the English public. Of the genial and mirthful sarcasm which pervades the earlier Humour Comedy no trace remains. The satirist no longer lashes the surface foibles of society but brands its darker vices. He well knew that in this he was departing from "the strict rigour of comic law," his ground being, as he explained in the fine Dedication to the printed drama, that he sought "to put a snaffle in their mouths that cry out 'We never punish vice in our interludes.'" But however he might be transgressing the law of classical comedy, Jonson was clearly getting into completer accord

[1] He had in the meantime had a hand, with Chapman and Marston, in *Eastward Hoe ;* but his share must have been quite subordinate.

[2] The scheme is founded on an episode in Petronius' *Satyricon*, where the wealthy Eumolpus feigns sickness and is besieged by a pack of would-be heirs. Cf. Holthausen, *Anglia*, XII, 519 f. ; Koeppel, *Quellenstudien*, p. 8.

with the law of the comedy he was best qualified to write. Effectively as he could expose the foibles and fopperies of gulls and daws, his heavy hand and his elaborate method were not economically employed in pounding butterflies: a massive and full-bodied evil, fortified with wealth, sagacity, and allies, was needed for the adequate display of his gigantic but somewhat unwieldy powers. In another point, his brief and not wholly successful diversion to tragedy redounded to the benefit of his comedy. The traditional technique of tragedy was relatively severe. It had preserved, as a rule, more simplicity of structure; it had resisted with more success the tendency to bombast out a plot with heterogeneous entertainment. In *Sejanus* Jonson had mastered the disintegrating effect which the attempt to assemble and parade the diverse humours of mankind necessarily had upon dramatic structure. The vast and complicated action is held in the grip of a single story—the fateful duel of Cæsar and his favourite. *Volpone*, likewise, is no longer a motley phantasmagoria of humours, but the evolution of a single iniquitous career, upon which the orbits of all the other personages impinge. And, finally, *Volpone* shows, like *The Poetaster*, a delight in bursts of imaginative eloquence such as Jonson had severely suppressed in the days of his servitude to the "rigour of the comic law." The voluptuous visions which Volpone paints before the eyes of the distracted Celia are prodigies of profuse and closely packed provocations to the senses. *The Fox* thus represents a threefold modification of comic tradition: in the direction of moral stringency, formal unity, and poetic richness. All three points were favourable to the fuller expression of Jonson's great powers.

As a dramatic organism, however, even *Volpone* was surpassed by its successor, *Epicoene, the Silent Woman*. Dryden long after singled out this piece as the best of all modern comedies: it is at least a farce of incomparable brilliance. Morose, though not perhaps more unnatural than Volpone, is far less convincing: his horror of noise—an idea borrowed from Libanius [1]—is too palpably contrived with a view to the "silent woman." But this πρῶτον

[1] Jonson probably used the edition published in Paris 1606 with a Latin version; the Latin title of the piece in question runs: "Morosus qui uxorem loquacem duxerat, seipsum accusat" (Koeppel, *Quellenstudien*, p. 9).

ψεῦδος once accepted, the plot follows with a wonderful union of the inevitable and the unforeseen. Morose's marriage and his release, the silence of the "silent woman" and her loquacity, are brought into relation with the ambition of his would-be heir, and form so many steps in a finely calculated strategic scheme. Libanius' Morosus finds no better escape from the terrible tongue than death: Jonson's solution enables him to introduce once more, as in *Volpone*, one of those trial scenes in which realist art delights, and, in addition, to hold the reader in as complete a suspense as the parties to the suit until the moment when the nephew finally shows his hand.[1] No dramatist has ever understood better than Jonson to evade the languor of a foreseen conclusion.

Yet even after *Volpone* and *The Silent Woman*, one step of possible advance remained to be made. To resume the tragic intensity of the *Volpone* in a theme less archaic and remote, to clothe its foulness and ferocity, its sumptuous and sordid detail, its voluptuous riot, its Titanic insolence, in forms drawn not from the Rome he knew from books or the Venice he knew from report, but from his own Jacobean London, to resume the consummately skilful structure of *Epicoene* without its fantastic presuppositions—this remained; and this Jonson achieved in *The Alchemist* (1610). The profession of alchemy, at once notorious and obscure, with its mountebank practices and its mystic pretensions, its imposing kabbala of signs and symbols, its laboratories reeking with fabulous concoctions and crowded with curious apparatus—the most impudent, picturesque, and indispensable of social pestilences—was probably matter better fitted than any other then to be found in Europe to furnish forth the cosmos of Jonsonian comedy. The scholar and the observer here found equal scope, and their domains touched at every point. Subtle and Face are not more lifelike than Volpone and Mosca, but they move in a society which as a whole is more lifelike, and less like a galvanized semblance of it, than the Venetian, while the disreputable Dol adds a new element of picturesque squalor to their abode and of dramatic discord to their relations. The voluptuous fancy that blazes forth a moment in Volpone burns a steady flame in the brain

[1] The trick of the disguised boy seems to be due to Plautus's *Casina*, where Chalinas goes through the form of marriage with a slave.

of Sir Epicure Mammon. Without sacrificing a single sordid trait in his picture of the alchemist, Jonson contrives to keep before us the visionary poetry of which, for its loftier practisers, alchemy was the expression. The prospect of inheriting the fabled wealth of Volpone produces a sufficiently violent ferment among his expectant friends: but this was a tame and qualified kind of imaginative yeast compared with the phantasms of the elixir and the stone which in the *Alchemist* convulse the sober philistine words of the counter and the pew with the romance of eternal youth and illimitable wealth. Shakespeare almost at the same time wrought from the same ultimate motive, and perhaps with an eye to the same original personality—John Dee—the marvellous vision of *The Tempest*. But in essential poetry *The Tempest* itself is not a greater work than *The Alchemist*.

The Third Period: "Bartholomew Fayre," and the Later Comedies. —*The Alchemist* is not only Jonson's highest achievement: it marks the limit of the period in which he was working with potent originality as a dramatist and expanding the horizon of comedy. His subsequent comedies applied his methods to new and often highly effective matter, or strove to recall obsolete dramatic fashions in a moral setting. *Bartholomew Fayre* (1614), separated from *The Alchemist* by the tragedy of *Catiline* (1611), shows a certain relaxation of structural fibre in the direction of the Humour Comedy of his first period. The "Fayre" offered, indeed, peculiar allurements to the student-poet of humours. It was a miniature but concentrated version of the town; a hot-bed in the midst of a garden, growing the same humours on a richer soil and in a more stimulating air. New humours throve there; weaknesses men elsewhere kept in check, found them out in that huge assemblage of coarse appeals. On this motley background Jonson throws a satire of Puritanism as mordant but far from being as profound or of such lasting force as his satire of alchemy. Zeal of the Land Busy is a caricature: Subtle is a type.

In *The Divell is an Asse*, two years later, Jonson reverted not to an earlier manner of his own, but to a popular class of subject upon which he had himself made a determined assault, with imperfect

success. The crude supernaturalism of the early stage inherited from Mystery and Morality was clearly losing its hold in the higher walks of the drama: but it was a potent attraction to the mob, and the presence of a demonologist on the throne did not diminish the spell. In particular, *The Devill of Edmonton* was their "dear delight." In the Dedication to *Volpone* Jonson had referred with sarcasm to those who would "rather see fools and devils and those antique relics of barbarism retrieved" than tolerate the whips and scorns of Jonsonian comedy. He himself now "retrieves" the "antique relic," but only to make comic capital out of the dust and cobwebs of its antiquity. Pug is an anachronism, and he knows it. Like Machiavelli, whose *Belphagor* probably suggested the idea, Jonson laid hold of the satiric theme of the stupidity of devildom—a theme still recognizable in the passionate scorn of Carlyle's ejaculation: "The Arch-fiend is the Arch-stupid!" Pug is, in fact, a new variety of gull, hanging on as helplessly as the Stephens and Matthews upon the whirling wheels of modern London. The proem in which Iniquity dismisses his young simpleton, with the anxious counsel of a prudent father, into the perils of the city is admirably humorous: but the *insignificance* which makes Pug a cipher in his society makes his story a frail thread to concatenate the miscellaneous profusion of the plot.

A nine years' pause followed *The Divell is an Asse*. Its successor, *The Staple of Newes* (1625), was, however, the fruit of no Horatian incubation, but of pressing want, and, powerful play as it is, announced no fresh step in Jonson's art. Motives drawn from literature are interwoven with topics drawn fresh from contemporary London life. The Lady Pecunia, a female counterpart of the Aristophanic Plutus, provides, like the Alchemist and like Volpone, a vortex for the foolish cupidities of society; and in the meshes of the intrigue there mingle the piquant rogueries of the news agency just established in London by the enterprise of Nathaniel Butter. The double stimulus of Aristophanes and of a modern subject admirably fitted for comedy, of which Jonson took the virgin honours, make the *Staple of Newes* worthy to rank among the best of Jonson's plays. In its successors, *The New Inne*, *The Magnetick Lady*, and *A Tale of a Tub*, the material is still as profuse, the

knowledge as exact and many-sided as ever; but the laborious and ineffectual strivings of old age have only by fits and starts galvanized the masses of fact and topic into a semblance of dramatic life. In surprising contrast to the feeble drawing of country life in the last of these three abortive efforts is the fragment of *The Sad Shepherd*. It belongs, in fact, to another category, and can hardly have been, as has commonly been supposed, his latest work. It is scarcely credible that the magic of its woodland aroma can have been communicated by the hand which in *A Tale of a Tub* had rendered English rusticity with, on the whole, so blunt a pencil.

His Place in the History of Comedy.—Jonson is probably the most signal example in literature of power without charm. He impresses, without greatly attracting, posterity; and his dominating position in the contemporary theatrical world was won in the teeth of hostile currents of opinion which almost always had a germ of reason on their side. His polemical temper led him to expound his reforms in formidable manifesto-like Prologues and Prefaces, with a peremptory emphasis which tempts us even to exaggerate his really abrupt divergence from contemporary drama; just as Shakespeare's genial and unobtrusive tact makes it easy to underestimate his far vaster though less noisy innovations. Jonson's services to English comedy were beyond question great, though his very reforms contained an element of decadence and tended to hasten its decay. He alone among the famous dramatists of his time brought to the English stage a perfect mastery of the drama of Greece and Rome. But from the very outset his drama is never purely academic, like that of Daniel. A Humanist among the Elizabethans, he was not less signally an Elizabethan among the Humanists. He came forward as the champion of classical comedy against Elizabethan Romanticism; but the only classical masters of comedy whom he in practice served were those who, like Aristophanes and Plautus, most resemble the Elizabethan Romantics in exuberance and profusion. He preached the rigour of the comic law with a tongue which shrank from no prolixity of detail and no irrelevance of piquant incident; and reproved the incongruous medleys of the romantic drama without himself always, or often, attaining complete congruity,

or reconciling in harmonious unity the matter that he derived from the two abounding springs of his reading and observation. But with all this, we cannot doubt either the value of Jonson's classical schooling for his work as a dramatist or the extraordinary genius which in his two or three greatest plays has wrought out of native material an equivalent for "all that insolent Greece or haughty Rome sent forth, or since did from their ashes come." From Plautus and Aristophanes he learnt to depict *the Town* with the potent realism which at once simulates life and has the quality of poetry. His realism is not indeed the realism of Shakespeare. His eye seizes generic traits but has little sense of individuality, while Shakespeare's eye divines with unexampled range of sensibility both the individual and the generic. Jonson accumulates outward marks of manner and speech; Shakespeare, while presenting these with the utmost liveliness, irradiates them with a far more various and subtle inner life. Development of character Jonson knew only as the rude buffeting of a man out of his more dangerous idiosyncrasies by the shock of events. Of the subtler development of character, which is only a continuous effort to reconcile its own inconsistencies, he had no conception, as in his massive and four-square nature he had no experience. His men and women are brilliant diagrams, drawn with a powerful, unhesitating pen. There appears something mechanical even in their liveliest movements, when they are compared with the offspring of Shakespeare's vast organic intelligence, but they were more imitable, and told more palpably upon the practice of the next generation. His plots, though tending to excessive elaboration and complexity, are built up with extraordinary constructive power, the methods of which were likewise easier to apprehend and to emulate than the marvellous technique of Shakespeare. Belonging in years to the very heyday of the Elizabethan drama, Jonson was an embodiment of the incipient dissolution of spontaneous imagination which marks the decadence of art; but his prodigious vitality neutralizes the suggestions of decay. He is no weary Titan, but a Titan still young and full of a magnificent god-like ambition, bearing in him a mortal wound, but betraying the inner sickness only in a desperate prodigality of valour.

C. H. Herford.

Previous Editions and the Present Text.[1]—The earliest printed form of the play is the quarto (Q.): "Written by Ben Johnson. . . . Imprinted at London for Walter Burre . . . 1601." The next is included in the folio (F.): "The Workes of Benjamin Jonson. . . . London. Printed by William Stansby. 1616." The next is that of F2: "The Workes of Benjamin Jonson. . . . London. Printed by Richarde Bishop, and are to be sold by Andrew Crooke in St. Paules Churchyarde. 1640." The quarto was reprinted and edited by C. Graham in *Jahrbuch*, XXXVIII, 1903; and, again, by Bang and Greg in *Materialien zur Kunde des älteren Englischen Dramas*, XI, Leipzig and London, 1905. Of modern editions may be mentioned Garrick's, with alterations and additions, 1752 (frequently reprinted); Whalley's in Jonson's Works, 1756, and in the Works of Jonson, Beaumont and Fletcher, 1811; Gifford's in his Works of Ben Jonson, 1816; Cunningham's in his re-edition of Gifford, 1871. The play has been edited more recently by Wheatley, 1877; Symonds, 1886; Nicholson (Mermaid Series), 1894; Dixon (Temple Dramatists), 1896; Maas (Rostock Diss.), 1901. Herford and Simpson (Clarendon Press Edition of Jonson's Works, in preparation).

The quarto of 1601 (Q.) and the folio of 1616 (F.) are not merely slightly varying imprints of the same play. They differ essentially.

1. The arrangements of acts and scenes differ. Q. I, i. corresponds to F. I, i.–ii.; Q. I, ii. to F. I, iii.; Q. I, iii. to F. I, iv.–v.; Q. I, iv. to F. II, i.–iii., etc.

2. The scene of action is Florence in Q., London in F. The characters *Lorenzo di Pazzi*, *Musco*, *Giuliano*, etc., of Q., become *Kno'well*, *Brayneworme*, *Downe-right*, etc., of F. *Florence* of Q. becomes *the citie* of F. (I, ii. 40); *jests in Padua* of Q. become *jests i' universitie* of F. (III, v. 46); the *Dukes name* of Q. becomes the *queenes name* of F. (IV, xi. 20), etc. F. adds *Middlesex land* in I, ii. 4, and after IV, ix. 60 omits lines of Q. which refer to the Realto.

3. Throughout the two plays the expression is essentially different. To illustrate, take at random Q. I, ii. 1–6:

[1] This section has been kindly supplied by Dr. G. A. Smithson, who has also attended to the textual editing of the play from F, and has inserted the footnotes on readings. For particulars concerning general editions of Jonson, see Dr. Smithson's list as pertaining to *The Alchemist*.—Gen. Ed.

Mus. Yes sir, (on my word) he opend it, and read the contents.
Lor. iu. It scarse contents me that he did so. But *Musco* didst thou observe his countenance in the reading of it, whether hee were angrie or pleasde ?
Mus. Why sir I saw him not reade it.
Lo. iu. No ? how knowest thou then that he opened it ?

And compare this with the corresponding lines of F. (I, iii. 1–7) :

[*E. Kn.*] Did he open it, sayest thou ?
Bray. Yes, o' my word sir, and read the contents.
E. Kn. That scarse contents me. What countenance (pr'y thee) made he, i' the reading of it ? was he angrie, or pleas'd ?
Bray. Nay sir, I saw him not reade it, nor open it, I assure your worship.
E. Kn. No ? how know'st thou, then, that he did either ?

4. The final scenes of F. are more concentrated. F. omits certain speeches of Q., notably Lorenzo's (Kno'well's) defence of poetry and Clement's denunciation of Bobadill, which delay the action. Corresponding to the seventy-five lines of the last scene of F., Q. has one hundred and ninety-seven lines.

F. had the advantage of Jonson's supervision. The present text is printed directly from an imprint of it belonging to Professor Gayley. The forms of the letters *j, s, u, v* have been modernized, a few obvious mistakes of the printer corrected, and stage directions in square brackets added. The punctuation and spelling have been altered only when the original reading would render the meaning obscure. In all cases of change the readings of F. are given in footnotes. The frequent use of *ha's* for *has* is odd. In some cases, as III, iii, 105, the *'s* might be for *us* (ethical dative). But with regard to others, as IV, v, 6, is it not possible that *ha'* stood in the manuscript, and that Jonson changing to *has* in the proof, neglected to delete the apostrophe ? [G. A. S.]

Euery
MAN IN
HIS
HVMOVR.

A Comœdie.

Acted in the yeere 1598. By the then
Lord Chamberlaine his
Seruants.

The Author B.I.

IVVEN.

Haud tamen inuideas vati, quem pulpita paſcunt.

LONDON,
Printed by WILLIAM STANSBY.

M. DC. XVI.

TO THE MOST
LEARNED, AND
MY HONOR'D
FRIEND,

Mr. Cambden, CLARENTIAUX.

SIR,

Here are, no doubt, a supercilious race in the world, who will esteeme all office, done you in this kind, an injurie; so solemne a vice it is with them to use the authoritie of their ignorance, to the crying downe of Poetry, *or the Professors: But, my gratitude must not leave to correct their error; since I am none of those, that can suffer the benefits confer'd upon my youth, to perish with my age. It is a fraile memorie, that remembers but present things: And, had the favour of the times so conspir'd with my disposition, as it could have brought forth other, or better, you had had the same proportion, & number of the fruits, the first. Now, I pray you, to accept this, such, wherein neither the confession of my manners shall make you blush; nor of my studies, repent you to have beene the iustructer: And, for the profession of my thanke-fulnesse, I am sure, it will, with good men, find either praise, or excuse.*

Your true lover,

BEN. JONSON.

The Persons of the Play

Kno'well, *An old Gentleman.*
Ed. Kno'well, *His Sonne.*
Brayne-Worme, *The Fathers man.*
Mr. Stephen, *A countrey Gull.*
Downe-right, *A plaine Squier.*
Well-bred, *His halfe Brother.*
Just. Clement, *An old merry Magistrat.*
Roger Formall, *His Clarke.*
Kitely, *A Merchant.*
Dame Kitely. *His Wife.*
Mrs. Bridget, *His Sister,*
Mr. Matthew, *The towne-gull.*
Cash, Kitelies *Man.*
Cob, *A Water-bearer.*
Tib, *His Wife.*
Cap. Bobadill, *A Paules-man.*

THE SCENE

LONDON

Pierce Library
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La Grande, OR 97850

Every Man in His Humour

Prologue[1]

THough neede make many Poets, and some such
As art, and nature have not betterd much;
Yet ours, for want, hath not so lov'd the stage,
As he dare serve th' ill customes of the age:
Or purchase your delight at such a rate,
As, for it, he himselfe must justly hate.
To make a child, now swadled, to proceede
Man, and then shoote up, in one beard, and weede,
Past threescore yeeres: or, with three rustie swords,
And helpe of some few foot-and-halfe-foote words,
Fight over Yorke, and Lancasters long jarres:
And in the tyring-house bring wounds, to scarres.
He rather prayes, you will be pleas'd to see
One such, to day, as other playes should be.
Where neither Chorus wafts you ore the seas;
Nor creaking throne comes downe, the boyes to please;
Nor nimble squibbe is seene, to make afear'd
The gentlewomen; nor roul'd bullet heard
To say, it thunders; nor tempestuous drumme
Rumbles, to tell you when the storme doth come;
But deedes, and language, such as men doe use:
And persons, such as Comœdie would chuse,
When she would shew an Image of the times,
And sport with humane follies, not with crimes.

[1] The Prologue was first printed in 1616, and cannot be shown to have been composed before. The sources of its sarcastic allusions have been hotly discussed, but probability favours the view that Jonson, by temperament the most candid and critical of friends, twitted Shakespere among others, with the defects which the limitations of the Elizabethan stage imposed upon the Romantic drama.

Except, we make 'hem such by loving still
Our popular errors, when we know th'are ill.
I meane such errors, as you'll all confesse
By laughing at them, they deserve no lesse :
Which when you heartily doe, there's hope left, then,
You, that have so grac'd monsters, may like men.

Act I. Scene I. [*London. A Street.*]

KNO'WELL, BRAYNE-WORME, M^R. STEPHEN.

[*Enter* KNO'WELL, BRAYNE-WORME.]

[*Kno.*] A goodly day toward ! and a fresh morning ! Brayne-Worme,
Call up your yong master : bid him rise, sir.
Tell him, I have some businesse to employ him.
Bra. I will sir, presently. *Kno.* But heare you, sirah,
If he be at[1] his booke, disturbe him not. *Bra.* Well sir. [*Exit.*]
Kno. How happie, yet, should I esteeme my selfe
Could I (by any practise) weane the boy
From one vaine course of studie, he affects.
He is a scholler, if a man may trust
The liberall voice of fame, in her report
Of good accompt, in both our universities,
Either of which hath favour'd him with graces :
But their indulgence, must not spring in me
A fond opinion, that he cannot erre.
My selfe was once a student ; and, indeed,
Fed with the selfe-same humour, he is now,
Dreaming on nought but idle poetrie,
That fruitlesse, and unprofitable art,
Good unto none, but least to the professors,
Which, then, I thought the mistresse of all knowledge :

[1] F. misprints 'be'at.'

But since, time, and the truth have wak'd my judgement,
And reason taught me better to distinguish,
The vaine, from th' usefull learnings. [*Enter* MASTER STEPHEN.]
Cossin Stephen!
What newes with you, that you are here so early?

Ste. Nothing, but eene come to see how you doe, uncle.

Kno. That's kindly done, you are wel-come, cousse.

Ste. I, I know that sir, I would not ha' come else.
How doe my coussin Edward, uncle?

Kno. O, well cousse, goe in and see: I doubt he be scarse stirring yet.

Ste. Uncle, afore I goe in, can you tell me, an' he have ere a booke of the sciences of hawking, and hunting? I would faine borrow it.

Kno. Why, I hope you will not a hawking now, will you?

Step. No wusse; but I'll practise against next yeere uncle: I have bought me a hawke, and a hood, and bells, and all; I lacke nothing but a booke to keepe it by.

Kno. O, most ridiculous.

Step. Nay, looke you now, you are angrie, uncle: why you know, an' a man have not skill in the hawking, and hunting-languages now a dayes, I'll not give a rush for him. They are more studied then the Greeke, or the Latine. He is for no gallants companie without 'hem. And by gads lid I scorne it, I, so I doe, to be a consort for every hum-drum, hang 'hem scroyles, there's nothing in 'hem, i' the world. What doe you talke on it? Because I dwell at Hogsden, I shall keepe companie with none but the archers of Finsburie? or the citizens, that come a ducking to Islington ponds? A fine jest ifaith! Slid a gentleman mun show himselfe like a gentleman. Uncle, I pray you be not angrie, I know what I have to doe, I trow, I am no novice.

Kno. You are a prodigall absurd cocks-combe: Goe to.
Nay never looke at me, it's I that speake.
Tak't as you will sir, I'll not flatter you.
Ha' you not yet found meanes enow, to wast
That, which your friends have left you, but you must
Goe cast away your money on a kite,
And know not how to keepe it, when you ha' done?

O it's comely! this will make you a gentleman!
Well cosen, well! I see you are eene past hope
Of all reclaime. I, so, now you are told on it,
You looke another way. *Step.* What would you ha' me doe?
Kno. What would I have you doe? I'll tell you kinsman,
Learne to be wise, and practise how to thrive,
That would I have you doe: and not to spend
Your coyne on every bable, that you phansie,
Or every foolish braine, that humors you.
I would not have you to invade each place,
Nor thrust your selfe on all societies,
Till mens affections, or your owne desert,
Should worthily invite you to your ranke.
He, that is so respectlesse in his courses,
Oft sells his reputation, at cheape market.
Nor would I, you should melt away your selfe
In flashing braverie, least while you affect
To make a blaze of gentrie to the world,
A little puffe of scorne extinguish it,
And you be left, like an unsavorie snuffe,
Whose propertie is onely to offend.
I'ld ha' you sober, and containe your selfe;
Not, that your sayle be bigger then your boat:
But moderate your expences now (at first)
As you may keepe the same proportion still.
Nor, stand so much on your gentilitie,
Which is an aërie, and meere borrow'd thing,
From dead mens dust, and bones: and none of yours
Except you make, or hold it. Who comes here?
[*Enter* Servant.]

Act I. Scene II. [*The Same.*]

SERVANT, M^R. STEPHEN, KNO'WELL, BRAYNE-WORME.

[*Serv.*] Save you, gentlemen.
Step. Nay, we do' not stand much on our gentilitie, friend; yet,

you are wel-come, and I assure you, mine uncle here is a man of a thousand a yeare, Middlesex land : hee has but one sonne in all the world, I am his next heire (at the common law) master Stephen, as simple as I stand here, if my cossen die (as there's hope he will) I have a prettie living o' mine owne too, beside, hard-by here.

Serv. In good time, sir.

Step. In good time, sir ? why ! and in very good time, sir. You doe not flout, friend, doe you ?

Serv. Not I, sir.

Step. Not you, sir ? you were not best, sir ; an' you should, here bee them can perceive it, and that quickly to : goe to. And they can give it againe soundly to, and neede be.

Serv. Why, sir, let this satisfie you : good faith, I had no such intent.

Step. Sir, an' I thought you had, I would talke with you, and that presently.

Serv. Good master Stephen, so you may, sir, at your pleasure.

Step. And so I would sir, good my saucie companion ! an' you were out o' mine uncles ground, I can tell you ; though I doe not stand upon my gentilitie neither in't.

Kno. Cossen ! cossen ! will this nere be left ?

Step. Whorson base fellow ! a mechanicall serving-man ! By this cudgell, and 'twere not for shame, I would——

Kno. What would you doe, you peremptorie gull ?
If you can not be quiet, get you hence.
You see, the honest man demeanes himselfe
Modestly to'ards you, giving no replie
To your unseason'd, quarrelling, rude fashion :
And, still you huffe it,[1] with a kind of carriage,
As voide of wit, as of humanitie.
Goe, get you in ; fore heaven, I am asham'd
Thou hast a kinsmans interest in me. [*Exit* Master Stephen.]

Serv. I pray you, sir. Is this master Kno'well's house ?

Kno. Yes, marie, is it sir.

Serv. I should enquire for a gentleman, here, one master Edward Kno'well : doe you know any such, sir, I pray you ?

[1] swagger.

Kno. I should forget my selfe else, sir.

Serv. Are you the gentleman? crie you mercie sir: I was requir'd by a gentleman i' the citie, as I rode out at this end o' the towne, to deliver you this letter, sir.

Kno. To me, sir! What doe you meane? pray you remember your court'sie.[1] (*To his most selected friend, master* Edward Kno'well.) What might the gentlemans name be, sir, that sent it? nay, pray you be cover'd.

Serv. One master Well-bred, sir.

Kno. Master Well-bred! A yong gentleman? is he not?

Serv. The same sir, master Kitely married his sister: the rich merchant i' the old Jewrie.

Kno. You say very true. Braine-worme![2]

[*Enter* BRAYNE-WORME.]

Bray. Sir.

Kno. Make this honest friend drinke here: pray you goe in.

[*Exeunt* BRAYNE-WORME and Servant.]

This letter is directed to my sonne:
Yet, I am Edward Kno'well too, and may
With the safe conscience of good manners, use
The fellowes error to my satisfaction.
Well, I will breake it ope (old men are curious)
Be it but for the stiles sake, and the phrase,
To see, if both doe answere my sonnes praises,
Who is, almost, growne the idolater
Of this yong Well-bred: what have we here? what's this?

The Letter.

Why, Ned, I beseech thee; hast thou for-sworne all thy friends i' the old Jewrie? or dost thou thinke us all Jewes that inhabit there, yet? If thou dost, come over, and but see our fripperie: change an olde shirt, for a whole smocke, with us. Doe not conceive that antipathy betweene us, and Hogs-den; as was betweene Jewes, and hogs-flesh. Leave thy vigilant father, alone, to number over his greene apricots, evening, and morning, o' the north-west wall: An' I had beene his sonne, I had sav'd him the labor, long since; if, taking in all the yong

[1] be covered. [2] F. has a comma after 'Braine-worme.'

wenches, that passe by, at the back-dore, and codd'ling every kernell of the fruit for 'hem, would ha' serv'd. But, pr'y thee, come over to me, quickly, this morning: I have such a present for thee (our Turkie companie[1] *never sent the like to the Grand-Signior.) One is a Rimer sir, o' your owne batch, your owne*[2] *levin; but doth think himselfe Poet-major, o' the towne: willing to be showne, and worthy to be seene. The other——I will not venter his description with you, till you come, because I would ha' you make hether with an appetite. If the worst of 'hem be not worth your jorney, draw your bill of charges, as unconscionable, as any Guild-hall verdict will give it you, and you shall be allow'd your viaticum.*

From the wind-mill.

From the Burdello, it might come as well;
The Spittle: or Pict-hatch.[3] Is this the man,
My sonne hath sung so, for the happiest wit,
The choysest braine, the times hath sent us forth?
I know not what he may be, in the arts;
Nor what in schooles: but surely, for his manners,
I judge him a prophane, and dissolute wretch:
Worse, by possession of such great good guifts,
Being the master of so loose a spirit.
Why, what unhallow'd ruffian would have writ,
In such a scurrilous manner, to a friend!
Why should he thinke, I tell my Apri-cotes?
Or play th' Hesperian Dragon, with my fruit,
To watch it? Well, my sonne, I' had thought
Y' had had more judgement, t' have made election
Of your companions, then t' have tane on trust,
Such petulant, geering gamsters, that can spare
No argument, or subject from their jest.
But I perceive, affection makes a foole
Of any man, too much the father. Brayne-Worme![4]

[*Enter* BRAYNE-WORME.]

Bray. Sir.

Kno. Is the fellow gone that brought this letter?

[1] An incorporated company of merchants trading with Turkey. [2] F. misprints *owue*.
[3] So-called from the lazar house originally there, a notorious slum. [4] F. has a comma.

Bra. Yes, sir, a pretie while since.
Kno. And, where's your yong master ?
Bra. In his chamber sir.
Kno. He spake not with the fellow ! did he ?
Bra. No, sir, he saw him not.
Kno. Take you this letter, and deliver it my sonne
But with no notice, that I have open'd it, on your life.
Bra. O lord, sir, that were a jest, indeed ! [*Exit.*]
Kno. I am resolv'd, I will not stop his journey ;
Nor practise any violent meane, to stay
The unbridled course of youth in him : for that,
Restrain'd, growes more impatient ; and, in kind,
Like to the eager, but the generous grey-hound,
Who ne're so little from his game with-held,
Turnes head, and leapes up at his holders throat.
There is a way of winning, more by love,
And urging of the modestie, then feare :
Force workes on servile natures, not the free.
He, that's compell'd to goodnesse, may be good ;
But 'tis but for that fit : where others drawne
By softnesse, and example, get a habit.
Then, if they stray, but warne 'hem : and, the same
They should for vertu' have done, they'll doe for shame. [*Exit.*]

Act I. Scene III.[1] [*A Room in* KNO'WELL'S *House.*]

EDW. KNO'WELL, BRAYNE-WORME, M^R. STEPHEN.

[*Enter* E. KNO'WELL *and* BRAYNE-WORME.]

[*E. Kn.*] Did he open it, sayest thou ?
Bray. Yes, o' my word sir, and read the contents.
E. Kn. That scarse contents me. What countenance (pr'y thee) made he, i' the reading of it ? was he angrie, or pleas'd ?
Bray. Nay sir, I saw him not reade it, nor open it, I assure your worship. 6

[1] F. misprints 'II.'

E. Kn. No? how know'st thou, then, that he did either?

Bray. Marie sir, because he charg'd me, on my life, to tell nobodie, that he open'd it: which, unlesse hee had done, hee would never feare to have it reveal'd.

E. Kn. That's true: well I thanke thee, Brayne-worme.[1]

[*Enter* Master STEPHEN.]

Step. O, Brayne-worme, did'st thou not see a fellow here in a what-sha'-call-him doublet! he brought mine uncle a letter e'en now.

Bray. Yes, master Stephen, what of him?

Step. O, I ha' such a minde to beate him——Where is hee? canst thou tell?

Bray. Faith, he is not of that mind: he is gone, master Stephen.

Step. Gone? which way? when went he! how long since?

Bray. He is rid hence. He tooke horse, at the streete dore.

Step. And, I staid i' the fields! horson scander-bag rogue! O that I had but a horse to fetch him backe againe.

Bray. Why, you may ha' my master's[2] gelding, to save your longing, sir.

Step. But, I ha' no bootes, that's the spight on't.

Bray. Why, a fine wispe of hay, rould hard, master Stephen.

Step. No faith, it's no boote to follow him, now: let him eene goe, and hang. 'Pray thee, helpe to trusse me, a little. He dos so vexe me——

Bray. You'll be worse vex'd, when you are truss'd, master Stephen. Best, keepe un-brac'd; and walke your selfe, till you be cold: your choller may foundre you else.

Step. By my faith, and so I will, now thou tell'st me on't: How dost thou like my legge, Brayne-worme?

Bray. A very good leg! master Stephen! but the woollen stocking do's not commend it so well.

Step. Foh, the stockings be good inough, now summer is comming on, for the dust: Ile have a paire of silke, again' winter, that I goe to dwell i' the towne. I thinke my legge would shew in a silke-hose.

Bray.[3] Beleeve me, master Stephen, rarely well.[4]

[1] F. misprints 'Blayne-worme.'
[2] F. has 'mrs.'
[3] F. misprints 'Brap.'
[4] F. has a comma.

Step. In sadnesse, I thinke it would: I have a reasonable good legge.

Bray. You have an excellent good legge, master Stephen, but I cannot stay, to praise it longer now, and I am very sorie for't. [*Exit.*]

Step. Another time wil serve, Brayne-worme. Gramercie for this

E. Kn. Ha, ha, ha! — *Knowell laughes having read the letter* —

Step. Slid, I hope, he laughes not at me, and he doe——

E. Kn. Here was a letter, indeede, to be intercepted by a mans father, and doe him good with him! Hee cannot but thinke most vertuously, both of me, and the sender, sure; that make the carefull Costar'-monger of him in our familiar Epistles. Well, if he read this with patience, Ile be-gelt, and troll ballads for Mr. John Trundle, yonder, the rest of my mortalitie. It is true, and likely, my father may have as much patience as another man; for he takes much physicke: and, oft taking physicke makes a man very patient. But would your packet, master Wel-bred, had arriv'd at him, in such a minute of his patience; then, we had knowne the end of it, which now is doubtfull, and threatens——What! my wise cossen! Nay, then, Ile furnish[1] our feast with one gull more to'ard the messe. He writes to me of a brace, and here's one, that's three: O, for a fourth; Fortune, if ever thou'lt use thine eyes, I intreate thee——

Step. O, now I see, who hee laught at. Hee laught at some-body in that letter. By this good light, and he had laught at me——

E. Kn. How now, coussen Stephen, melancholy'?

Step. Yes, a little. I thought, you had laught at me, cossen.

E. Kn. Why, what an' I had cousse, what would you ha' done?

Serv. By this light, I would ha' told mine uncle.

E. Kn. Nay, if you wold ha' told your uncle, I did laugh at you, cousse.

Serv. Did you, indeede?

E. Kn. Yes, indeede.

Step. Why, then——

E. Kn. What then?

Step. I am satisfied, it is sufficient.

E. Kn. Why, bee so gentle cousse. And, I pray you let me intreate a courtesie of you. I am sent for, this morning, by a friend i'

[1] F. misprints 'Il efurnish.'

the old Jewrie to come to him ; It's but crossing over the fields to More-gate : Will you beare me companie ? I protest, it is not to draw you into bond, or any plot against the state, cousse.

Step. Sir, that's all one, and 't were ; you shall command me, twise so farre as More-gate to doe you good, in such a matter. Doe you thinke I would leave you ? I protest——

E. Kn. No, no, you shall not protest, cousse.

Step. By my fackins, but I will, by your leave ; Ile protest more to my friend, then Ile speake off, at this time.

E. Kn. You speake very well, cousse.

Step. Nay, not so neither, you shall pardon me : but I speake, to erve my turne.

E. Kn. Your turne, couss ? Doe you know, what you say ? A gentleman of your sort, parts, carriage, and estimation, to talke o' your turne i' this companie, and to me, alone, like a tankard-bearer, at a conduit ! Fie. A wight, that (hetherto) his every step hath left the stampe of a great foot behind him, as every word the savour of a strong spirit ! and he ! this man ! so grac'd, guilded, or (to use a more fit metaphore) so tin-foild by nature, as not ten house-wives pewter (again' a good time) shew's more bright to the world then he ! and he (as I said last, so I say againe, and still shall say it) this man ! to conceale such reall ornaments as these, and shaddow their glorie, as a Millaners wife do's her wrought stomacher, with a smokie lawne, or a black cypresse ? O couss ! It cannot be answer'd, goe not about it. Drakes old ship, at Detford, may sooner circle the world againe. Come, wrong not the qualitie of your desert, with looking downeward, couz ; but hold up your head, so : and let the Idea of what you are, be pourtray'd i' your face, that men may reade i' your physnomie, (*Here, within this place, is to be seene the true, rare, and accomplish'd monster, or miracle of nature*, which is all one.) What thinke you of this, couss ?

Step. Why, I doe thinke of it ; and I will be more prowd, and melancholy, and gentleman-like, then I have beene : I'le ensure you.

E. Kn. Why, that's resolute master Stephen ! Now, if I can but hold him up to his height, as it is happily begunne, it will doe well for a suburbe-humor : we may hap have a match with the citie, and play him for fortie pound. Come, couss.

Step. I'le follow you.
E. Kn. Follow me? you must goe before.
Step. Nay, an' I must, I will. Pray you, shew me, good cousin.
[*Exeunt.*]

Act I. Scene IIII. [*Before Cob's House.*]

MR. MATTHEW, COB.

[*Enter* Master MATTHEW.]

[*Mat.*] I thinke, this be the house: what, hough? [*Enter* COB.]
Cob. Who's there? O, master Matthew! gi' your worship good morrow.
Mat. What! Cob! how do'st thou, good Cob? do'st thou inhabite here, Cob?
Cob. I, sir, I and my linage ha' kept a poore house, here, in our dayes.
Mat. Thy linage, Monsieur Cob, what linage? what linage?
Cob. Why sir, an ancient linage, and a princely. Mine ance'trie came from a Kings belly, no worse man: and yet no man neither (by your worships leave, I did lie in that) but Herring the King of fish[1] (from his belly, I proceed) one o' the Monarchs o' the world, I assure you. The first red herring, that was broil'd in Adam, and Eve's kitchin, doe I fetch my pedigree from, by the Harrots[2] bookes. His Cob,[3] was my great-great-mighty-great Grand-father.
Mat. Why mightie? why mightie? I pray thee.
Cob. O, it was a mightie while agoe, sir, and a mightie great Cob.
Mat. How know'st thou that?
Cob. How know I? why, I smell his ghost, ever and anon.
Mat. Smell a ghost? O unsavoury jest! and the ghost of a herring Cob!
Cob. I sir, with favour of your worships nose, Mr. Mathew, why not the ghost of a herring-cob, as well as the ghost of rasher-bacon?

[1] An ancient jest, reported at large in Nashe's *Lenten Stuff* (1599), attributed this dignity to the herring, who never stirs abroad 'without an army.'
[2] Heralds. [3] Head.

Mat. Roger Bacon, thou wouldst say ?

Cob. I say rasher-bacon. They were both broyl'd o' the coles ? and a man may smell broyld-meate, I hope ? you are a scholler, upsolve me that, now.

Mat. O raw ignorance ! Cob, canst thou shew me of a gentleman, one Captayne Bobadill, where his lodging is ?

Cob. O, my guest, sir ! you meane.

Mat. Thy guest ! Alas ! ha, ha.

Cob. Why doe you laugh, sir ? Doe you not meane Captayne Bobadill ?

Mat. Cob, 'pray thee, advise thy selfe well : doe not wrong the gentleman, and thy selfe too. I dare bee sworne, hee scornes thy house : hee ! He lodge in such a base, obscure place, as thy house ! Tut, I know his disposition so well, he would not lye in thy bed, if tho'uldst gi' it him.

Cob. I will not give it him, though, sir. Masse, I thought somewhat was in't, we could not get him to bed, all night ! Well, sir, though he lye not o' my bed, he lies o' my bench : an't please you to goe up, sir, you shall find him with two cushions under his head, and his cloke wrapt about him, as though he had neither wun nor lost, and yet (I warrant) he ne're cast better in his life, then he has done, to night.

Mat. Why ? was he drunke ?

Cob. Drunke, sir ? you heare not me say so. Perhaps, hee swallow'd a taverne-token, or some such device, sir : I have nothing to doe withall. I deale with water, and not with wine. Gi' me my tankard there, hough. God b'w'you, sir. It's sixe a clocke : I should ha' carried two turnes, by this. What hough ? my stopple ? come. [*Enter* Tib.]

Mat. Lye in a water-bearers house ! A gentleman of his havings ! Well, I'le tell him my mind.

Cob. What Tib, shew this gentleman up to the Captayne. [*Exeunt* Tib *and* Matthew.] O, an' my house were the Brasen-head now ! faith, it would eene speake, *Mo fooles yet.* You should ha' some now would take this Mr. Matthew to be a gentleman, at the least. His father's an honest man, a worshipfull fishmonger, and so forth ; and now dos he creepe, and wriggle into acquaintance with

all the brave gallants about the towne, such as my guest is : (O, my guest is a fine man) and they flout him invincibly. Hee useth every day to a Merchants house (where I serve water) one master Kitely's, i' the old Jewry ; and here's the jest, he is in love with my masters sister, (mistris Bridget) and calls her mistris : and there hee will sit you a whole after-noone some-times, reading o' these same abominable, vile, (a poxe on 'hem, I cannot abide them) rascally verses, *poyetrie*, *poyetrie*, and speaking of *enterludes*, 'twill make a man burst to heare him. And the wenches, they doe so geere, and ti-he at him—well, should they do so much to me, Ild for-sweare them all, by the foot of Pharaoh. There's an oath ! How many water-bearers shall you heare sweare such an oath ? O, I have a guest (he teaches me) he dos sweare the legiblest, of any man christned : By S^t^. George, the foot of Pharaoh, the body of me, as I am a gentleman, and a souldier : such daintie oathes ! and withall, he dos take this same filthy roguish tabacco, the finest, and cleanliest ! it would doe a man good to see the fume come forth at 's tonnells ! Well, he owes mee fortie shillings (my wife lent him out of her purse, by sixe-pence a time) besides his lodging : I would I had it. I shall ha' it, he saies, the next Action. Helter skelter, hang sorrow, care'll kill a cat, up-tailes all, and a louse for the hang-man. [*Exit.*] 81

Act I. Scene V. [*A Room in Cob's House.*]

BOBADILL, TIB, MATTHEW.

Bobad. is discovered lying on his bench.

[*Bob.*] Hostesse, hostesse. [*Enter* TIB.]
Tib. What say you, sir ?
Bob. A cup o' thy small beere, sweet hostesse.
Tib. Sir, there's a gentleman, below, would speake with you.
Bob. A gentleman ! 'ods so, I am not within. 5
Tib. My husband told him you were, sir.
Bob. What a plague——what meant he ?
Mat. [*below.*] Captaine Bobadill ?

Bob. Who's there? (take away the bason, good hostesse) come up, sir.

Tib. He would desire you to come up, sir. You come into a cleanly house, here. [*Enter* MATTHEW.]

Mat. 'Save you, sir. 'Save you, Captayne.

Bob. Gentle master Matthew! Is it you, sir? Please you sit downe.

Mat.[1] Thanke you, good Captaine, you may see, I am some-what audacious.

Bob. Not so, sir. I was requested to supper, last night, by a sort[2] of gallants, where you were wish'd for, and drunke to, I assure you.

Mat. Vouchsafe me, by whom, good Captaine.

Bob. Mary, by yong Well-bred, and others: Why, hostesse, a stoloe here, for this gentleman.

Mat. No haste, sir, 'tis very well.

Bob. Body of me! It was so late ere we parted last night, I can scarse open my eyes, yet; I was but new risen, as you came: how passes the day abroad, sir? you can tell.

Mat. Faith, some halfe houre to seven: now trust mee, you have an exceeding fine lodging here, very neat, and private!

Bob. I, sir: sit downe, I pray you. Master Matthew (in any case) possesse no gentlemen of our acquaintance, with notice of my lodging.

Mat. Who? I sir? no.

Bob. Not that I need to care who know it, for the Cabbin is convenient, but in regard I would not be too popular, and generally visited, as some are.

Mat. True, Captaine, I conceive you.

Bob. For, doe you see, sir, by the heart of valour, in me, (except it be to some peculiar and choice spirits, to whom I am extraordinarily ingag'd, as your selfe, or so) I could not extend thus farre.

Mat. O Lord, sir, I resolve so.

Bob. I confesse, I love a cleanely and quiet privacy, above all the tumult, and roare of fortune. What new booke ha' you there? What! Goe by, Hieronymo![3]

Mat. I, did you ever see it acted? is't not well pend?

[1] F. misprints 'Mar.' [2] set. [3] A tag from *The Spanish Tragedy*.

Bob. Well pend? I would faine see all the Poets, of these times, pen such another play as that was! they'll prate and swagger, and keepe a stir of arte and devices, when (as I am a gentleman) reade 'hem, they are the most shallow, pittifull, barren fellowes, that live upon the face of the earth, againe!

Mat. Indeed, here are a number of fine speeches in this booke! *O eyes, no eyes, but fountaynes fraught with teares!* There's a conceit! fountaines fraught with teares! *O life, no life, but lively forme of death!* Another! *O world, no world, but masse of publique wrongs!* A third! *Confus'd and fil'd with murder, and misdeeds!* A fourth! O, the Muses! Is't not excellent? Is't not simply the best that ever you heard, Captayne? Ha? How doe you like it?

Bob. 'Tis good.

Mat. To thee, the purest object to my sense,
The most refined essence heaven covers,
Send I these lines, wherein I doe commence
The happy state of turtle-billing lovers.
If they prove rough, un-polish't, harsh, and rude,
Hast made the wast. Thus, mildly, I conclude.

Bob. Nay, proceed, proceed. Where's this? — *Bobadill is making him ready all this while* —

Mat. This, sir? a toy o' mine owne, in my nonage: the infancy of my Muses! But, when will you come and see my studie? good faith, I can shew you some very good things, I have done of late—— That boot becoms your legge, passing well, Captayne, me thinkes!

Bob. So, so.[1] It's the fashion, gentlemen, now use.

Mat. Troth, Captayne, an' now you speake o' the fashion, master Well-bred's elder brother, and I, are fall'n out exceedingly: this other day, I hapned to enter into some discourse of a hanger, which I assure you, both for fashion, and worke-man-ship, was most peremptory-beautifull and gentleman-like! Yet, he condemn'd, and cry'd it downe, for the most pyed, and ridiculous that ever he saw.

Bob. Squire Downe-right? the halfe-brother? was't not?

Mat. I sir, he.

Bob. Hang him, rooke, he! why, he has no more judgement then a malt-horse. By S. George, I wonder youl'd loose a thought upon

[1] F. has a comma.

such an animal: the most peremptory absurd clowne of christendome, this day, he is holden. I protest to you, as I am a gentleman, and a souldier, I ne're chang'd wordes, with his like. By his discourse, he should eate nothing but hay. He was borne for the manger, pannier, or pack-saddle! He ha's not so much as a good phrase in his belly, but all old iron, and rustie proverbes! a good commoditie for some smith, to make hob-nailes of.

Mat. I, and he thinks to carry it away with his man-hood still, where he comes. He brags he will gi' me the *bastinado*, as I heare.

Bob. How! He the *bastinado!* how came he by that word, trow?

Mat. Nay, indeed, he said cudgell me; I term'd it so, for my more grace.

Bob. That may bee: For I was sure, it was none of his word. But, when? when said he so?

Mat. Faith, yesterday, they say: a young gallant, a friend of mine told me so.

Bob. By the foot of Pharaoh, and 't were my case now, I should send him a *chartel*, presently. The *bastinado!* A most proper, and sufficient *dependance*, warranted by the great Caranza. Come hither. You shall *chartel* him. I'll shew you a trick, or two, you shall kill him with, at pleasure: the first *stoccata*,[1] if you will, by this ayre.

Mat. Indeed, you have absolute knowledge i' the mysterie, I have heard, sir.

Bob. Of whom? Of whom ha' you heard it, I beseech you?

Mat. Troth, I have heard it spoken of divers, that you have very rare, and un-in-one-breath-utter-able skill, sir.

Bob. By heaven, no, not I; no skill i' the earth: some small rudiments i' the science, as to know my time, distance, or so. I have profest it more for noblemen, and gentlemen use, then mine owne practise, I assure you. Hostesse, accommodate us with another bed-staffe here, quickly: Lend us another bed-staffe. The woman do's not understand the wordes of Action. Looke you, sir. Exalt not your point above this state, at any hand, and let your poynard maintayne your defence, thus: (give it the gentleman, and leave us) so, sir. [*Exit* Tib.] Come on: O, twine your body more about, that you may

[1] thrust.

fall to a more sweet comely gentleman-like guard. So, indifferent. Hollow your body more sir, thus. Now, stand fast o' your left leg, note your distance, keepe your due proportion of time—— Oh, you disorder your point, most irregularly!

Mat. How is the bearing of it, now, sir? 120

Bob. O, out of measure ill! A well-experienc'd hand would passe upon you, at pleasure.

Mat. How meane you, sir, passe upon me?

Bob. Why, thus sir (make a thrust at me) come in, upon the answere, controll your point, and make a full carreere, at the body. The best-practis'd gallants of the time, name it the *passada:* a most desperate thrust, beleeve it! 127

Mat. Well, come, sir.

Bob. Why, you doe not manage your weapon with any facilitie, or grace to invite mee: I have no spirit to play with you. Your dearth of judgement renders you tedious.

Mat. But one *venue*,[1] sir. 132

Bob. Venue! Fie. Most grosse denomination, as ever I heard. O, the *stoccata*, while you live, sir. Note that. Come, put on your cloke, and wee'll goe to some private place, where you are acquainted, some taverne, or so—and have a bit—— Ile send for one of these Fencers, and hee shall breath you, by my direction; and, then, I will teach you your tricke. You shall kill him with it, at the first, if you please. Why, I will learne you, by the true judgement of the eye, hand, and foot, to controll any enemies point i' the world. Should your adversarie confront you with a pistoll, 'twere nothing, by this hand, you should, by the same rule, controll his bullet, in a line: except it were hayle-shot, and spred. What money ha' you about you, M^r. Matthew? 144

Mat. Faith, I ha' not past a two shillings, or so.

Bob. 'Tis somewhat with the least: but, come. We will have a bunch of redish, and salt, to tast our wine; and a pipe of *tabacco*, to close the orifice of the stomach: and then, wee'll call upon yong Wel-bred. Perhaps wee shall meet the Coridon, his brother, there: and put him to the question. [*Exeunt.*]

[1] hit, in fencing.

Act II. Scene I. [*The Old Jewry. A Room in Kitely's House.*]

[*Enter*] KITELY, CASH, DOWNE-RIGHT.

[*Kit.*] Thomas, Come hither,
There lyes a note, within upon my deske,
Here, take my key: It is no matter, neither.
Where is the Boy? *Cas.* Within, sir, i' the ware-house.
Kit. Let him tell over, straight, that Spanish gold,
And weigh it, with th' pieces of eight. Doe you
See the delivery of those silver stuffes,
To Mr. Lucar. Tell him, if he will,
He shall ha' the grogran's, at the rate I told him,
And I will meet him, on the Exchange, anon.
Cas. Good, sir. [*Exit.*]
Kit. Doe you see that fellow, brother Downe-right?
Dow. I, what of him?
Kit. He is a jewell, brother.
I tooke him of a childe, up, at my dore,
And christned him, gave him mine owne name, Thomas,
Since bred him at the Hospitall; [1] where proving
A toward impe, I call'd him home, and taught him
So much, as I have made him my Cashier,
And giv'n him, who had none, a surname, Cash:
And find him, in his place so full of faith,
That, I durst trust my life into his hands.
Dow. So, would not I in any bastards, brother,
As, it is like, he is: although I knew
My selfe his father. But you said yo' had somewhat
To tell me, gentle brother, what is't? what is't?
Kit. Faith, I am very loath, to utter it,
As fearing, it may hurt your patience:
But, that I know, your judgement is of strength,
Against the neerenesse of affection——

[1] Christ's Hospital in the City of London; the Blue-coat School. It was at fir (from 1553 onwards) also used as a Foundling Hospital.

Dow. What need this circumstance ? pray you be direct.
Kit. I will not say, how much I doe ascribe
Unto your friendship ; nor, in what regard
I hold your love : but, let my past behaviour,
And usage of your sister, but confirme
How well I'ave beene affected to your——
Dow. You are too tedious, come to the matter, the matter.
Kit. Then (without further ceremonie) thus.
My brother Well-bred, sir, (I know not how)
Of late, is much declin'd in what he was,
And greatly alter'd in his disposition.
When he came first to lodge here in my house,
Ne're trust me, if I were not proud of him :
Me thought he bare himselfe in such a fashion,
So full of man, and sweetnesse in his carriage,
And (what was chiefe) it shew'd not borrowed in him,
But all he did, became him as his owne,
And seem'd as perfect, proper, and possest
As breath, with life, or colour, with the bloud.
But, now, his course is so irregular,
So loofe, affected, and depriv'd of grace,
And he himselfe withall so farre falne off
From that first place, as scarse no note remaines,
To tell mens judgements where he lately stood.
Hee's growne a stranger to all due respect,
Forgetfull of his friends, and not content
To stale himselfe in all societies,
He makes my house here common, as a Mart,
A Theater, a publike receptacle
For giddie humour, and diseased riot ;
And here (as in a taverne, or a stewes)
He, and his wild associates, spend their houres,
In repetition of lascivious jests,
Sweare, leape, drinke, dance, and revell night by night,
Controll my servants : and indeed what not ?
Dow. 'Sdeynes, I know not what I should say to him, i' the whole world ! He values me, at a crackt three-farthings, for ought

I see: It will never out o' the flesh that's bred i' the bone! I have told him inough, one would thinke, if that would serve: But, counsell to him, is as good, as a shoulder of mutton to a sicke horse. Well! he knowes what to trust to, for George. Let him spend, and spend, and domineere, till his heart ake; an' hee thinke to bee reliev'd by me, when he is got into one o' your citie pounds, the Counters he has the wrong sow by the eare, ifaith: and claps his dish[1] at the wrong mans dore. I'le lay my hand o' my halfe-peny, e're I part with 't, to fetch him out, I'le assure him.

Kit. Nay, good brother, let it not trouble you, thus.

Dow. 'Sdeath, he mads me, I could eate my very spur-lethers, for anger! But, why are you so tame? Why doe not you speake to him, and tell him how he disquiets your house?

Kit. O, there are divers reasons to disswade, brother.
But, would your selfe vouchsafe to travaile in it,
(Though but with plaine, and easie circumstance)
It would, both come much better to his sense,
And savour lesse of stomack, or of passion.
You are his elder brother, and that title
Both gives, and warrants you authoritie;
Which (by your presence seconded) must breed
A kinde of dutie in him, and regard:
Whereas if I should intimate the least,
It would but adde contempt, to his neglect,
Heape worse on ill, make up a pile of hatred
That, in the rearing, would come tottring downe,
And, in the ruine, burie all our love.
Nay, more then this, brother, if I should speake
He would be readie from his heate of humor,
And over-flowing of the vapour, in him,
To blow the eares of his familiars,
With the false breath, of telling, what disgraces,
And low disparadgments, I had put upon him.
Whilst they, sir, to relieve him, in the fable,
Make the loose comments, upon every word,
Gesture, or looke, I use; mocke me all over,

[1] The regular practice of the professional beggar.

From my flat cap, unto my shining shooes:[1]
And, out of their impetuous rioting phant'sies,
Beget some slander, that shall dwell with me.
And what would that be, thinke you? mary, this.
They would give out (because my wife is faire,
My selfe but lately married, and my sister
Here sojourning a virgin in my house)
That I were jealous! nay, as sure as death,
That they would say. And how that I had quarrell'd
My brother purposely, thereby to finde
An apt pretext, to banish them my house.
Dow. Masse perhaps so: They[2] are like inough to doe it.
Kit. Brother, they would, beleeve it: so should I
(Like one of these penurious quack-salvers)
But set the bills up, to mine owne disgrace,
And trie experiments upon my selfe:
Lend scorn and envie, oportunitie,
To stab my reputation, and good name——

Act II. Scene II. [*The Same.*]

MATTHEW, BOBADIL, DOWNE-RIGHT, KITELY.

[*Enter* MATTHEW *struggling with* BOBADIL.]

[*Mat.*] I will speake to him——

Bob. Speake to him? away, by the foot of Pharaoh, you shall not, you shall not doe him that grace. The time of day, to you, Gentleman o' the house. Is Mr. Well-bred stirring?

Dow. How then? what should he doe?

Bob. Gentleman of the house, it is to you: is he within, sir?

Kit. He came not to his lodging to night sir, I assure you.

Dow. Why, doe you heare? you.

Bob. The gentleman-citizen hath satisfied mee, Ile talke to no scavenger. [*Exeunt* BOBADIL *and* MATTHEW.]

[1] Characteristic marks of the bourgeois. [2] F., *They'*.

Dow. How, scavenger ? stay sir, stay ?
Kit. Nay, brother Downe-right.
Dow. 'Heart ! stand you away, and you love me.
Kit. You shall not follow him now, I pray you, brother,
Good faith you shall not : I will over-rule you.
Dow. Ha ? scavenger ? well, goe to, I say little : but, by this good day (god forgive me I should sweare) if I put it up so, say, I am the rankest cow, that ever pist. 'Sdeynes, and I swallow this, Ile ne're draw my sword in the fight of *Fleet-street* againe, while I live ; Ile sit in a barne, with Madge-howlet, and catch mice first. Scavenger ? 'Heart, and Ile goe neere to fill that huge tumbrell-slop of yours. with somewhat, and I have good lucke : your Garagantua breech cannot carry it away so.
Kit. Oh doe not fret your selfe thus, never thinke on't.
Dow. These are my brothers consorts, these ! these are his *Cam'rades*, his walking mates ! hee's a gallant, a *Cavaliero* too, right hang-man cut ! Let me not live, and I could not finde in my heart to swinge the whole ging[1] of 'hem, one after another, and begin with him first. I am griev'd, it should be said he is my brother, and take these courses. Wel, as he brewes, so he shall drinke, for George, againe. Yet, he shall heare on't, and that tightly too, and I live, Ifaith
Kit. But, brother, let your reprehension (then)
Runne in an easie current, not ore-high
Carried with rashnesse, or devouring choller ;
But rather use the soft perswading way,
Whose powers will worke more gently, and compose
Th' imperfect thoughts you labour to reclaime :
More winning, then enforcing the consent.
Dow. — *Bell rings.* — I, I, let me alone for that, I warrant you.
Kit. How now ? oh, the bell rings to breakefast.
Brother, I pray you goe in, and beare my wife
Companie, till I come ; Ile but give order
For some dispatch of businesse, to my servants——
[*Exit* DOWNE-RIGHT.]

[1] Company, gang.

Act. II. Scene III.[1] [*The Same.*]

KITELY, COB, DAME KITLEY, [BRIDGET.]

[*Enter* COB.]

[*Kit.*] What, Cob ? our maides will have you by the back (Ifaith) For comming so late this morning.

Cob. — *He passes by with his tankard* — Perhaps so, sir, take heed some body have not them by the belly, for walking so late in the evening. [*Exit.*]

Kit. Well, yet my troubled spirit's somewhat eas'd,
Though not repos'd in that securitie,
As I could wish : But, I must be content.
How e're I set a face on't to the world,
Would I had lost this finger, at a venter,
So Well-bred had ne're lodg'd within my house.
Why't cannot be, where there is such resort
Of wanton gallants, and yong revellers,
That any woman should be honest long.
Is't[2] like, that factious beautie will preserve
The publike weale of chastitie, un-shaken,
When such strong motives muster, and make head
Against her single peace ? no, no. Beware,
When mutuall appetite doth meet to treat,
And spirits of one kinde, and qualitie,
Come once to parlee, in the pride of bluod :
It is no slow conspiracie, that followes.
Well (to be plaine) if I but thought, the time
Had answer'd their affections : all the world
Should not perswade me, but I were a cuckold.
Mary, I hope, they ha' not got that start :
For oportunitie hath balkt 'hem yet,
And shall doe still, while I have eyes, and eares
To attend the impositions of my heart.

[1] The marginal note *To them* in F. is a mistake, since Kitely is alone on the stage.
[2] F., *I'st.*

My presence shall be as an iron barre,
'Twixt the conspiring motions of desire:
Yea, every looke, or glance, mine eye ejects,
Shall checke occasion, as one doth his slave,
When he forgets the limits of prescription. [*Enter Dame* KITELY *and* BRIDGET.]

Dame. Sister Bridget, pray you fetch downe the rose-water above in the closet. [*Exit* BRIDGET.] Sweet heart, will you come in, to breakefast.

Kite. An' shee have over-heard me now?

Dame. I pray thee (good Musse)[1] we stay for you.

Kite. By heaven I would not for a thousand angells.

Dame. What aile you sweet heart, are you not well, speake good Musse.

Kite. Troth my head akes extremely, on a sudden.

Dame. Oh, the lord!

Kite. How now? what?

Dame. Alas, how it burnes? Musse, keepe you warme, good truth it is this new disease! there's a number are troubled withall! for loves sake, sweet heart, come in, out of the aire.

Kite. How simple, and how subtill are her answeres?
A new disease, and many troubled with it!
Why, true: shee heard me, all the world to nothing.

Dame. I pray thee, good sweet heart, come in; the aire will doe you harme in, troth.

Kite. The aire! shee has me i' the wind! sweet heart!
Ile come to you presently: 't will away, I hope.

Dame.[2] Pray heaven it doe.

Kite. A new disease? I know not, new, or old,
But it may well be call'd poore mortalls plague:
For, like a pestilence, it doth infect
The houses of the braine. First, it begins
Solely to worke upon the phantasie,
Filling her seat with such pestiferous aire,
As soone corrupts the judgement; and from thence,
Sends like a contagion to the memorie:

[1] Mouse [2] F. misprints 'Dow.

Still each to other giving the infection.
Which, as a subtle vapor, spreads it selfe,
Confusedly, through every sensive part,
Till not a thought, or motion, in the mind,
Be free from the blacke poyson of suspect.
Ah, but what miserie[1] is it, to know this ?
Or, knowing it, to want the mindes erection,
In such extremes ? Well, I will once more strive,
(In spight of this black cloud) my selfe to be,
And shake the feaver off, that thus shakes me. [*Exit.*]

Act II. Scene IIII. [*Moorfields.*]

BRAYNE-WORME, ED. KNO'WELL, M^R. STEPHEN.

[*Enter* BRAYNE-WORME *disguised as a Soldier.*]

[*Bray.*] S'Lid, I cannot choose but laugh, to see my selfe translated thus, from a poore creature to a creator ; for now must I create an intolerable sort of lyes, or my present profession looses the grace : and yet the lye to a man of my coat, is as ominous a fruit, as the Fico.[2] O sir, it holds for good politie ever, to have that outwardly in vilest estimation, that inwardly is most deare to us. So much, for my borrowed shape. Well, the troth is, my old master intends to follow my yong, drie foot,[3] over More-fields, to London, this morning: now I, knowing, of this hunting-match, or rather conspiracie, and to insinuate with my yong master (for so must we that are blew-waiters, and men of hope and service doe, or perhaps wee may weare motley at the yeeres end, and who weares motley, you know) have got me afore, in this disguise, determining here to lye in *ambuscado*, and intercept him, in the mid-way. If I can but get his cloke, his purse, his hat, nay, anything, to cut him off, that is, to stay his journey, *Veni, vidi, vici*, I may say with Captayne Caesar, I am made for ever, ifaith. Well, now must I practice to get the true garb of one of these Lance-knights, my arme here, and my—yong

[1] F., *miserie'*.
[2] The fig being both a medium for poison and a symbol of contempt.
[3] In hunting, follow by the scent of the foot.

master! and his cousin, Mr. Stephen, as I am true counterfeit man of warre, and no souldier! [*Enter* E. KNO'WELL and STEPHEN.]

E. Kn. So sir, and how then, couss?

Step. 'Sfoot, I have lost my purse, I thinke.

E. Kn. How? lost your purse? where? when had you it?

Step. I cannot tell, stay.

Bray. 'Slid, I am afeard, they will know mee, would I could get by them.

E. Kn. What? ha' you it?

Step. No, I thinke I was bewitcht, I——

E. Kn. Nay, doe not weepe the losse, hang it, let it goe.

Step. Oh, it's here: no, and it had beene lost, I had not car'd, but for a jet ring mistris Mary sent me.

E. Kn. A jet ring? oh, the poesie, the poesie?

Step. Fine, ifaith! *Though fancie sleep, my love is deepe.* Meaning that though I did not fancie her, yet shee loved me dearely.

E. Kn. Most excellent!

Step. And then, I sent her another, and my poesie was: *The deeper, the sweeter, Ile be judg'd by* St. Peter.

E. Kn. How, by St. Peter? I doe not conceive that!

Step. Mary, St. Peter, to make up the meeter.

E. Kn. Well, there the Saint was your good patron, hee help't you at your need: thanke him, thanke him — *He is come back* —

Bray. I cannot take leave on 'hem, so: I will venture, come what will. Gentlemen, please you change a few crownes, for a very excellent good blade, here? I am a poore gentleman, a souldier, one that (in the better state of my fortunes) scorn'd so meane a refuge, but now it is the humour of necessitie, to have it so. You seeme to be gentlemen, well affected to martiall men, else I should rather die with silence, then live with shame: how ever, vouchsafe to remember, it is my want speakes, not my selfe. This condition agrees not with my spirit——

E. Kn. Where hast thou serv'd?

Bray. May it please you, sir, in all the late warres of Bohemia, Hungaria, Dalmatia, Poland, where not, sir? I have been a poore servitor, by sea and land, any time this fourteene yeeres, and follow'd the fortunes of the best Commanders in christendome. I was twice

shot at the taking of Alepo, once at the reliefe of Vienna ; I have beene at Marseilles, Naples, and the Adriatique gulfe, a gentleman-slave in the galleys, thrice, where I was most dangerously shot in the head, through both the thighs, and yet, being thus maym'd, I am void of maintenance, nothing left me but my scarres, the noted markes of my resolution.

Step. How will you sell this rapier, friend ?

Bray. Generous sir, I referre it to your owne judgement ; you are a gentleman, give me what you please.

Step. True, I am a gentleman, I know that friend : but what though ? I pray you say, what would you aske ?

Bray. I assure you, the blade may become the side, or thigh of the best prince, in Europe.

E. Kn. I, with a velvet scabberd, I thinke.

Step. Nay, and 't be mine, it shall have a velvet scabbard, Couss, that's flat : I'de not weare it as 'tis, and you would give me an angell.

Bray. At your worships pleasure, sir ; nay, 'tis a most pure Toledo.

Step. I had rather it were a Spaniard ! but tell me, what shall I give you for it ? An' it had a silver hilt——

E. Kn. Come, come, you shall not buy it ; hold, there's a shilling fellow, take thy rapier.

Step. Why, but I will buy it now, because you say so, and there's another shilling, fellow. I scorne to be out-bidden. What, shall I walke with a cudgell, like Higgin-Bottom ?[1] and may have a rapier, for money ?

E. Kn. You may buy one in the citie.

Step. Tut, Ile buy this i' the field, so I will, I have a mind to't, because 'tis a field rapier. Tell me your lowest price.

E. Kn. You shall not buy it, I say.

Step. By this money, but I will, though I give more then 'tis worth.

E. Kn. Come away, you are a foole.

Step. Friend, I am a foole, that's granted : but Ile have it, for that words sake. Follow me, for your money.

Bray. At your service, sir. [*Exeunt.*]

[1] This allusion remains unexplained.

[Probably any citizen-ancestor of Horace and James Wilson's hero.—*Gen. Ed.*]

Act II. Scene V. [*Another part of Moorfields.*]

KNO'WELL, BRAYNE-WORME.

[*Enter* KNO'WELL.]

[*Kno.*] I cannot loose the thought, yet, of this letter,
Sent to my sonne: nor leave t' admire the change
Of manners, and the breeding of our youth,
Within the kingdome, since my selfe was one.
When I was yong, he liv'd not in the stewes,
Durst have conceiv'd a scorne, and utter'd it,
On a grey head; age was authoritie
Against a buffon: and a man had, then,
A certaine reverence pai'd unto his yeeres,
That had none due unto his life. So much
The sanctitie of some prevail'd, for others.
But, now, we all are fall'n; youth, from their feare:
And age, from that, which bred it, good example.
Nay, would our selves were not the first, even parents,
That did destroy the hopes, in our owne children:
Or they not learn'd our vices, in their cradles,
And suck'd in our ill customes, with their milke.
Ere all their teeth be borne, or they can speake,
We make their palats cunning! The first wordes,
We forme their tongues with, are licentious jests!
Can it call, whore? crie, bastard? O, then, kisse it,
A wittie child! Can't sweare? The fathers dearling!
Give it two plums. Nay, rather then 't shall learne
No bawdie song, the mother[1] her selfe will teach it!
But, this is in the infancie; the dayes
Of the long coate: when it puts on the breeches,
It will put off all this. I, it is like:
When it is gone into the bone alreadie.
No, no: This die goes deeper then the coate,

[1] F., *mother'*.

Or shirt, or skin. It staines, unto the liver,
And heart, in some. And, rather, then it should not,
Note, what we fathers doe! Looke, how we live!
What mistresses we keepe! at what expense,
In our sonnes eyes! where they may handle our gifts,
Heare our lascivious courtships, see our dalliance,
Tast of the same provoking meates, with us,
To ruine of our states! Nay, when our owne
Portion is fled, to prey on their remainder,
We call them into fellowship of vice!
Baite 'hem with the yong chamber-maid, to seale!
And teach 'hem all bad wayes, to buy affliction![1]
This is one path! but there are millions more,
In which we spoile our owne, with leading them.
Well, I thanke heaven, I never yet was he,
That travail'd with my sonne, before sixteene,
To shew him, the Venetian cortezans.
Nor read the grammar of cheating, I had made
To my sharpe boy, at twelve: repeating still
The rule, *Get money; still, Get money, Boy;*
No matter, by what meanes; Money will doe
More, Boy, then my Lords letter. Neither have I
Drest snailes, or mushromes curiously before him,
Perfum'd my sauces, and taught him to make 'hem;
Preceding still, with my grey gluttonie,
At all the ordinaries: and only fear'd
His palate should degenerate, not his manners.
These are the trade of fathers, now! how ever
My sonne, I hope, hath met within my threshold,
None of these houshold precedents; which are strong,
And swift ,to rape youth, to their precipice.
But, let the house at home be nere so cleane-
Swept, or kept sweet from filth; nay, dust, and cob-webs:
If he will live, abroad, with his companions,
In dung, and leystalls; it is worth a feare.
Nor is the danger of conversing lesse,

[1] F., 'affliction.'

Then all that I have mention'd of example. [*Enter* BRAYNE-WORME *in disguise.*]

Bray. My master? nay, faith have at you: I am flesht now, I have sped so well. Worshipfull sir, I beseech you, respect the estate of a poore souldier; I am asham'd of this base course of life (god's my comfort) but extremitie provokes me to't, what remedie?

Kno. I have not for you, now.

Bray. By the faith I beare unto truth, gentleman, it is no ordinarie custome in me, but only to preserve manhood. I protest to you, a man I have beene, a man I may be, by your sweet bountie.

Kno. 'Pray thee, good friend, be satisfied.

Bray. Good sir, by that hand, you may doe the part of a kind gentleman, in lending a poore souldier the price of two cannes of beere (a matter of small value) the king of heaven shall pay you, and I shall rest thankful: sweet worship——

Kno. Nay, and you be so importunate——

Bray. Oh, tender sir, need will have his course: I was not made to this vile use! well, the edge of the enemie could not have abated mee so much: — *Hee weepes.* — It's hard when a man hath serv'd in his Princes cause, and be thus—Honorable worship, let me derive a small piece of silver from you, it shall not bee given in the course of time, by this good ground, I was faine to pawne my rapier last night for a poore supper, I had suck'd the hilts long before, I am a pagan else: sweet honour.

Kno. Beleeve me, I am taken with some wonder,
To thinke, a fellow of thy outward presence
Should (in the frame, and fashion of his mind)
Be so degenerate, and sordid-base!
Art thou a man? and sham'st thou not to beg?
To practise such a servile kind of life?
Why, were thy education ne're so meane,
Having thy limbs, a thousand fairer courses
Offer themselves, to thy election.
Either the warres might still supply thy wants,
Or service of some vertuous gentleman,
Or honest labour: nay, what can I name,
But would become thee better then to beg?

But men of thy condition feed on sloth,
As doth the beetle, on the dung shee breeds in.
Not caring how the mettall of your minds
Is eaten with the rust of idlenesse.
Now, afore me, what e'er[1] he be, that should
Relieve a person of thy qualitie,
While thou insist's in this loose desperate course,
I would esteeme the sinne, not thine, but his.

Bray. Faith sir, I would gladly finde some other course, if so——

Kno. I, you'ld gladly finde it, but you will not seeke it.

Bray. Alas sir, where should a man seeke? in the warres, there's no ascent by desert in these dayes, but——and for service, would it were as soone purchast, as wisht for (the ayre's my comfort) I know, what I would say——

Kno. What's thy name?

Bray. Please you, Fitz-Sword, sir.

Kno. Fitz-Sword?

Say, that a man should entertayne thee now,
Would'st thou be honest, humble, just, and true?

Bray. Sir, by the place, and honor of a souldier——

Kno. Nay, nay, I like not those affected othes;
Speake plainely man: what think'st thou of my wordes?

Bray. Nothing, sir, but wish my fortunes were as happy, as my service should be honest.

Kno. Well, follow me, Ile prove thee, if thy deedes
Will carry a proportion to thy words. [*Exit.*]

Bray. Yes sir, straight, Ile but garter my hose. Oh that my belly were hoopt now, for I am readie to burst with laughing! never was bottle, or bag-pipe fuller. S'lid, was there ever seene a foxe in yeeres to betray himselfe thus? now shall I be possest of all his counsells: and, by that conduit, my yong master. Well, hee is resolv'd to prove my honestie; faith, and I am resolv'd to prove his patience: oh I shall abuse him intollerably. This small piece of service, will bring him cleane out of love with the souldier, for ever. He will never come within the signe of it, the sight of a cassock, or a musket-rest againe. Hee will hate the musters at Mile-end for it,

[1] F. 'e're.'

to his dying day. It's no matter, let the world thinke me a bad counterfeit, if I cannot give him the slip,[1] at an instant: why, this is better then to have staid his journey! well, Ile follow him: oh, how I long to bee imployed. [*Exit.*]

Act III. Scene I. [*The Windmill Tavern in the Old Jewry.*]

MATTHEW, WELL-BRED, BOBADILL, ED. KNO'WELL, STEPHEN.

[*Enter* MATTHEW, WELL-BRED, *and* BOBADIL.]

[*Mat.*] Yes faith, sir, we were at your lodging to seeke you, too.

Wel. Oh, I came not there to-night.

Bob. Your brother delivered us as much.

Wel. Who? my brother Downe-right?

Bob. He. Mr. Well-bred, I know not in what kind you hold me, but let me say to you this: as sure as honor, I esteeme it so much out of the sunne-shine of reputation, to through the least beame of reguard, upon such a——

Wel. Sir, I must heare no ill wordes of my brother.

Bob. I, protest to you, as I have a thing to be sav'd about me, I never saw any gentleman-like part——

Wel. Good Captayne, faces about, to some other discourse.

Bob. With your leave, sir, and there were no more men living upon the face of the earth, I should not fancie him, by S. George.

Mat. Troth, nor I, he is of a rusticall cut, I know not how: he doth not carry himselfe like a gentleman of fashion——

Wel. Oh, Mr. Matthew, that's a grace peculiar but to a few; *quos æquus amavit Iupiter.*

Mat. I understand you sir.

Wel. No question, you doe, or you doe not, sir. — *Yong* KNO'WELL *enters* — [*with* STEPHEN.] Ned Kno'well! by my soule welcome; how doest thou sweet spirit, my Genius? S'lid I shall love Apollo, and the mad Thespian girles the better, while I live,

[1] A play on the double sense, 'slip' being a cant term for a counterfeit coin.

for this; my deare furie: now, I see there's some love in thee! Sirra, these bee the two I writ to thee of (nay, what a drowsie humour is this now? why doest thou not speake?)

E. Kn. Oh, you are a fine gallant, you sent me a rare letter!

Wel. Why, was't not rare?

E. Kn. Yes, Ile bee sworne, I was ne're guiltie of reading the like; match it in all Plinie, or Symmachus epistles,[1] and Ile have my judgement burn'd in the eare for a rogue: make much of thy vaine, for it is inimitable. But I marle what camell it was, that had the carriage of it? for doubtlesse, he was no ordinarie beast, that brought it!

Wel. Why?

E. Kn. Why, saiest thou? why doest thou thinke that any reasonable creature, especially in the morning (the sober time of the day too) could have mis-tane my father for me?

Wel. S'lid, you jest, I hope?

E. Kn. Indeed, the best use wee can turne it too, is to make a jest on't, now: but Ile assure you, my father had the full view o' your flourishing stile, some houre before I saw it.

Wel. What a dull slave was this? But, sirrah, what said hee to it, Ifaith?

E. Kn. Nay, I know not what he said: but I have a shrewd gesse what hee thought.

Wel. What? what?

E. Kn. Mary, that thou art some strange dissolute yong fellow, and I a graine or two better, for keeping thee companie.

Wel. Tut, that thought is like the moone in her last quarter, 'twill change shortly: but, sirrha, I pray thee be acquainted with my two hangby's, here; thou wilt take exceeding pleasure in 'hem if thou hear'st 'hem once goe: my wind-instruments. Ile wind 'hem up—but what strange piece of silence is this? the signe of the dumbe man?

E. Kn. Oh, sir, a kinsman of mine, one that may make your musique the fuller, and he please, he has his humour, sir.

Wel. Oh, what ist? what ist?

[1] Aurelius Symmachus, fl. 400 A.D., imitated the ingenious epistolary manner of the younger Pliny.

E. Kn. Nay, Ile neither doe your judgement, nor his folly that wrong, as to prepare your apprehension : Ile leave him to the mercy o' your search, if you can take him, so.

Wel. Well, Captaine Bobadill, Mr. Matthew, pray you know this gentleman here, he is a friend of mine, and one that will deserve your affection — *To Master* Stephen — I know not your name, sir, but I shall be glad of any occasion, to render me more familiar to you.

Step. My name is Mr. Stephen, sir, I am this gentlemans owne cousin, sir, his father is mine uncle, sir, I am somewhat melancholy, but you shall command me, sir, in whatsoever is incident to a gentleman.

Bob. — *To* Kno'well — Sir, I must tell you this, I am no generall man, but for Mr. Wel-bred's sake (you may embrace it, at what height of favour you please) I doe communicate with you : and conceive you, to bee a gentleman of some parts, I love few wordes.

E. Kn. And I fewer, sir. I have scarce inow, to thanke you.

Mat. — *To Master* Stephen — But you are indeed,[1] Sir ? so given to it ?

Step. I, truely, sir, I am mightily given to melancholy.

Mat. Oh, it's your only fine humour, sir, your true melancholy, breeds your perfect fine wit, sir : I am melancholy my selfe divers times, sir, and then doe I no more but take pen, and paper presently, and overflow you halfe a score, or a dozen of sonnets, at a fitting.

(*E. Kn.* Sure, he utters them then, by the grosse.) [*Aside.*]

Step. Truly sir, and I love such things, out of measure.

E. Kn. I faith, better then in measure, Ile under-take.

Mat. Why, I pray you, sir, make use of my studie, it's at your service.

Step. I thanke you sir, I shall bee bold, I warrant you ; have you a stoole there, to be melancholy' upon ?

Mat. That I have, sir, and some papers there of mine owne doing, at idle houres, that you'le say there's some sparkes of wit in 'hem, when you see them.

Wel. Would the sparkes would kindle once, and become a fire amongst 'hem, I might see selfe-love burn't for her heresie. [*Aside.*]

[1] F. has a period.

Step. Cousin, is it well? am I melancholy inough? 95

E. Kn. Oh I, excellent!

Wel. Captaine B badill: why muse you so?

E. Kn. He is melancholy, too.

Bob. Faith, sir, I was thinking of a most honorable piece of service, was perform'd to morrow, being St. Markes day: shall bee some ten yeeres, now? 101

E. Kn. In what place, Captaine?

Bob. Why, at the beleag'ring of Strigonium,[1] where, in lesse then two houres, seven hundred resolute gentlemen, as any were in Europe, lost their lives upon the breach. Ile tell you, gentlemen, it was the first, but the best leagure,[2] that ever I beheld, with these eies, except the taking in of—what doe you call it, last yeere, by the Genowayes, but that (of all other) was the most fatall, and dangerous exploit, that ever I was rang'd in, since I first bore armes before the face of the enemie, as I am a gentleman, & souldier. 110

Step. 'So, I had as liefe, as an angell, I could sweare as well as that gentleman!

E. Kn. Then, you were a servitor, at both it seemes! at Strigonium? and what doe you call't? 114

Bob. Oh lord, sir? by S. George, I was the first man, that entred the breach: and, had I not effected it with resolution, I had beene slaine, if I had had a million of lives.

E. Kn. 'Twas pittie, you had not ten; a cats, and your owne, ifaith. But, was it possible?

(*Mat.* 'Pray you, marke this discourse, sir. 120

Step. So, I doe.) [*Aside.*]

Bob. I assure you (upon my reputation) 'tis true, and your selfe shall confesse.

E. Kn. You must bring me to the racke, first. [*Aside.*]

Bob. Observe me judicially, sweet sir, they had planted mee three demi-culverings, just in the mouth of the breach; now, sir (as we were to give on) their master gunner (a man of no meane skill, and marke, you must thinke) confronts me with his linstock, readie to give fire; I spying his intendment, discharg'd my petrionel in his bosome, and with these single armes, my poore rapier, ranne vio-

[1] A town in Hungary (Gran), retaken from the Turks in 1597. [2] Siege (Ger. *Lager*).

lently, upon the Moores, that guarded the ordinance, and put 'hem pell-mell to the sword.

Wel. To the sword? to the rapier, Captaine?

E. Kn. Oh, it was a good figure observ'd, sir! but did you all this, Captaine, without hurting your blade.

Bob. Without any impeach, o' the earth: you shall perceive sir. It is the most fortunate weapon, that ever rid on poore gentlemans thigh: shal I tell you, sir? you talke of Morglay, Excalibur, Durindana, or so? tut, I lend no credit to that is fabled of 'hem, I know the vertue of mine owne, and therefore I dare, the boldlier, maintaine it.

Step. I mar'le whether it be a Toledo, or no?

Bob. A most perfect Toledo, I assure you, sir.

Step. I have a countriman of his, here.

Mat. Pray you, let's see, sir: yes faith, it is!

Bob. This a Toledo? pish.

Step. Why doe you pish, Captaine?

Bob. A Fleming, by heaven, Ile buy them for a guilder, a piece, an' I would have a thousand of them.

E. Kn. How say you, cousin? I told you thus much?

Wel. Where bought you it, M^r. Stephen?

Step. Of a scurvie rogue souldier (a hundred of lice goe with him) he swore it was a Toledo.

Bob. A poore provant rapier,[1] no better.

Mat. Masse, I thinke it be, indeed! now I looke on't, better.

E. Kn. Nay, the longer you looke on't, the worse. Put it up, put it up.

Step. Well, I will put it up, but by—(I ha' forgot the Captaynes oath, I thought to ha' sworne by it) an' ere I meet him——

Wel. O, it is past helpe now, sir, you must have patience.

Step. Horson connie-catching raskall! I could eate the very hilts for anger!

E. Kn. A signe of good digestion! you have an ostrich stomack, cousin.

Step. A stomack? would I had him here, you should see, an' I had a stomack.

Wel. It's better as 'tis: come, gentlemen, shall we goe?

[1] One from the stores provided for private soldiers.

Act III. Scene II. [*The Same.*]

E. KNOW'ELL, BRAYNE-WORME, STEPHEN, WELL-BRED, BOBADILL, MATTHEW.

[*Enter* BRAYNE-WORME, *disguised as a* Soldier.]

[*E. Kn.*] A miracle, cousin, looke here ! looke here !

Step. Oh, gods lid, by your leave, doe you know me, sir ?

Bray. I sir, I know you, by sight.

Step. You sold me a rapier, did you not ?

Bray. Yes, marie, did I sir.

Step. You said, it was a Toledo, ha ?

Bray. True, I did so.

Step. But, it is none ?

Bray. No sir, I confesse it, it is none.

Step. Doe you confesse it ? gentlemen, beare witnesse, he has confest it. By gods will, and you had not confest it——

E. Kn. Oh cousin, forbeare, forbeare.

Step. Nay, I have done, cousin.

Wel. Why you have done like a gentleman, he ha's confest it, what would you more ?

Step. Yet, by his leave, he is a raskall, under his favour, doe you see ?

E. Kn. I, by his leave, he is, and under favour : a prettie piece of civilitie ! Sirra, how doest thou like him ?

Wel. Oh, it's a most pretious foole, make much on him : I can compare him to nothing more happily, then a drumme ; for every one may play upon him.

E. Kn. No, no, a childes whistle were farre the fitter.

Bray. Sir, shall I intreat a word with you ?

E. Kn. With me, sir ? you have not another Toledo to sell, ha' you ?

Bray. You are conceipted, sir, your name is Mr. KNO'WELL, as I take it ?

E. Kn. You are, i' the right ? you meane not to proceede in the catechisme, doe you ?

Bray. No sir, I am none of that coat.

E. Kn. Of as bare a coat, though ? well, say sir.

Bray. Faith sir, I am but servant to the drum extraordinarie, and indeed (this smokie varnish being washt off, and three or foure patches remov'd) I appeare your worships in reversion, after the decease of your good father, Brayne-worme. [*Aside to* E. KNO'WELL.]

E. Kn. Brayne-worme ! S'light, what breath of a conjurer, hath blown thee hither in this shape.

Bray. The breath o' your letter, sir, this morning : the fame that blew you to the wind-mill, and your father after you.

E. Kn. My father ?

Bray. Nay, never start, 'tis true, he has follow'd you over the field's, by the foot, as you would doe a hare i' the snow.

E. Kn. Sirra, Well-bred, what shall we doe, sirra ? my father is come over, after me.

Wel. Thy father ? where is he ?

Bray. At Justice Clements house here, in Colman-street, where he but staies my returne ; and then——

Wel. Who's this ? Brayne-worme ?

Bray. The same, sir.

Wel. Why how, i' the name of wit, com'st thou trans-muted, thus ?

Bray. Faith, a devise, a devise : nay, for the love of reason, gentlemen, and avoiding the danger, stand not here, withdraw, and Ile tell you all.

Wel. But, art thou sure, he will stay thy returne ?

Bray. Doe I live, sir ? what a question is that ?

Wel. Wee'le prorogue his expectation then, a little : Brayne-worme, thou shalt goe with us. Come on, gentlemen, nay, I pray thee, sweet Ned, droope not : 'heart, and our wits be so wretchedly dull, that one old plodding braine can out-strip us all, would we were eene prest, to make porters of ; and serve out the remnant of our daies, in Thames-street, or at Custome-house key, in a civill warre, against the car-men.

Bray. Amen, Amen, Amen, say I. [*Exeunt.*]

Act III. Scene III. [*Kitely's Warehouse.*]

KITELY, CASH.

[*Kit.*] What saies he, Thomas ? Did you speake with him ?
Cas. He will expect you, sir, within this halfe houre.
Kit. Has he the money readie, can you tell ?
Cas. Yes, sir, the money was brought in, last night.
Kit. O, that's well : fetch me my cloke, my cloke. [*Exit* CASH.]
Stay, let me see, an houre, to goe and come ;
I, that will be the least : and then 'twill be
An houre, before I can dispatch with him ;
Or very neere : well, I will say two houres.
Two houres ? ha ? things, never dreamt of yet,
May be contriv'd, I, and effected too,
In two houres absence : well, I will not goe.
Two houres ; no, fleering oportunitie,
I will not give your subtiltie that scope.
Who will not judge him worthie to be rob'd,
That sets his doores wide open to a thiefe,
And shewes the fellon, where his treasure lies ?
Againe, what earthie spirit but will attempt
To taste the fruit[1] of beauties golden tree,
When leaden sleepe seales up the Dragons eyes ?
I will not goe. Businesse, goe by, for once.
No beautie, no ; you are of too good caract,[2]
To be left so, without a guard, or open !
Your lustre too'll enflame, at any distance,
Draw courtship to you, as a jet doth strawes,
Put motion in a stone, strike fire from ice,
Nay, make a porter leape you, with his burden !
You must be then kept up, close, and well-watched,
For, give you oportunitie, no quick-sand
Devoures or swallowes swifter ! He that lends

[1] F. misprints 'To the taste fruit.' [2] Carat : degree of refinement.

His wife (if she be faire) or time, or place;
Compells her to be false. I will not goe.
The dangers are to many. And, then, the dressing
Is a most mayne attractive! Our great heads,
Within the citie, never were in safetie,
Since our wives wore these little caps: Ile change 'hem,
Ile change 'hem, streight, in mine. Mine shall no more
Weare three-pild akornes, to make my hornes ake.
Nor, will I goe. I am resolv'd for that. [*Re-enter* CASH *with cloak.*]
Carry in my cloke againe. Yet, stay. Yet, doe too.
I will deferre going, on all occasions.
Cash. Sir. Snare, your scrivener, will be there with th'bonds.
Kite. That's true! foole on me! I had cleane forgot it,
I must goe. What's a clocke? *Cash.* Exchange time, sir.
Kite. 'Heart, then will Well-bred presently be here, too,
With one, or other of his loose consorts.
I am a knave, if I know what to say,
What course to take, or which way to resolve.
My braine (me thinkes) is like an houre-glasse,
Wherein, my imaginations runne, like sands,
Filling up time; but then are turn'd, and turn'd:
So, that I know not what to stay upon,
And lesse, to put in act. It shall be so.
Nay, I dare build upon his secrecie,
He knowes not to deceive me. Thomas? *Cash.* Sir.
Kite. Yet now, I have bethought me, too, I will not.
Thomas, is Cob within? *Cash.* I thinke he be, sir.
Kite. But hee'll prate too, there's no speech of him.
No, there were no man o' the earth to Thomas,
If I durst trust him; there is all the doubt.
But, should he have a chinke in him, I were gone,
Lost i' my fame for ever: talke for th' Exchange.
The manner he hath stood with, till this present,
Doth promise no such change! what should I feare then?
Well, come what will, Ile tempt my fortune, once.
Thomas—you may deceive me, but, I hope——
Your love, to me, is more—— *Cas.* Sir, if a servants

Duetie, with faith, may be call'd love, you are
More then in hope, you are possess'd of it.
Kit. I thanke you, heartily, Thomas ; Gi' me your hand :
With all my heart, good Thomas. I have, Thomas,
A secret to impart, unto you—but
When once you have it, I must seale your lips up :
(So farre, I tell you, Thomas.) *Cas.* Sir, for that——
Kit. Nay, heare me, out. Thinke, I esteeme you, Thomas,
When, I will let you in, thus, to my private.
It is a thing fits, neerer, to my creft,
Then thou art ware of, Thomas. If thou should'st
Reveale it, but—— *Cas.* How ? I reveale it ? *Kit.* Nay,
I doe not thinke thou would'st ; but if thou should'st :
'Twere a great weakenesse. *Cas.* A great trecherie.
Give it no other name. *Kit.* Thou wilt not do't, then ?
Cas. If I doe, mankind disclaime me, ever.
Kit. He will not sweare, he has some reservation,
Some conceal'd purpose, and close meaning, sure :
Else (being urg'd so much) how should he choose,
But lend an oath to all this protestation ?
H'is no precisian, that I am certaine of.
Nor rigid Roman-catholike. Hee'll play,
At Fayles and Tick-tack,[1] I have heard him sweare.
What should I thinke of it ? urge him againe,
And by some other way ? I will doe so.
Well, Thomas, thou hast sworne not to disclose ;
Yes, you did sweare ? *Cas.* Not yet, sir, but I will,
Please you—— *Kit.* No, Thomas, I dare take thy word.
But ; if thou wilt sweare, doe, as thou think'st good ;
I am resolv'd without it ; at thy pleasure.
Cas. By my soules safetie then, sir, I protest.
My tongue shall ne're take knowledge of a word,
Deliver'd me in nature of your trust.
Kit. It's too much, these ceremonies need not,
I know thy faith to be as firme as rock.
Thomas, come hither, neere : we cannot be

[1] Two varieties of backgammon.

Too private in this businesse. So it is,
(Now, he has[1] sworne, I dare the safelier venter) [*Aside.*]
I have of late, by divers observations——
(But, whether his oath can bind him, yea, or no',
Being not taken lawfully ? ha ? say you ?
I will aske counsell, ere I doe proceed :) [*Aside.*]
Thomas, it will be now too long to stay,
Ile spie some fitter time soone, or to morrow.
Cas. Sir, at your pleasure ? *Kit.* I will thinke. And, Thomas,
I pray you search the bookes 'gainst my returne,
For the receipts 'twixt me, and Traps. *Cas.* I will, sir.
Kit. And heare you, if your mistris brother, Wel-bred,
Chance to bring hither any gentlemen,
Ere I come backe ; let one straight bring me word.
Cas. Very well, sir. *Kit.* To the Exchange ; doe you heare ?
Or here in Colman-street, to Justice Clements.
Forget it not, nor be not out of the way.
Cas. I will not, sir. *Kit.* I pray you have a care on't.
Or whether he come, or no, if any other,
Stranger, or else, faile not to send me word.
Cas. I shall not, sir. *Kit.* Be't your speciall businesse
Now, to remember it. *Cas.* Sir. I warrant you.
Kit. But, Thomas, this is not the secret, Thomas,
I told you of. *Cas.* No, sir. I doe suppose it.
Kit. Beleeve me, it is not. *Cas.* Sir. I doe beleeve you.
Kit. By heaven, it is not, that's enough. But, Thomas,
I would not, you should utter it, doe you see ?
To any creature living, yet, I care not.
Well, I must hence. Thomas, conceive this much.
It was a tyrall of you, when I meant
So deepe a secret to you, I meane not this,
But that I have to tell you, this is nothing, this.
But, Thomas, keepe this from my wife, I charge you,
Lock'd up in silence, mid-night, buried here.
No greater hell than to be slave to feare. [*Exit.*]
Cas. Lock'd up in silence, midnight, buried here.

[1] F. 'ha's.'

Whence should this floud of passion (trow) take head ? ha ?
Best, dreame no longer of this running humour,
For feare I sinke ! the violence of the streame
Alreadie hath transported me so farre,
That I can feele no ground at all ! but soft,
Oh, 'tis our water-bearer : somewhat has[1] crost him, now.

Act III. Scene IIII. [*The Same.*]

COB, CASH.

[*Enter* COB.]

[*Cob.*] Fasting dayes ? what tell you me of fasting dayes ? S'lid, would they were all on a light fire for me : They say, the whole world shall bee consum'd with fire one day, but would I had these ember-weekes, and villanous fridayes burnt, in the meane time, and then——

Cas. Why, how now Cob, what moves thee to this choller ? ha?

Cob. Collar, master Thomas ? I scorne your collar, I sir, I am none o' your cart-horse, though I carry, and draw water. An' you offer to ride me, with your collar, or halter either, I may hap shew you a jades trick, sir

Cas. O, you'll flip your head out of the collar ? why, goodman Cob, you mistake me.

Cob. Nay, I have my rewme, & I can be angrie as well as another, sir.

Cas. Thy rewme, Cob ? thy humour, thy humour ? thou mistak'st.

Cob. Humour ? mack, I thinke it be so, indeed : what is that humour ? some rare thing, I warrant.

Cas. Mary, Ile tell thee, Cob : It is a gentleman-like monster, bred, in the speciall gallantrie of our time, by affectation ; and fed by folly.

Cob. How ? must it be fed ?

Cas. Oh I, humour is nothing, if it bee not fed. Didst thou never heare that ? it's a common phrase, *Feed my humour.*

[1] F. 'ha's.'

Cob. Ile none on it: Humour, avant, I know you not, be gone. Let who will make hungrie meales for your monster-ship, it shall not bee I. Feed you, quoth he? S'lid, I ha' much adoe, to feed my selfe; especially, on these leane rascally dayes, too; and't had beene any other day, but a fasting-day (a plague on them all for mee) by this light, one might have done the common-wealth good service, and have drown'd them all i' the floud, two or three hundred thousand yeeres agoe. O, I doe stomack them hugely! I have a maw now, and't were for St. Bevis has horse, against 'hem.

Cas. I pray thee, good Cob, what makes thee so out of love with fasting-days?

Cob. Mary that, which will make any man out of love with 'hem, I thinke: their bad conditions, and you will needs know. First, they are of a Flemmish breed, I am sure on't, for they raven up more butter, then all the dayes of the weeke, beside; next, they stinke of fish, and leeke-porridge miserably: thirdly, they'le keepe a man devoutly hungrie, all day, and at night send him supperlesse to bed.

Cas. Indeed, these are faults, Cob.

Cob. Nay, and this were all, 'twere something, but they are the only knowne enemies, to my generation. A fasting-day, no sooner comes, but my lineage goes to racke, poore cobs they smoke for it, they are made martyrs o' the gridiron, they melt in passion: and your maides too know this, and yet would have me turne Hannibal, and eate my owne fish, and bloud: — *He pulls out a red herring* — My princely couz, fear nothing; I have not the hart to devoure you, & I might be made as rich as King Cophetua. O, that I had roome for my teares, I could weepe salt-water enough, now, to preserve the lives of ten thousand of my kin. But, I may curse none but these filthie Almanacks, for an't were not for them, these dayes of persecution would ne're be knowne. Ile bee hang'd, an' some Fishmongers sonne doe not make of hem; and puts in more fasting-dayes then he should doe, because hee would utter his fathers dryed stock-fish, and stinking conger.[1]

Cas. S'light, peace, thou'lt bee beaten like a stock-fish, else: here is M^r. Matthew. Now must I looke out for a messenger to my master. [*Exeunt.*]

[1] Wednesday and Friday were fast days legally enforced for the benefit of the fisheries.

Act III. Scene V. [*The Same.*]

WELL-BRED, ED. KNO'WELL, BRAYNE-WORME, BOBADILL, MATTHEW, STEPHEN, THOMAS,[1] COB.

[*Enter all except* CASH *and* COB.]

[*Wel.*] Beshrew me, but it was an absolute good jest, and exceedingly well carried!

E. Kno. I, and our ignorance maintain'd it as well, did it not?

Wel. Yes faith, but was't possible thou should'st not know him? I forgive M^r. Stephen, for he is stupiditie it selfe!

E. Kn. 'Fore god, not I, and I might have been joyn'd patten with one of the seven wise masters, for knowing him. He had so writhen himselfe, into the habit of one of your poore Infanterie, your decay'd, ruinous, worme-eaten gentlemen of the round:[2] such as have vowed to sit on the skirts of the citie, let your Provost, and his halfe-dozen of halberdeirs doe what they can; and have translated begging out of the old hackney pace, to a fine easie amble, and made it runne as smooth, of the tongue, as a shove-groat shilling.[3] Into the likenesse of one of these Reformado's had he moulded himself so perfectly, observing every tricke of their action, as varying the accent, swearing with an emphasis, indeed all, with so speciall, and exquisite a grace, that (hadst thou seene him) thou would'st have sworne, he might have beene Serjeant-Major, if not Lieutenant-Coronell to the regiment.

Wel. Why, Brayne-worme, who would have thought thou hadst beene such an artificer?

E. Kn. An artificer? An architect! except a man had studied begging all his life-time, and beene a weaver of language, from his infancie, for the clothing of it! I never saw his rivall.

[1] For Cash.

[2] Soldiers of the lowest rank above the private, employed to make rounds of inspection among the sentinels, watch and advance guards.

[3] Shillings used in the game of shuffle-board, commonly the smooth-worn shillings of Edward VI.

Wel. Where got'st thou this coat, I marl'e ?

Bray. Of a Hounds-ditch man, sir. One of the devil's neere kinsmen, a broker.

Wel. That cannot be, if the proverbe hold ; for, a craftie knave needs no broker.

Bray. True sir, but I did need a broker, *Ergo.*

Wel. (Well put off) no craftie knave, you'll say.

E. Kn. Tut, he has[1] more of these shifts.

Bray. And yet where I have one, the broker has[1] ten, sir.[2] [*Enter* CASH.]

Tho.[3] Francis, Martin, ne're a one to be found, now ? what a spite's this ?

Wel. How now, Thomas ? is my brother Kitely, within ?

Tho.[3] No sir, my master went forth eene now : but master Downe-right is within. Cob, what Cob ? is he gone too ?

Wel. Whither went your master ? Thomas, canst thou tell ?

Tho.[3] I know not, to Justice Clements, I thinke, sir. Cob. [*Exit.*]

E. Kn. Justice Clement, what's he ?

Wel. Why, doest thou not know him ? he is a citie-magistrate, a Justice here, an excellent good Lawyer, and a great scholler : but the onely mad, merrie, old fellow in Europe ! I shew'd him you, the other day.

E. Kn. Oh, is that he ? I remember him now. Good faith, and he has[1] a very strange presence, mee thinkes ; it shewes as if hee stood out of the ranke, from other men : I have heard many of his jests i' universitie. They say, he will commit a man, for taking the wall, of his horse.

Wel. I, or wearing his cloke of one shoulder, or serving of god : any thing indeed, if it come in the way of his humour.

Cas. — CASH *goes in and out calling* — Gasper, Martin, Cob : 'heart, where should they be, trow ?

Bob. Master Kitely's man, 'pray thee vouchsafe us the lighting of this match.

Cas. Fire on your match, no time but now to vouchsafe ? Francis. Cob. [*Exit.*]

Bob. Bodie of me ! here's the remainder of the seven pound,

[1] F. 'ha's.' [2] F. has a comma. [3] For Cash.

since yesterday was seven-night. 'Tis your right Trinidado! did you never take any, master Stephen?

Step. No truely, sir? but I'le learne to take it now, since you commend it, so. 63

Bob. Sir, beleeve mee (upon my relation) for what I tell you, the world shall not reprove. I have been in the Indies (where this herb growes) where neither my selfe, nor a dozen gentlemen more (of my knowledge) have received the tast of any other nutriment, in the world, for the space of one and twentie weekes, but the fume of this simple onely. Therefore, it cannot be, but 'tis most divine! Further, take it in the nature, in the true kind so, it makes an antidote, that had you taken the most deadly poysonous plant in all Italy, it should expell it, and clarifie you, with as much ease, as I speake. And, for your greene wound, your Balsamum, and your S^t. John's woort are all mere gulleries, and trash to it, especially your Trinidado: your Nicotian is good too. I could say what I know of the vertue of it, for the expulsion of rhewmes, raw humours, crudities, obstructions, with a thousand of this kind; but I professe my selfe no quack-salver. Only, thus much, by Hercules, I doe hold it, and will affirme it (before any Prince in Europe) to be the most soveraigne, and precious weede, that ever the earth tendred to the use of man.

E. Kn. This speech would ha' done decently[1] in a tabacco-traders mouth! [*Re-enter* CASH *with* COB.]

Cas. At Justice Clements, hee is: in the middle of Colman-street.

Cob. O, oh?

Bob. Where's the match I gave thee? Master Kitelies man? 85

Cas. Would his match, and he, and pipe, and all were at Sancto Domingo! I had forgot it. [*Exit.*]

Cob. By gods mee, I marle, what pleasure, or felicitie they have in taking this roguish tabacco! it's good for nothing, but to choke a man, and fill him full of smoke, and embers: there were foure dyed out of one house, last weeke, with taking of it, and two more the bell went for, yester-night; one of them (they say) will ne're scape it: he voided a bushell of foot yester-day, upward, and downeward. By the stocks, an' there were no wiser men then I, I'ld have it present whipping, man, or woman, that should but deale with a tabacco-pipe;

[1] F. 'decẽtly.'

why, it will stifle them all in the end, as many as use it; it's little better then rats bane, or rosaker.[1] 97

All. Oh, good Captayne, hold, hold. — Bobadil *beates him with a cudgell* —

Bob. You base cullion, you. [*Re-enter* Cash.]

Cas. Sir, here's your match: come, thou must needs be talking, too, tho'art well inough serv'd. 101

Cob. Nay, he will not meddle with his match, I warrant you: well it shall be a deare beating, and I live.

Bob. Doe you prate? Doe you murmure?

E. Kn. Nay, good Captayne, will you regard the humour of a foole? away, knave.

Wel. Thomas, get him away. [*Exit* Cash *with* Cob.] 107

Bob. A horson filthie slave, a dung-worme, an excrement! Body o' Cæsar, but that I scorne to let forth so mean a spirit, I'ld ha' stab'd him, to the earth.

Wel. Mary, the law forbid, sir.

Bob. By Pharoahs foot, I would have done it. 112

Step. Oh, he sweares admirably! (by Pharoahs foot) (body of Cæsar) I shall never doe it, sure (upon mine honor, and by Saint George) no, I ha' not the right grace.

Mat. Master Stephen, will you any? By this aire, the most divine tabacco, that ever I drunke! 117

Step. None, I thanke you, sir. O, this gentleman do's it, rarely too! but nothing like the other. By this aire, as I am a gentleman: by—— [*Exeunt* Bob. *and* Mat.]

Bray. Master, glance, glance! Master Well-bred! — *Master* Stephen *is practising, to the post* —

Step. As I have somewhat to be saved, I protest—— 122

Wel. You are a foole: It needes no *affidavit.*

E. Kn. Cousin, will you any tabacco?

Step. I sir! upon my reputation——

E. Kn. How now, cousin!

Step. I protest, as I am a gentleman, but no souldier, indeed——

Wel. No, Master Stephen? as I remember your name is entred in the artillerie garden? 129

[1] Preparations of corrosive sublimate of mercury.

Step. I sir, that's true: Cousin, may I swear, as I am a souldier, by that?

E. Kn. Oh yes, that you may. It's all you have for your money.

Step. Then, as I am a gentleman, and a souldier, it is divine tabacco!

Wel. But soft, where's Mr. Matthew? gone?

Bray. No, sir, they went in here.

Wel. O, let's follow them: master Matthew is gone to salute his mistris, in verse. We shall ha' the happinesse, to heare some of his poetrie, now. Hee never comes unfurnish'd. Brayne-worme?

Step. Brayne-worme? Where? Is this Brayne-worme?

E. Kn. I, cousin, no wordes of it, upon your gentilitie.

Step. Not I, body of me, by this aire, S. George, and the foot of Pharoah.

Wel. Rare! your cousins discourse is simply drawn out with oathes.

E. Kn. 'Tis larded with 'hem. A kind of french dressing, if you love it. [*Exeunt.*]

Act III. Scene VI. [*A Room in Justice* CLEMENT'S *House.*]

[*Enter*] KITELY, COB.

[*Kit.*] Ha? how many are there, sayest thou?

Cob. Mary, sir, your brother, master Well-bred——

Kit. Tut, beside him: what strangers are there, man?

Cob. Strangers? let me see, one, two; masse I know not well, there are so many.

Kit. How? so many?

Cob. I, there's some five, or sixe of them, at the most.

Kit. A swarme, a swarme,
Spite of the devill, how they sting my head
With forked stings, thus wide, and large! But, Cob,
How long hast thou beene comming hither, Cob?

Cob. A little while, sir.

Kit. Did'st thou come running?

Cob. No, sir.

Kit. Nay, then I am familiar with thy haste!
Bane to my fortunes: what meant I to marry?
I, that before was rankt in such content,
My mind at rest too, in so soft a peace,
Being free master of mine owne free thoughts,
And now become a slave? What? never sigh,
Be of good cheere, man: for thou art a cuckold,
'Tis done, 'tis done! nay, when such flowing store,
Plentie it selfe, falls in my wives lap,
The *Cornu-copiæ* will be mine, I know. But, Cob,
What entertaynement had they? I am sure
My sister, and my wife, would bid them welcome! ha?

Cob. Like inough, sir, yet, I heard not a word of it.

Kit. No: their lips were seal'd with kisses, and the voyce
Drown'd in a floud of joy, at their arrivall,
Had lost her motion, state, and facultie.
Cob, which of them was't, that first kist my wife?
(My sister, I should say) my wife, alas,
I feare not her: ha? who was it, say'st thou?

Cob. By my troth, sir, will you have the truth of it?

Kit. Oh I, good Cob: I pray thee, heartily.

Cob. Then, I am a vagabond, and fitter for Bride-well, then your worships companie, if I saw any bodie to be kist, unlesse they would have kist the post, in the middle of the ware-house; for there I left them all, at their tabacco, with a poxe.

Kit. How? were they not gone in, then, e're thou cam'st?

Cob. Oh no sir.

Kit. Spite of the devill! what doe I stay here, then? Cob, follow me. [*Exit.*]

Cob. Nay, soft and faire, I have egges on the spit; I cannot goe yet, sir. Now am I for some five and fiftie reasons hammering, hammering revenge: oh, for three or foure gallons of vineger, to sharpen my wits. Revenge, vineger revenge: vineger, and mustard revenge: nay, and hee had not lyen in my house, 'twould never have griev'd me, but being my guest, one, that Ile be sworne, my wife has[1] lent

[1] F. 'ha's.'

him her smock off her back, while his one shirt has[1] beene at washing; pawn'd her neckerchers for cleane bands for him; sold almost all my platters, to buy him tabacco; and he to turne monster of ingratitude, and strike his lawfull host! well, I hope to raise up an host of furie for't: here comes Justice Clement. 54

Act III. Scene VII. [*The Same.*]

CLEMENT, KNO'WELL, FORMALL, COB.

[*Clem.*] What's master Kitely gone? Roger?

For. I, sir.

Clem. 'Hart of me! what made him leave us so abruptly! How now, sirra? what make you here? what would you have, ha? 4

Cob. And't please your worship, I am a poore neighbour of your worships——

Clem. A poore neighbour of mine? why, speake poore neighbour.

Cob. I dwell, sir, at the signe of the water-tankerd, hard by the greene lattice:[2] I have paid scot, and lot there, any time this eighteene yeeres. 10

Clem. To the greene lattice?

Cob. No, sir, to the parish: mary, I have seldome scap't scot-free, at the lattice.

Clem. O, well! what businesse has[1] my poore neighbour with me?

Cob. And't like your worship, I am come, to crave the peace of your worship. 16

Clem. Of mee knave? peace of mee, knave? did I e're hurt thee? or threaten thee? or wrong thee? ha?

Cob. No, sir, but your worships warrant, for one that has[1] wronged me, sir: his armes are at too much libertie, I would faine have them bound to a treatie of peace, an' my credit could compasse it, with your worship. 22

Clem. Thou goest farre inough about for't, I'am sure.

Kno. Why, doest thou goe in danger of thy life for him? friend?

Cob. No sir; but I goe in danger of my death, every houre, by his

[1] F. 'ha's.

[2] A tavern; the windows of the lower sort being made of green or red lattices instead of glass.

meanes : an' I die, within a twelve-moneth and a day, I may sweare, by the law of the land, that he kill'd me.

Clem. How ? how knave ? sweare he kill'd thee ? and by the law ? what pretence ? what colour hast thou for that ?

Cob. Mary, and't please your worship, both black, and blew ; colour inough, I warrant you. I have it here, to shew your worship.

Clem. What is he, that gave you this, sirra ?

Cob. A gentleman, and a souldier, he saies he is, o' the citie here.

Clem. A souldier o' the citie ? What call you him ?

Cob. Captayne Bobadil.

Clem. Bobadil ? And why did he bob, and beate you, sirrah ? How began the quarrell betwixt you ? ha : speake truely knave, I advise you.

Cob. Mary, indeed, and please your worship, onely because I spake against their vagrant tabacco, as I came by 'hem, when they were taking on't, for nothing else.

Clem. Ha ? you speake against tabacco ? Formall, his name.

Form. What's your name, sirra ?

Cob. Oliver, sir, Oliver Cob, sir.

Clem. Tell Oliver Cob, he shall goe to jayle, Formall.

Form. Oliver Cob, my master, Justice Clement, saies, you shall goe to the jayle.

Cob. O, I beseech your worship, for gods sake, deare master Justice.

Clem. Nay, gods pretious : and such drunkards, and tankards, as you are, come to dispute of tabacco once ; I have done ! away with him.

Cob. O, good master Justice, sweet old gentleman.

Kno. Sweet Oliver, would I could doe thee any good : Justice Clement, let me intreat you, sir.

Clem. What ? a thred-bare rascall ! a begger ! a slave that never drunke out of better then pisse-pot mettle in his life ! and he to deprave, and abuse the vertue of an herbe, so generally receiv'd in the courts of princes, the chambers of nobles, the bowers of sweet ladies, the cabbins of souldiers ! Roger, away with him, by gods pretious— I say, goe too.

Cob. Deare master Justice ; Let mee bee beaten againe, I have deserv'd it : but not the prison, I beseech you.

Kno. Alas, poore Oliver !

Clem. Roger, make him a warrant (hee shall not goe) I but feare the knave.

Form. Doe not stinke, sweet Oliver, you shall not goe, my master will give you a warrant.

Cob. O, the Lord maintayne his worship, his worthy worship.

Clem. Away, dispatch him. [*Exit* FORMALL *with* COB.] How now, master Kno'wel ! In dumps ? In dumps ? Come, this becomes not.

Kno. Sir, would I could not feele my cares——

Clem. Your cares are nothing ! they are like my cap, soone put on, and as soone put off. What ? your sonne is old inough, to governe himselfe : let him runne his course, it's the onely way to make him a stay'd man. If he were an unthrift, a ruffian, a drunkard, or a licentious liver, then you had reason ; you had reason to take care : but, being none of these, mirth's my witnesse, an' I had twice so many cares as you have, I'ld drowne them all in a cup of sacke. Come, come, let's trie it : I muse, your parcell of a souldier returnes not all this while. [*Exeunt.*]

Act IIII. Scene I. [*A Room in* KITELY'S *House.*]

DOWNE-RIGHT, DAME KITELY.

[*Dow.*] Well, sister, I tell you true : and you'll finde it so, in the end.

Dame. Alas brother, what would you have mee to doe ? I cannot helpe it : you see, my brother brings 'hem in, here, they are his friends.

Dow. His friends ? his fiends. S'lud, they doe nothing but hant him, up and downe, like a sort of unluckie sprites, and tempt him to all manner of villanie, that can be thought of. Well, by this light, a little thing would make me play the devill with some of 'hem ; and 'twere not more for your husbands sake, then any thing else, I'ld make the house too hot for the best on 'hem : they should say, and sweare, hell were broken loose, e'er they went hence. But, by gods

will, 'tis no bodies fault, but yours : for, an' you had done, as you might have done, they should have beene perboyl'd, and bak'd too, every mothers sonne, e're they should ha' come in, e're a one of 'hem.

Dame. God's my life ! did you ever heare the like ? what a strange man is this ! Could I keepe out all them, thinke you ? I should put myselfe, against halfe a dozen men ? should I ? Good faith, you'ld mad the patient'st body in the world, to heare you talke so, without any sense, or reason !

Act IIII. Scene II. [*The Same.*]

MRS. BRIDGET, MR. MATTHEW, DAME KITELY, DOWNE-RIGHT, WEL-BRED, STEPHEN, ED. KNO'WELL, BOBADIL, BRAYNE-WORME, CASH.

[*Enter all except* BRAYNE-WORME *and* CASH.]

[*Brid.*] Servant (in troth) you are too prodigall
Of your wits treasure, thus to powre it forth,
Upon so meane a subject, as my worth ?

Mat. You say well, mistris ; and I meane, as well.

Down. Hoy-day, here is stuffe !

Well. O, now stand close : pray heaven, shee can get him to reade : He should doe it, of his owne naturall impudencie.

Brid. Servant, what is this same, I pray you ?

Matt. Mary, an Elegie, an Elegie, an odde toy——

Down. To mock an ape withall. O, I could sow up his mouth now.

Dame. Sister, I pray you let's heare it.

Down. Are you rime-given, too ?

Matt. Mistris, Ile reade it, if you please.

Brid. Pray you doe, servant.

Down. O, here's no fopperie ! Death, I can endure the stocks, better. [*Exit.*]

E. Kn. What ayles thy brother ? can he not hold his water, at reading of a ballad ?

Well. O, no: a rime to him, is worfe then cheese, or a bag-pipe. But, marke, you loose the protestation.

Matt. Faith, I did it in an humour; I know not how it is: but, please you come neere, sir. This gentleman has[1] judgement, hee knowes how to censure of a—pray you sir, you can judge.

Step. Not I, sir: upon my reputation, and, by the foot of Pharoah.

Well. O, chide your cossen, for swearing.

E. Kn. Not I, so long as he do's not forwseare himselfe.

Bob. Master Matthew, you abuse the expectation of your dear mistris, and her faire sister: Fie, while you live, avoid this prolixitie

Matt. I shall, sir: well, *Incipere dulce.*

E. Kn. How! *Insipere dulce*? a sweet thing to be a foole, indeed.

Well. What, doe you take *Insipere*, in that sense?

E. Kn. You doe not? you? This was your villanie, to gull him with a *motte.*

Well. O, the Benchers[2] phrase: *pauca verba, pauca verba.*

Matt Rare creature, let me speake without offence,
Would[3] *god my rude wordes had the influence,*
To rule thy thoughts, as thy faire lookes doe mine,
Then should'st thou be his prisoner, who is thine.

E. Kn. This is in *Hero and Leander*[4]

Well. O, I! peace, we shall have more of this.

Matt. Be not unkinde, and faire, mishapen stuffe
Is of behaviour boysterous, and rough:

Well. How like you that, sir? — *Master* STEPHEN *answeres with shaking his head* —

E. Kn. S'light, he shakes his head like a bottle, to feele and there be any braine in it!

Matt. But observe the *catastrophe*, now,
And I in dutie will exceede all other,
As you in beautie doe excell loves mother.

E. Kn. Well, Ile have him free of the wit-brokers, for hee utters nothing, but stolne remnants.

[1] F. 'ha's.' [2] Idle frequenters of tavern benches.
[3] F. misprints the w of 'would' at the beginning of the preceding line.
[4] Marlowe's translation, completed by Chapman, and published in 1598.

Wel. O, forgive it him.

E. Kn. A filtching rogue ? hang him. And, from the dead ? it's worse than sacrilege.

Wel. Sister, what ha' you here ? verses ? pray you, lets see. Who made these verses ? they are excellent good !

Mat. O, master Well-bred, 'tis your disposition to say so, sir. They were good i' the morning, I made 'hem, *extempore*, this morning.

Wel. How ? *extempore* ?

Mat. I, would I might bee hang'd else : aske Captayne Bobadill. He saw me write them, at the—(poxe on it) the starre, yonder.

Bray. Can he find, in his heart, to curse the starres, so ?

E. Kn. Faith, his are even with him : they ha' curst him ynough alreadie.

Step. Cosen, how doe you like this gentlemans verses ?

E. Kn. O, admirable ! the best that ever I heard cousse.

Step. Body o' Cæsar ! they are admirable !
The best that ever I heard, as I am a souldier. [*Re-enter* DOWNE-RIGHT.]

Dow. I am vext, I can hold ne're a bone of mee still ! Heart, I thinke, they meane to build, and breed here !

Wel. Sister, you have a simple servant here, that crownes your beautie, with such *encomions*, and devises : you may see, what it is to be the mistris of a wit ! that can make your perfections so transparent that every bleare eye may looke through them, and see him drown'd overhead, and eares, in the deepe well of desire. Sister Kitely, I marvaile, you get you not a servant, that can rime, and doe tricks, too.

Down. Oh monster ! impudence it selfe ! tricks ?

Dame. Tricks, brother ? what tricks ?

Brid. Nay, speake, I pray you, what tricks ?

Dame. I, never spare any body here : but say, what tricks ?

Brid. Passion of my heart ! doe tricks ?

Wel. S'light, here's a trick vyed, and revyed ![1] why, you munkies, you ? what a catter-waling doe you keepe ? has[2] hee not given you rimes, and verses, and tricks ?

Dow. O, the fiend !

Wel. Nay, you, lampe of virginitie, that take it in snuffe so ! come,

[1] A hand of cards on which competing stakes are set. [2] F. 'ha's.'

and cherish this tame poeticall furie, in your servant, you'll be begg'd else, shortly, for a concealment :[1] goe to, reward his muse. You cannot give him lesse than a shilling, in conscience, for the booke, he had it out of, cost him a teston, at least. How now, gallants ? Mr. Matthew ? Captayne ? What ? all sonnes of silence ? no spirit ?

Dow. Come, you might practise your ruffian-tricks somewhere else, and not here, I wusse : this is no taverne, nor drinking-schole, to vent your exploits in.

Wel. How now ! whose cow ha's calv'd?

Dow. Mary, that ha's mine, sir. Nay, Boy, never looke askance at me, for the matter ; Ile tell you of it, I, sir, you, and your companions, mend your selves, when I ha' done ?

Wel. My companions ?

Dow. Yes sir, you companions, so I say, I am not afraid of you, nor them neither : your hang-byes here. You must have your Poets, and your potlings, your *soldado's*, and *foolado's*, to follow you up and downe the citie, and here they must come to domineere, and swagger. Sirrha, you, ballad-singer, and slops, your fellow there, get you out ; get you home : or (by this steele) Ile cut off your eares, and that, presently.

Wel. S'light, stay, let's see what he dare doe : cut off his eares ? cut a whetstone. You are an asse, doe you see ? touch any man here, and by this hand, Ile runne my rapier to the hilts in you.

Dow. Yea, that would I faine see, boy — *They all draw, and they of the house make out to part them* —

Dame. O Jesu ! murder. Thomas, Gaspar !

Brid. Helpe, helpe, Thomas. [*Enter* CASH *and* SERVANTS.]

E. Kn. Gentlemen, forbeare, I pray you.

Bob. Well, sirrah, you, Holofernes : by my hand, I will pinch your flesh, full of holes, with my rapier for this ; I will, by this good heaven : Nay, let him come, let him come, gentlemen, by the body of Saint George, Ile not kill him — *They offer to fight againe, and are parted* —

Cash. Hold, hold, good gentlemen.

Dow. You whorson, bragging coystrill !

[1] 'Concealments' were estates which had been privately retained on the dissolution of the monasteries. Many of them Elizabeth handed over to courtiers who 'begged' them ; great oppression of the poor resulted ; and in 1572 the grants were withdrawn.

Act IIII. Scene III. [*The Same.*]

To them KITELY.

[*Kit.*] Why, how now ? what's the matter ? what's the stirre here ?
Whence springs the quarrell ? Thomas ! where is he ?
Put up your weapons, and put off this rage.
My wife and sister, they are cause of this,
What, Thomas ? where is this knave ?
Cash. Here, sir.
Wel. Come, let's goe : this is one of my brothers ancient humours, this. [*Exeunt* WEL., STEP., E. KN., BOB. *and* BRAY.]
Step. I am glad nobody was hurt by his ancient humour.
Kite. Why, how now, brother, who enforst this brawle ?
Dow. A sort of lewd rake-hells, that care neither for god, nor the devill ! And they must come here to reade ballads, and rogery, and trash ! Ile marre the knot of 'hem ere I sleepe, perhaps : especially Bob, there : he that's all manner of shapes ! and *Songs, and sonnets,* his fellow.
Brid. Brother, indeed, you are too violent,
To sudden, in your humour : and, you know
My brother Wel-breds temper will not beare
Anie reproofe, chiefly in such a presence,
Where every slight disgrace, he should receive,
Might wound him in opinion, and respect.
Down. Respect ? what talke you of respect 'mong such,
As ha' nor sparke of manhood, nor good manners ?
'Sdeynes I am asham'd, to heare you ! respect ? [*Exit.*]
Brid. Yes, there was one a civill gentleman,
And very worthily demean'd himselfe !
Kite. O, that was some love of yours, sister !
Brid. A love of mine ? I would it were no worse, brother !
You'lld pay my portion sooner, then you thinke for.
Dame. Indeed, he seem'd to be a gentleman of an exceeding faire disposition, and of verie excellent good parts ! [*Exeunt* DAME KITELY *and* BRIDGET.]

Kite. Her love, by heaven! my wifes minion!
Faire disposition? excellent good parts?
Death, these phrases are intollerable!
Good parts? how should shee know his parts?
His parts? Well, well, well, well, well, well!
It is too plaine, too cleere: Thomas, come hither.
What, are they gone? *Cash.* I, sir, they went in.
My mistris, and your sister——
Kite. Are any of the gallants within!
Cash. No, sir, they are all gone.
Kite. Art sure of it?
Cash. I can assure you, sir.
Kite. What gentleman was that they prais'd so, Thomas?
Cash. One, they call him master Kno'well, a handsome yong gentleman, sir.
Kite. I, I thought so: my mind gave me as much.
Ile die, but they have hid him i' the house,
Somewhere; Ile goe and search: goe with me, Thomas.
Be true to me, and thou shalt find me a master. [*Exeunt.*]

Act IIII. Scene IIII. [*Street before* COB's *House.*]

COB, TIB.

[*Cob.*] What Tib, Tib, I say. [*Enter* TIB.]
Tib. How now, what cuckold is that knocks so hard? O, husband, ist you? what's the newes?
Cob. Nay, you have stonn'd me, Ifaith! you ha' giv'n me a knock o' the forehead, will stick by me! cuckold? 'Slid, cuckold?
Tib. Away, you foole, did I know it was you, that knockt? Come, come, you may call me as bad, when you list.
Cob. May I? Tib, you are a whore.
Tib. You lye in your throte, husband.
Cob. How, the lye? and in my throte too? doe you long to bee stab'd, ha?
Tib. Why, you are no souldier, I hope?

Cob. O, must you be stab'd by a souldier ? Masse, that's true ! vhen was Bobadill here ? your Captayne ? that rogue, that foist,[1] hat fencing Burgullian ?[2] Ile tickle him, ifaith.

Tib. Why, what's the matter ? trow !

Cob. O, he has basted me, rarely, sumptiously ! but I have it here n black and white ; for his black, and blew : shall pay him. O, he Justice ! the honestest old brave Trojan in London ! I doe ionour the very flea of his dog. A plague on him though, he put ne once in a villanous filthy feare ; mary, it vanisht away, like the moke of tabacco : but I was smok't soundly first. I thanke the devill, nd his good angell, my guest. Well, wife, or Tib (which you will) et you in, and lock the doore, I charge you, let no body in to you ; vife, no body in, to you : those are my wordes. Not Captayne Bob himselfe, nor the fiend, in his likenesse ; you are a woman ; ou have flesh and bloud enough in you, to be tempted : therefore, eepe the doore, shut, upon all commers.

Tib. I warrant you, there shall no body enter here, without my onsent.

Cob. Nor, with your consent, sweet Tib, and so I leave you.

Tib. It's more, then you know, whether you leave me so.

Cob. How ?

Tib. Why, sweet.

Cob. Tut, sweet, or sowre, thou art a flowre,
Keepe close thy dore, I aske no more. [*Exeunt.*]

Act IIII. Scene V. [*The Windmill Tavern.*]

[*Enter*] ED. KNO'WELL, WELL-BRED, STEPHEN, BRAYNE-WORME [*disguised as before.*]

[*E. Kn.*] Well Brayne-worme, performe this businesse, happily, And thou makest a purchase of my love, for-ever,

Wel. Ifaith, now let thy spirits use their best faculties ;[3] but, t any hand, remember the message, to my brother : for, there's no ther meanes, to start him.

Bray. I warrant you, sir, feare nothing : I have a nimble soule has[4]

[1] pickpocket. [2] bully or braggadocio. [3] F. has a period. [4] F. 'ha's.'

wakt all forces of my phant'sie, by this time, and put 'hem in true motion. What you have possest mee withall, Ile discharge it amply, sir. Make it no question. [*Exit.*]

Wel. Forth, and prosper, Brayne-worme. Faith, Ned, how dost thou approve of my abilities in this devise ?

E. Kn. Troth, well, howsoever : but, it will come excellent, if it take.

Wel. Take, man ? why, it cannot choose but take, if the circumstances miscarrie not : but, tell me, ingenuously, dost thou affect my sister Bridget, as thou pretend'st ?

E. Kn. Friend, am I worth beliefe ?

Wel. Come, doe not protest. In faith, shee is a maid of good ornament, and much modestie : and, except I conceiv'd very worthily of her, thou shouldest not have her.

E. Kn. Nay, that I am afraid will bee a question yet, whether I shall have her, or no ?

Wel. Slid, thou shalt have her ; by this light, thou shalt.

E. Kn. Nay, doe not sweare.

Wel. By this hand, thou shalt have her : Ile goe fetch her, presently. Point but where to meet, and as I am an honest man, I'll bring her.

E. Kn. Hold, hold, be temperate.

Wel. Why, by—what shall I sweare by ? thou shalt have her, as I am——

E. En. 'Pray thee, be at peace, I am satisfied : and doe beleeve, thou wilt omit no offered occasion, to make my desires compleat.

Wel. Thou shalt see, and know, I will not. [*Exeunt.*]

Act IIII. Scene VI. [*A Street.*]

FORMALL, KNO'WELL, BRAYNE-WORME.

[*Enter* FORMALL *and* KNO'WELL.]

[*Form.*] Was your man a souldier, sir ?

Kno. I, a knave, I tooke him begging o' the way,
This morning, as I came over More-fields ! [*Enter* BRAY, *disguised.*]

O, here he is ! yo' have made faire speed, beleeve me :
Where, i' the name of sloth, could you be thus——

Bray. Mary, peace be my comfort, where I thought I should have had little comfort of your worships service.

Kno. How so ?

Bray. O, sir ! your comming to the citie, your entertainement of me, and your sending me to watch——indeed, all the circumstances either of your charge, or my imployment, are as open to your sonne, as to your selfe !

Kno. How should that be ! unlesse that villaine, Brayne-worme,
Have told him of the letter, and discover'd
All that I strictly charged him to conceale ? 'tis so !

Bray. I am, partly, o' the faith, 'tis so indeed.

Kno. But, how should he know thee to be my man ?

Bray. Nay, sir, I cannot tell ; unlesse it bee by the black art ! Is not your sonne a schollar, sir ?

Kno. Yes, but I hope his soule is not allied
Unto such hellish practise : if it were,
I had just cause to weepe my part in him,
And curse the time of his creation.
But, where didst thou find them, Fitz-Sword ?

Bray. You should rather aske, where they found me, sir, for, Ile bee sworne I was going along in the street, thinking nothing, when (of a suddain) a voice calls, M^r^ Kno'wel's man ; another cries, souldier : and thus, halfe a dosen of 'hem, till they had cal'd me within a house where I no sooner came, but thy seem'd men, and out flue al their rapiers at my bosome, with some three or foure score oathes to accompanie 'hem, & al to tel me, I was but a dead man, if I did not confesse where you were, and how I was imployed, and about what ; which, when they could not get out of me (as I protest, they must ha' dissected, and made an Anatomie o' me, first, and so I told 'hem) they lockt mee up into a roome i' the top of a high house, whence, by great miracle (having a light heart) I slid downe, by a bottom of pack-thred, into the street, and so scapt. But, sir, thus much I can assure you, for I heard it, while I was lockt up, there were a great many rich merchants, and brave citizens wives with 'hem at a feast, and your sonne, Mr. Edward, with-drew with one of 'hem,

and has pointed to meet her anon, at one Cobs house, a water-bearer, that dwells by the wall. Now, there, your worship shall be sure to take him, for there he preyes, and faile he will not.

Kno. Nor, will I faile, to breake his match, I doubt not. Goe thou, along with Justice Clement's man, And stay there for me. At one Cobs house, sai'st thou ?

Bray. I sir, there you shall have him. [*Exit* KNO'WELL.] Yes ? Invisible ? Much wench, or much sonne ! 'Slight, when hee has staid there, three or foure houres, travelling with the expectation of wonders, and at length be deliver'd of aire : O, the sport, that I should then take, to looke on him, if I durst ! But, now, I meane to appeare no more afore him in this shape. I have another trick, to act, yet. O, that I were so happy, as to light on a nupson,[1] now, of this Justices novice. [*Aside.*] Sir, I make you stay somewhat long.

Form. Not a whit, sir. 'Pray you, what doe you meane ? sir ?

Bray. I was putting up some papers——

Form. You ha' beene lately in the warres, sir, it seemes.

Bray. Mary have I, sir ; to my losse : and expence of all almost—

Form. Troth sir, I would be glad to bestow a pottle of wine o' you, if it please you to accept it——

Bray. O, sir——

Form. But, to heare the manner of your services, and your devices in the warres, they say they be very strange, and not like those a man reades in the Romane histories, or fees, at Mile-end.

Bray. No, I assure you, sir, why, at any time when it please you, I shall be readie to discourse to you, all I know : and more too, somewhat. [*Aside.*]

Form. No better time, then now, sir ; wee'll goe to the wind-mill : there we shall have a cup of neate grist, wee call it. I pray you, sir, let mee request you, to the wind-mill.

Bray. Ile follow you, sir, and make grist o' you, if I have good lucke. [*Aside.*] [*Exeunt.*]

[1] Simpleton.

Act IIII. Scene VII. [*A Street.*]

To them[1] MATTHEW, ED. KNO'WELL, BOBADILL, STEPHEN, DOWNE-RIGHT.

[*Enter all except* DOWNE-RIGHT.]

[*Mat.*] Sir, did your eyes ever tast the like clowne of him, where we were to day, Mr. Wel-bred's halfe brother ? I thinke, the whole earth cannot shew his paralell, by this day-light.

E. Kn. We were now speaking of him : Captayne Bobadil tells me, he is fall'n foule o' you, too.

Mat. O, I, sir, he threatned me, with the bastinado.

Bob. I, but I thinke, I taught you prevention, this morning, for that—You shall kill him, beyond question : if you be so generously minded.

Mat. Indeed, it is a most excellent trick !

Bob. O, you doe not give spirit enough, to your motion, you are too tardie, too heavie ! O, it must be done like lightning, hay ? — *He practises at a post* —

Mat. Rare Captaine !

Bob. Tut, 'tis nothing, and 't be not done in a—*punto !*

E. Kn. Captaine, did you ever prove your selfe, upon any of our masters of defence, here ?

Mat. O, good sir ! yes, I hope, he has.

Bob. I will tell you, sir. Upon my first comming to the citie, after my long travaile, for knowledge (in that mysterie only) there came three, or foure of 'hem to me, at a gentlemans house, where it was my chance to be resident at that time, to intreat my presence at their scholes, and withall so much importun'd me, that (I protest to you as I am a gentleman) I was asham'd of their rude demeanor, out of all measure : well, I told 'hem, that to come to a publike schoole, they should pardon me, it was opposite (in diameter) to my humour, but, if so they would give their attendance at my lodging,

[1] A mistake. The characters on the stage at the close of Scene vi do not appear in Scene vii.

I protested to doe them what right or favour I could, as I was a gentleman, and so forth.

E. Kn. So, sir, then you tried their skill ?

Bob. Alas, soone tried ! you shall heare sir. Within two or three daies after, they came ; and, by honestie, faire sir, beleeve mee, I grac't them exceedingly, shewed them some two or three tricks of prevention, have purchas'd 'hem, since, a credit, to admiration ! they cannot denie this : and yet now, they hate mee, and why ? because I am excellent, and for no other vile reason on the earth.

E. Kn. This is strange, and barbarous ! as ever I heard !

Bob. Nay, for a more instance of their preposterous natures, but note, sir. They have assaulted me some three, foure, five, sixe of them together, as I have walkt alone, in divers skirts i' the towne, as Turne-bull, White-chappell, Shoreditch, which were then my quarters, and since upon the Exchange, at my lodging, and at my ordinarie : where I have driven them afore me, the whole length of a street, in the open view of all our gallants, pittying to hurt them, beleeve me. Yet all this lenitie will not ore-come their spleene : they will be doing with the pismier, raysing a hill, a man may spurne abroad, with his foot, at pleasure. By my selfe, I could have slaine them all, but I delight not in murder. I am loth to beare any other than this bastinado for 'hem : yet, I hold it good politie, not to goe disarm'd, for though I bee skilfull, I may bee oppress'd with multitudes.

E. Kn. I, beleeve me, may you sir : and (in my conceit) our whole nation should sustain the losse by it, if it were so.

Bob. Alas, no : what's a peculiar man, to a nation ? not seene.

E. Kn. O, but your skill, sir !

Bob. Indeed, that might be some losse; but, who respects it ? I will tell you, sir, by the way of private, and under seale ; I am a gentleman, and live here obscure, and to my selfe : but, were I knowne to her Maiestie, and the Lords (observe mee) I would under-take (upon this poore head, and life) for the publique benefit of the state, not only to spare the intire lives of her subjects in generall, but to save the one halfe, nay, three parts of her yeerely charge, in holding warre, and against what enemie soever. And, how would I doe it, thinke you ?

E. Kn. Nay, I know not, nor can I conceive.

Bob. Why thus, sir. I would select nineteene, more, to my selfe, throughout the land; gentlemen they should bee of good spirit, strong, and able constitution, I would choose them by an instinct, a character, that I have: and I would teach these nineteene, the speciall rules, as your *Punto*, your *Reverso*,[1] your *Stoccata*, your *Imbroccata*,[2] your *Passada*, your *Montanto*[3]: till they could all play very neare, or altogether as well as myselfe. This done, say the enemie were fortie thousand strong, we twentie would come into the field, the tenth of March, or thereabouts; and wee would challenge twentie of the enemie; they could not, in their honour, refuse us, well, wee would kill them: challenge twentie more, kill them; twentie more, kill them; twentie more, kill them too; and thus, would wee kill, every man, his twentie a day, that's twentie score; twentie score, that's two hundreth; two hundreth a day, five days a thousand; fortie thousand; fortie times five, five times fortie, two hundreth dayes kills them all up, by computation. And this, will I venture my poore gentleman-like carcasse, to performe (provided, there bee no treason practis'd upon us) by faire, and discreet manhood, that is civilly by the sword.

E. Kn. Why, are you so sure of your hand, Captaine. at all times?

Bob. Tut, never misse thrust, upon my reputation with you.

E. Kn. I would not stand in Downe-rights state, then, an' you meet him, for the wealth of any one street in London.

Bob. Why, sir, you mistake me! if he were here now, by this welkin, I would not draw my weapon on him! let this gentleman doe his mind: but, I will bastinado him (by the bright funne) where-ever I meet him.

Mat. Faith, and Ile have a fling at him, at my distance.

E. Kn. Gods so', looke, where he is: yonder he goes — Downe-right *walkes over the stage* —

Dow. What peevish luck have I, I cannot meet with these bragging raskalls.

Bob. It's not he? is it?

E. Kn. Yes faith, it is he?

Mat. Ile be hang'd, then, if that were he.

[1] A 'backblow.' [2] 'a thrust given over the dagger.' [3] 'an upward thrust.'

E. Kn. Sir, keepe your hanging good, for some greater matter, for I assure you, that was he.

Step. Upon my reputation, it was hee.

Bob. Had I thought it had beene he, he must not have gone so: but I can hardly be induc'd to beleeve, it was he, yet.

E. Kn. That I thinke, sir. But see, he is come againe! [*Re-enter* DOWNE-RIGHT.]

Dow. O, Pharoah's foot, have I found you? Come, draw, to your tooles: draw, gipsie, or Ile thresh you.

Bob. Gentleman of valour, I doe beleeve in thee, heare me——

Dow. Draw your weapon, then.

Bob. Tall man, I never thought on it, till now (body of me) I had a warrant of the peace, served on me, even now, as I came along, by a water-bearer; this gentleman saw it, M^r. Matthew.

Dow. 'Sdeath, you will not draw, then?

Bob. Hold, hold, under thy favour, forbeare.

Dow. — *He beates him, and disarmes him:* MATTHEW *runnes away* — Prate againe, as you like this, you whoreson foist, you. You'le controll the point, you? You consort is gone? had he staid, he had shar'd with you, sir. [*Exit.*]

Bob. Well, gentlemen, beare witnesse, I was bound to the peace, by this good day.

E. Kn. No faith, it's an ill day, Captaine, never reckon it other: but, say you were bound to the peace, the law allowes you, to defend your selfe: that'll prove but a poore excuse.

Bob. I cannot tell, sir. I desire good construction, in faire sort. I never sustain'd the like disgrace (by heaven) sure I was strooke with a planet thence, for I had no power to touch my weapon,

E. Kn. I, like inough, I have heard of many that have beene beaten under a plannet: goe, get you to a surgean. 'Slid, an' these be your tricks, your *passada's*, and your *mountanto's*, Ile none of them. O, manners! that this age should bring forth such creatures! that Nature should bee at leisure to make hem! Come, cousse.

Step. Masse, Ile ha' this cloke.

E. Kn. Gods will, 'tis Downe-right's.

Step. Nay, it's mine now, another might have tane up, as well as I: Ile weare it, so I will.

E. Kn. How, an' he see it ? hee'll challenge it, assure your selfe.
Step. I, but he shall not ha' it ; Ile say, I bought it.
E. Kn. Take heed, you buy it not, too deare, cousse. [*Exeunt.*]137

Act IIII. Scene VIII. [*A Room in* KITELY'S *House.*]

KITELY, WEL-BRED, DAME KIT, BRIDGET, BRAYNE-WORME, CASH.

[*Enter all except* BRAYNE-WORME *and* CASH.]

[*Kite.*] Now, trust me brother, you were much to blame,
T'incense his anger, and disturbe the peace,
Of my poore house, where there are sentinells,
That every minute watch, to give alarmes,
Of civill warre, without adjection
Of your assistance, or occasion.

Well. No harme done, brother, I warrant you : since there is no harme done. Anger costs a man nothing : and a tall man is never his owne man, till he be angrie. To keepe his valure in obscuritie, is to keepe himselfe, as it were, in a cloke-bag. What's a musitian, unlesse he play ? what's a tall man, unlesse he fight ? For, indeed, all this, my wife brother stands upon, absolutely : and, that made me fall in with him, so resolutely.

Dame. I, but what harme might have come of it, brother ?

Well. Might, sister ? so, might the good warme clothes, your husband weares, be poyson'd for anything he knowes : or the wholesome wine he drunke, even now, at the table——

Kite. Now, god forbid : O me. Now, I remember,
My wife drunke to me, last ; and chang'd the cup :
And bade me weare this cursed sute to day.
See, if heav'n suffer murder undiscovr'd !
I feele me ill ; give me some mithridate,[1]
Some mithridate and oile, good sister, fetch me ;
O, I am sicke at heart ! I burne, I burne.

[1] A medicine regarded as an antidote to poison, and reputed to be the invention of King Mithradates of Pontus.

If you will save my life, goe, fetch it me.

Well. O, strange humour ! my verie breath has[1] poyson'd him.

Brid. Good, brother, be content, what doe you meane ? The strength of these extreme conceits, will kill you.

Dame. Beshrew your heart-bloud, brother Well-bred, now ; for putting such a toy into his head.

Well. Is a fit simile, a toy ? will he be poyson'd with a simile ? Brother Kitely, what a strange, and idle imagination is this ? For shame, bee wiser. O' my soule, there's no such matter.

Kite. Am I not sicke ? how am I, then, not poyson'd ? Am I not poyson'd ? how am I, then, so sicke ?

Dame. If you be sicke, your owne thoughts make you sicke.

Well. His jealousie is the poyson he has[1] taken.

Bray. — *He comes disguis'd like Justice* CLEMENTS *man* — Mr. Kitely, my master, Justice Clement, salutes you ; and desires to speake with you, with all possible speed.

Kite. No time, but now ? when, I thinke, I am sicke ? very sicke ! well, I will wait upon his worship. Thomas, Cob, I must seeke them out, and set 'hem sentinells, till I returne. Thomas, Cob, Thomas. [*Exit.*]

Well. This is perfectly rare, Brayne-worme ! but how got'st thou this apparell, of the Justices man ? [*Aside to* BRAYNE-WORME.]

Bray. Mary sir, my proper fine pen-man, would needs bestow the grist o'me, at the wind-mil, to hear some martial discourse ; where so I marshal'd him, that I made him drunke, with admiration ! &, because, too much heat was the cause of his distemper, I stript him starke naked, as he lay along asleepe, and borrowed his sute, to deliver this counterfeit message in, leaving a rustie armor, and an old browne bill to watch him, till my returne : which shall be, when I ha' pawn'd his apparell, and spent the better part o' the money, perhaps.

Well. Well, thou art a successefull merry knave, Brayne-worme, his absence will be a good subject for more mirth. I pray thee, returne to thy yong master, and will him to meet me, and my sister Bridget, at the tower instantly : for, here, tell him, the house is so stor'd with jealousie, there is no roome for love, to stand upright in. We must get our fortunes committed to some larger prison, say ;

[1] F. 'ha's.'

and, then the tower,[1] I know no better aire : nor where the libertie of the house may doe us more present service. Away. [*Exit* Brayneworme. *Re-enter* Kitely *with* Cash.]

Kite. Come hether, Thomas. Now, my secret's ripe,
And thou shalt have it : lay to both thine eares.
Harke, what I say to thee. I must goe forth, Thomas.
Be carefull of thy promise, keepe good watch,
Note every gallant, and observe him well,
That enters in my absence, to thy mistris :
If shee would shew him roomes, the jest is stale,
Follow 'hem, Thomas, or else hang on him,
And let him not goe after ; marke their lookes ;
Note, if shee offer but to see his band,
Or any other amorous toy, about him ;
But praise his legge ; or foot ; or if shee say,
The day is hot, and bid him feele her hand,
How hot it is ; O, that's a monstrous thing !
Note me all this, good Thomas, marke their sighes,
And, if they doe but whisper, breake 'hem off :
Ile beare thee out in it. Wilt thou doe this ?
Wilt thou be true, my Thomas ? *Cas.* As truth's selfe, sir.

Kite. Why, I beleeve thee : where is Cob, now ? Cob ? [*Exit.*]

Dame. Hee's ever calling for Cob ! I wonder, how hee imployes Cob, so !

Well. Indeed, sister, to aske how hee imploies Cob, is a necessarie question for you, that are his wife, and a thing not very easie for you to be satisfied in : but this Ile assure you, Cobs wife is an excellent bawd, sister, and, often-times, your husband hants her house, mary, to what end, I cannot altogether accuse him, imagine you what you thinke convenient. But, I have knowne, faire hides have foule hearts, e're now, sister.

Dame. Never said you truer then that, brother, so much I can tell you for your learning. Thomas, fetch your cloke, and goe with me. [*Exit* Cash.] Ile after him presently : I would to fortune, I could take him there, ifaith. Il'd returne him his owne, I warrant him. [*Exit.*]

[1] The Tower was extra-parochial, and hence afforded facilities for private marriages.

Well. So, let 'hem goe: this may make sport anon. Now, my faire sister-in-law, that you knew, but how happie a thing it were to be faire, and beautifull?

Brid. That touches me not, brother.

Well. That's true; that's even the fault of it: for, indeede, beautie stands a woman in no stead, unlesse it procure her touching. But, sister, whether it touch you, or no, it touches your beauties; and, I am sure, they will abide the touch; an' they doe not, a plague of all ceruse, say I: and, it touches mee to in part, though not in the — Well, there's a deare and respected friend of mine, sister, stands very strongly, and worthily affected toward you, and hath vow'd to inflame whole bone-fires of zeale, at his heart, in honor of your perfections. I have alreadie engag'd my promise to bring you, where you shall heare him confirme much more. Ned Kno'well is the man, sister. There's no exception against the partie. You are ripe for a husband; and a minutes losse to such an occasion, is a great trespasse in a wise beautie. What say you, sister? On my soule hee loves you. Will you give him the meeting?

Brid. Faith, I had very little confidence in mine owne constancie, brother, if I durst not meet a man: but this motion of yours, savours of an old knight-adventurers servant, a little too much, me thinkes.

Well. What's that, sister?

Brid. Mary, of the squire.[1]

Well. No matter if it did, I would be such an one for my friend, but see! who is return'd to hinder us? [*Re-enter* KITELY.]

Kite. What villanie is this? call'd out on a false message? This is some plot! I was not sent for. Bridget,
Where's your sister? *Brid.* I thinke she be gone forth, sir.

Kite. How! is my wife gone forth? whether for gods sake?

Brid. Shee's gone abroad with Thomas.

Kite. Abroad with Thomas? oh, that villaine dors[2] me.
He hath discover'd all unto my wife!
Beast that I was, to trust him: whither, I pray you, went shee?

Brid. I know not, sir.

Well. Ile tell you, brother, whither I suspect shee's gone.

Kite. Whither, good brother?

[1] Playing on the equivocal sense of the term. [2] fools.

Well. To Cobs house, I beleeve : but, keepe my counsaile.
Kite. I will, I will : to Cobs house ? doth shee hant Cobs?
Shee's gone a'purpose, now, to cuckold me,
With that lewd raskall, who, to win her favour,
Hath told her all. [*Exit.*] *Wel.* Come, hee's once more gone.
Sister, let's loose no time ; th'affaire is worth it. [*Exeunt.*]

Act IIII. Scene IX. [*A Street.*]

To them[1] MATTHEW, BOBADIL, BRAYNE-WORME, DOWNE-RIGHT.[2]

[*Enter* MATTHEW *and* BOBADIL.]

[*Mat.*] I wonder, Captayne, what they will say of my going away ? ha?
Bob. Why, what should they say ? but as of a discreet gentleman ? quick, warie, respectfull of natures faire lineaments : and that's all ?
Mat. Why, so ! but what can they say of your beating ?
Bob. A rude part, a touch of soft wood, a kind of grosse batterie us'd, laid on strongly, borne most paciently : and that's all.
Mat. I, but, would any man have offered it in Venice ? as you say ?
Bob. Tut, I assure you, no : you shall have there your *Nobilis*, your *Gentelezza*, come in bravely upon your *reverse*, stand you close, stand you firme, stand you faire, save your *retricato* with his left legge, come to the *assalto* with the right, thrust with brave steele, defie your base wood ! But, wherefore doe I awake this remembrance ? I was fascinated, by Jupiter : fascinated : but I will be un-witch'd, and reveng'd, by law.
Mat. Doe you heare ? ist not best to get a warrant, and have him arrested, and brought before Justice Clement ?
Bob. It were not amisse, would we had it. [*Enter* BRAYNE-WORME *disguised as* FORMALL.]
Mat. Why, here comes his man, let's speake to him.

[1] Misleading. [2] A mistake. Downe-right does not appear in the scene.

Bob. Agreed, doe you speake.

Mat. Save you, sir.

Bray. With all my heart, sir ?

Mat. Sir, there is one Downe-right, hath abus'd this gentleman, and my selfe, and we determine to make our amends by law ; now, if you would doe us the favour, to procure a warrant, to bring him afore your master, you shall be well considered, I assure you, sir.

Bray. Sir, you know my service is my living, such favours as these, gotten of my master, is his only preferment, and therefore, you must consider me, as I may make benefit of my place.

Mat. How is that, sir.

Bray. Faith sir, the thing is extraordinarie, and the gentleman may be, of great accompt : yet, bee what hee will, if you will lay mee downe a brace of angells, in my hand, you shall have it, otherwise not.

Mat. How shall we doe, Captayne ? he askes a brace of angells, you have no monie ?

Bob. Not a crosse, by fortune.

Mat. Nor I, as I am a gentleman, but two pence, left of my two shillings in the morning for wine, and redish : let's find him some pawne.

Bob. Pawne ? we have none to the value of his demand.

Mat. O yes. I'll pawne this jewell in my eare, and you may pawne your silke stockings, and pull up your bootes, they will ne're be mist : It must be done, now.

Bob. Well, an' there be no remedie : Ile step aside, and pull 'hem off. [*Exit.*]

Mat. Doe you heare, sir ? wee have no store of monie at this time, but you shall have good pawnes : looke you, sir, this jewell, and that gentlemans silke stockings, because we would have it dispatcht, e're we went to our chambers.

Bray. I am content, sir ; I will get you the warrant presently, what's his name, say you ? Downe-right ?

Mat. I, I, George Downe-right.

Bray. What manner of man is he ?

Mat. A tall bigge man, sir ; hee goes in a cloke, most commonly, of silke russet, laid about with russet lace.

Bray. 'Tis very good, sir,
Mat. Here sir, here's my jewell ? [*Re-enter* Bobadil.]
Bob. And here, are stockings.
Bray. Well, gentlemen, Ile procure you this warrant presently, but, who will you have to serve it ?
Mat. That's true, Captaine : that must be consider'd.
Bob. Bodie o' me, I know not ! 'tis service of danger ?
Bray. Why, you were best get one o' the varlets 'o the citie, a serjeant. Ile appoint you one, if you please.
Mat. Will you, sir ? why, we can wish no better.
Bob. Wee'll leave it to you, sir. [*Exit with* Matthew.]
Bray. This is rare ! now, will I goe pawne this cloke of the Justice's mans, at the brokers, for a varlets sute, and be the varlet my selfe ; and get either more pawnes, or more monie of Downe-right, for the arrest. [*Exit.*]

Act IIII. Scene X. [*Before* Cob's *House.*]

KNO'WEL, TIB, CASH, DAME KITELY, KITELY, COB.

[*Enter* Kno'well.]

[*Kno.*] Oh, here it is, I am glad : I have found it now.
Ho ? who is within, here ?
Tib. [*Within.*] I am within, sir, what's your pleasure ?
Kno. To know, who is within, besides your selfe.
Tib. Why, sir, you are no constable, I hope ?
Kno. O ! feare you the constable ? then, I doubt not.
You have some guests within, deserve that feare,
Ile fetch him straight. [*Enter* Tib.] *Tib.* O' gods name, sir.
Kno. Goe to. Come, tell me, Is not yong Kno'wel, here ?
Tib. Yong Kno-wel ? I know none such, sir, o' mine honestie !
Kno. Your honestie ? dame, it flies too lightly from you :
There is no way, but, fetch the constable.
Tib. The constable ? the man is mad, I thinke. [*Exit into house. Enter* Dame Kitely *and* Cash.]

Cas. Ho, who keeps house, here ?
Kno. O, this is the female copes-mate[1] of my sonne ?
Now shall I meet him straight. *Dame.* Knock, Thomas, hard.
Cas. Ho, good wife ? [*Re-enter* TIB.] *Tib.* Why, what's the matter with you ?
Dame. Why, woman, grieves it you to ope' your doore ?
Belike, you get something, to keepe it shut.
Tib. What meane these questions, 'pray yee ?
Dame. So strange you make it ? is not my husband, here ?
Kno. Her husband !
Dame. My tryed husband, master Kitely.
Tib. I hope, he needes not to be tryed here.
Dame. No, dame : he do's it not for need, but pleasure.
Tib. Neither for need, nor pleasure, is he here.
Kno. This is but a device, to balke me withall. [*Enter* KITELY.]
Soft, who is this ? 'Tis not my sonne, disguisd ?
Dame. — *Shee spies her husband come : and runnes to him* —
O, sir, have I fore-stald your honest market ?
Found your close walkes ? you stand amaz'd, now, doe you ?
I faith (I am glad) I have smokt you yet at last !
What is your jewell trow ? In : come, lets see her ;
(Fetch forth your huswife, dame) if shee be fairer,
In any honest judgement, then my selfe,
Ile be content with it : but, shee is change,
Shee feedes you fat, shee soothes your appetite,
And you are well ? your wife, an honest woman,
Is meat twice sod to you, sir ? O, you trecher !
Kno. Shee cannot counterfeit thus palpably.
Kite. Out on thy more then strumpets impudence !
Steal'st thou thus to thy haunts ? and, have I taken
Thy bawd, and thee, and thy companion — *Pointing to old Kno'well* —
This horie-headed letcher, this old goat,
Close at your villanie, and would'st thou 'scuse it,
With this stale harlots jest, accusing me ?
— *To him* — O, old incontinent, do'st not thou shame,

[1] Companion.

When all thy powers in chastitie is spent,
To have a mind so hot, and to entice,
And feede th' enticements of a lustfull woman ?
Dame. Out, I defie thee, I, dissembling wretch.
Kite. Defie me, strumpet ? aske thy pandar, here — *By* THOMAS —
Can he denie it ? or that wicked elder ?
Kno. Why, heare you, sir. *Kite.* Tut, tut, tut : never speake.
Thy guiltie conscience will discover thee.
Kno. What lunacie is this, that hants this man ?
Kite. Well, good-wife BA'D,[1] Cobs wife ; and you,
That make your husband such a hoddie-doddie ; [2]
And you, yong apple-squire ; and old cuckold-maker ;
Ile ha' you every one before a Justice :
Nay, you shall answere it, I charge you goe.
Kno. Marie, with all my heart, sir : I goe willingly.
Though I doe tast this as a trick, put on me,
To punish my impertinent search ; and justly :
And halfe forgive my sonne, for the device.
Kite. Come, will you goe ? *Dame.* Goe ? to thy shame, beleeve it. [*Enter* COB.]
Cob. Why, what's the matter, here ? What's here to doe ?
Kite. O, Cob, art thou come ? I have beene abus'd,
And i' thy house. Never was man so, wrong'd !
Cob. Slid, in my house ? my master Kitely ? Who wrongs you in my house ?
Kite. Marie, yong lust in old ; and old in yong, here :
Thy wife's their bawd, here have I taken 'hem.
Cob. How ? bawd ? Is my house come to that ? Am I prefer'd thether ? Did I charge you to keepe your dores shut, Is'bel ? and doe you let 'hem lie open for all commers ? — *He falls upon his wife and beates her* —
Kno. Friend, know some cause, before thou beat'st thy wife,
This's madnesse, in thee. *Cob.* Why ? is there no cause ?

[1] A pun on 'bawd."

[2] A foolish person, usually one with some ridiculous quality of physique,—short and clumsy or tall and lanky ; a 'hobbledehoy.'

Kite. Yes, Ile shew cause before the Justice, Cob :
Come, let her goe with me. *Cob.* Nay, shee shall goe.

Tib. Nay, I will goe. Ile see, an' you may bee allow'd to make a bundle o' hempe, o' your right and lawfull wife thus, at every cuckoldly knaves pleasure. Why doe you not goe ?

Kite. A bitter queane. Come, we'll ha' you tam'd. [*Exeunt.*]

Act IIII. Scene XI. [*A Street.*]

BRAYNE-WORME, MATTHEW, BOBADIL, STEPHEN, DOWNE-RIGHT.

[*Enter* BRAYNE-WORME *disguised as a Serjeant.*]

[*Bray.*] Well, of all my disguises, yet, now am I most like my selfe : being in this Serjeants gowne. A man of my present profession, never counterfeits, till hee layes hold upon a debter, and sayes, he rests him, for then he brings him to all manner of unrest. A kinde of little kings wee are, bearing the diminutive of a mace, made like a yong artichocke, that alwayes carries pepper and salt, in it selfe. Well, I know not what danger I under-goe, by this exploit, pray heaven, I come well of. [*Enter* MATTHEW *and* BOBADIL.]

Mat. See, I thinke, yonder is the varlet, by his gowne.

Bob. Let's goe, in quest of him.

Mat. 'Save you, friend, are you not here, by appointment of Justice Clements man.

Bray. Yes, an't please you, sir : he told me two gentlemen had will'd him to procure a warrant from his master (which I have about me), to be serv'd on one Downe-right.

Mat. It is honestly done of you both ; and see, where the partie comes, you must arrest : serve it upon him, quickly, afore hee bee aware——

Bob. Beare backe, master Matthew. [*Enter* STEPHEN *in* DOWNE-RIGHT'S *cloak.*]

Bray. Master Downe-right, I arrest you, i'the queenes name, and must carry you afore a Justice, by vertue of this warrant.

Step. Mee, friend ? I am no Downe-right, I. I am master Stephen, you doe not well, to arrest me, I tell you, truely : I am in nobodies bonds, nor bookes, I, would you should know it. A plague on you heartily, for making mee thus afraid afore my time.

Bray. Why, now are you deceived, gentlemen ?

Bob. He weares such a cloak, and that deceived us : But see, here a comes, indeed ! this is he, officer. [*Enter* DOWNE-RIGHT.]

Down. Why, how now, signior gull ! are you turn'd filtcher of late ? come, deliver my cloke.

Step. Your cloke, sir ? I bought it, even now, in open market.

Bray. Master Downe-right, I have a warrant I must serve upon you, procur'd by these two gentlemen.

Down. These gentlemen ? these rascals ?

Bray. Keepe the peace, I charge you, in her Majesties name.

Down. I obey thee. What must I doe, officer ?

Bray. Goe before, master Justice Clement, to answere what they can object against you, sir. I will use you kindly, sir.

Matt. Come, let's before, and make the Justice, Captaine——

Bob. The varlet's a tall man ! afore heaven ! [*Exit with* MATTHEW.]

Down. Gull, you'll gi' me my cloke ?

Step. Sir, I bought it, and I'le keepe it.

Down. You will. *Step.* I, that I will.

Down. Officer, there's thy fee, arrest him.

Bray. Master Stephen, I must arrest you.

Step. Arrest mee, I scorne it. There, take your cloke, I'le none on't.

Down. Nay, that shall not serve your turne, now, sir. Officer, I'le goe with thee, to the Justices : bring him along.

Step. Why, is not here your cloke ? what would you have ?

Down. I'le ha' you answere it, sir.

Bray. Sir, I'le take your word ; and this gentlemans, too : for his appearance.

Down. I'le ha' no words taken. Bring him along.

Bray. Sir, I may choose, to doe that : I may take bayle.

Down. 'Tis true, you may take baile, and choose ; at another time : but you shall not, now, varlet. Bring him along, or I'le swinge you.

Bray. Sir, I pitty the gentlemans case. Here's your money againe.
Dow. 'Sdeynes, tell not me of my money, bring him away, I say.
Bray. I warrant you he will goe with you of himselfe, sir.
Dow. Yet more adoe ?
Bray. I have made a faire mash on't. [*Aside.*]
Step. Must I goe ?
Bray. I have no remedy, master Stephen .
Down. Come along, afore mee, here. I doe not love your hanging looke behind.
Step. Why, sir. I hope you cannot hang mee for it. Can hee, fellow ?
Bray. I thinke not, sir. It is but a whipping matter, sure !
Step. Why, then, let him doe his worst, I am resolute. [*Exeunt.*]

Act V. Scene I. [*Hall in Justice* CLEMENT'S *House.*]

CLEMENT, KNO'WEL, KITELY, DAME KITELY, TIB, CASH, COB, SERVANTS.

[*Clem.*] Nay, but stay, stay, give me leave : my chaire, sirrah. You, master Kno'well, say you went thither to meet your sonne.
Kno. I, sir.
Clem. But, who directed you, thither ?
Kno. That did mine owne man, sir.
Clem. Where is he ?
Kno. Nay, I know not, now ; I left him with your clarke : And appointed him, to stay here for me.
Clem. My clarke ? about what time, was this ?
Kno. Mary, betweene one and two, as I take it.
Clem. And, what time came my man with the false message to you, Master Kitely ?
Kite. After two, sir.
Clem. Very good : but, mistris Kitely, how that you were at Cobs ? ha ?
Dame. An' please you, sir, Ile tell you : my brother, Wel-bred, told me, that Cobs house, was a suspected place——

Clem. So it appeares, me thinkes : but, on.

Dame. And that my husband us'd thither, daily.

Clem. No matter, so he us'd himselfe well, mistris.

Dame. True sir, but you know, what growes, by such hants, often-times.

Clem. I see, ranke fruits of a jealous braine, mistris Kitely : but, did you find your husband there, in that case, as you suspected ?

Kite. I found her there, sir.

Clem. Did you so ? that alters the case. Who gave you knowledge, of your wives being there ?

Kite. Marie, that did my brother Wel-bred.

Clem. How ? Wel-bred first tell her ? then tell you, after ? where is Well-bred ?

Kite. Gone with my sister, sir, I know not whither.

Clem. Why, this is a mere trick, a device ; you are gull'd in this most grosly, all ! alas, poore wench, wert thou beaten for this ?

Tib. Yes, most pittifully, and't please you.

Cob. And worthily, I hope : if it shall prove so.

Clem. I, that's like, and a piece of a sentence. [*Enter a* Servant.] How now, sir ? what's the matter ?

Ser. Sir, there's a gentleman, i' the court without, desires to speake with your worship.

Clem. A gentleman ? what's he ?

Ser. A souldier, sir, he saies.

Clem. A souldier ? take downe my armor, my sword, quickly : a souldier speake with me ! why, when knaves ? — *He armes himselfe* — come on, come on, hold my cap there, so ; give me my gorget, my sword : stand by, I will end your matters, anon—Let the souldier enter, [*Exit* Servant. *Enter* BOBADIL *and* MATTHEW.] now, sir, what ha' you to say to me ?

Act V. Scene II. [*The Same.*]

[CLEMENT,] BOBADILL, MATTHEW, [SERVANT.]

[*Bob.*] By your worships favour——

Clem. Nay, keepe out, sir, I know not your pretence, you send

me word, sir, you are a souldier: why, sir, you shall bee answer'd, here, here be them have beene amongst souldiers. Sir, your pleasure.

Bob. Faith, sir, so it is, this gentleman, and my selfe, have beene most uncivilly wrong'd, and beaten, by one Downe-right, a course fellow, about the towne, here, and for mine owne part, I protest, being a man, in no sort, given to this filthie humour of quarrelling, he hath assaulted mee in the way of my peace; dispoil'd mee of mine honor; dis-arm'd mee of my weapons; and rudely, laid me along, in the open streets: when, I not so much as once offer'd to resist him.

Clem. O, gods precious! is this the souldier? here, take my armour of quickly, 'twill make him swoune, I feare; hee is not fit to looke on't, that will put up a blow.

Matt. An't please your worship, he was bound to the peace.

Clem. Why, and he were, sir, his hands were not bound, were they? [*Enter* Servant.]

Ser. There's one of the varlets of the citie, sir, ha's brought two gentlemen, here, one, upon your worships warrant.

Clem. My warrant?

Ser. Yes, sir. The officer say's, procur'd by these two.

Clem. Bid him, come in. [*Exit* Servant.] Set by this picture [*Enter* DOWNE-RIGHT, STEPHEN, *and* BRAYNE-WORME, *disguised as before.*] What, Mr. Downe-right! are you brought at Mr. Fresh-waters suite, here!

Act V. Scene III. [*The Same.*]

[CLEMENT,] DOWNE-RIGHT, STEPHEN, BRAYNE-WORME.
[KNO'WELL, BOBADIL, KITELY, SERVANT.]

[*Dow.*] I faith, sir. And here's another brought at my suite.

Clem. What are you, sir?

Step. A gentleman, sir? O, uncle!

Clem. Uncle? who? master Kno'well?

Kno. I, sir! this is a wise kinsman of mine.

Step. God's my witnesse, uncle, I am wrong'd here monstrously, hee charges me with stealing of his cloke, and would I might never stirre, if I did not find it in the street, by chance.

Dow. O, did you find it, now ? you said, you bought it, ere-while.

Step. And, you said, I stole it ; nay, now my uncle is here, I'll doe well inough, with you.

Clem. Well, let this breath a while ; you, that have cause to complaine, there, stand forth : had you my warrant for this gentlemans apprehension ?

Bob. I, an't please your worship.

Clem. Nay, doe not speake in passion so : where had you it ?

Bob. Of your clarke, sir ?

Clem. That's well ! an' my clarke can make warrants, and my hand not at 'hem ! Where is the warrant ? Officer, have you it ?

Bray. No, sir, your worship's man, master Formal, bid mee doe it, for these gentlemen, and he would be my discharge

Clem. Why, master Downe-right, are you such a novice, to bee serv'd, and never see the warrant ?

Dow. Sir. He did not serve it on me.

Clem. No ? how then ?

Dow. Mary, sir, hee came to mee ; and said, hee must serve it, and hee would use me kindly, and so——

Clem. O, gods pittie, was it so, sir ? he must serve it ? give me my long-sword there, and helpe me of ; so. Come on, sir varlet, I must cut off your legs, sirrha : — *He flourishes over him with his long-sword* — nay, stand up, Ile use you kindly ; I must cut off your legs, I say.

Bray. O, good sir, I beseech[1] you ; nay, good master Justice.

Clem. I must doe it ; there is no remedie. I must cut off your legs, sirrha, I must cut off your eares, you rascall, I must doe it ; I must cut off your nose, I must cut off your head.

Bray. O, good your worship.

Clem. Well, rise, how doest thou doe, now ? doest thou feele thy selfe well ? hast thou no harme ?

Bray. No, I thanke your good worship, sir.

Clem. Why, so ! I said, I must cut off thy legs, and I must cut off thy armes, and I must cut off thy head ; but, I did not doe it :

[1] F. Misprints 'heseech.'

so, you said, you must serve this gentleman, with my warrant, but, you did not serve him. You knave, you slave, you rogue, doe you say you must ? sirrha, away with him, to the jayle, Ile teach you a trick, for your *must*, sir.

Bray. Good, sir, I beseech you, be good to me.

Clem. Tell him he shall to the jayle, away with him, I say.

Bray. Nay, sir, if you will commit mee, it shall bee for committing more then this : I will not loose, by my travaile, any graine of my fame certaine. [*Throws off his gown.*]

Clem. How is this !

Kno. My man Brayne-worme !

Step. O yes, uncle. Brayne-worme ha's beene with my cossen Edward, and I, all this day.

Clem. I told you all, there was some device !

Bray. Nay, excellent Justice, since I have laid my selfe thus open to you ; now, stand strong for mee : both with your sword, and your ballance.

Clem. Bodie o' me, a merry knave ! Give me a bowle of sack : If hee belong to you, master Kno'well, I bespeake your patience.

Bray. That is it, I have most need of. Sir, if you'll pardon me, only, I'll glorie in all the rest, of my exploits.

Kno. Sir, you know, I love not to have my favours come hard, from me. You have your pardon : though I suspect you shrewdly for being of counsell with my sonne against me.

Bray. Yes, faith, I have, sir ; though you retain'd me doubly this morning, for your selfe : first, as Brayne-worme ; after, as Fitz-sword. I was your reform'd souldier, sir. 'Twas I sent you to Cobs, upon the errand, without end.

Kno. Is it possible ! or that thou should'st disguise thy language so, as I should not know thee ?

Bray. O, sir, this has[1] beene the day of my metamorphosis ! It is not that shape alone, that I have runne through, to day. I brought this gentleman, master Kitely, a message too, in the forme of master Justices man, here, to draw him out o' the way, as well as your worship : while master Well-bred might make a conveiance of mistris Bridget, to my yong master.

[1] F. 'ha's.'

Kite. How ! my sister stolne away ?

Kno. My sonne is not married, I hope ! 79

Bray. Faith, sir, they are both as sure as love, a priest, and three thousand pound (which is her portion) can make 'hem : and by this time are readie to bespeake their wedding supper at the wind-mill, except some friend, here, prevent 'hem, and invite 'hem home.

Clem. Marie, that will I (I thanke thee, for putting me in mind on't.) Sirrah, goe you, and fetch 'hem hither, upon my warrant. [*Exit* Servant.] Neithers friends have cause to be sorrie, if I know the yong couple, aright. Here, I drinke to thee, for thy good newes. But, I pray thee, what hast thou done with my man Formall. 88

Bray. Faith, sir, after some ceremonie past, as making him drunke, first with storie, and then with wine (but all in kindnesse) and stripping him to his shirt : I left him in that coole vaine, departed, sold your worships warrant to these two, pawn'd his liverie for that varlets gowne, to serve it in ; and thus have brought my selfe, by my activitie, to your worships consideration. 94

Clem. And I will consider thee, in another cup of sack. Here's to thee, which having drunke of, this is my sentence. Pledge me. Thou hast done, or assisted to nothing, in my judgement, but deserves to bee pardon'd for the wit o' the offence. If thy master, or anie man, here, be angrie with thee, I shall suspect his ingine,[1] while I know him for't. How now ? what noise is that ! [*Enter* Servant.] 100

Ser. Sir, it is Roger is come home.

Clem. Bring him in, bring him in. [*Enter* FORMALL *in armour.*] What ! drunke in armes, against me ? Your reason, your reason for this. 104

Act V. Scene IIII. [*The Same.*]

To them FORMALL [*and the others.*]

[*Form.*] I beseech your worship to pardon me ; I happen'd into ill companie by chance, that cast me into a sleepe, and stript me of all my clothes——

Clem. Well, tell him, I am Justice Clement, and doe pardon him : but, what is this to your armour ! what may that signifie ? 5

[1] wit, understanding.

Form. And't please you, sir, it hung up i' the roome, where I was stript; and I borrow'd it of one o' the drawers, to come home in, because I was loth, to doe penance through the street, i' my shirt.

Clem. Well, stand by a while. [*Enter* E. KNO'WELL, WELL-BRED, *and* BRIDGET.] Who be these? O, the yong companie, welcome, welcome. Gi' you joy. Nay, mistris Bridget, blush not; you are not so fresh a bride, but the news of it has come hither afore you. Master Bridegroome, I ha' made your peace, give mee your hand: so will I for all the rest, ere you forsake my roofe.

Act V. Scene V. [*The Same.*]

To them ED. KNO'WEL, WEL-BRED, BRIDGET, [*and the others.*]

[*E. Kn.*] We are the more bound to your humanitie, sir.

Clem. Only these two, have so little of the man in 'hem, they are no part of my care.

Well. Yes, sir, let mee pray you for this gentleman, hee belongs, to my sister, the bride.

Clem. In what place, sir?

Well. Of her delight, sir, below the staires, and in publike: her poet, sir.

Clem. A poet? I will challenge him my selfe, presently, at *extempore.*

Mount up thy Phlegon muse, and testifie,
How Saturne, fitting in an ebon cloud,
Disrob'd his podex white as ivorie,
And, through the welkin, thundred all aloud.

Well. Hee is not for *extempore*, sir. Hee is all for the pocket-muse, please you command a sight of it.

Clem. Yes, yes, search him for a tast of his veine. [*They search* MATTHEW.]

Well. You must not denie the Queenes Justice, Sir, under a writ o' rebellion.

Clem. What! all this verse? Bodie o' me, he carries a whole

realme,[1] a common-wealth of paper, in's hose ! let's see some of his subjects !

Unto the boundlesse Ocean of thy face,
Runnes this poore river charg'd with streames of eyes.[2]

How ? this is stolne !

E. Kn. A Parodie ! a parodie ! with a kind of miraculous gift, to make it absurder then it was.

Clem. Is all the rest, of this batch ? Bring me a torch ; lay it together, and give fire. [*Sets the papers on fire.*] Clense the aire. Here was enough to have infected, the whole citie, if it had not beene taken in time ! See, see, how our Poets glorie shines ! brighter, and brighter ! still it increases ! O, now, it's at the highest : and, now, it declines as fast. You may see. *Sic transit gloria mundi.*

Kno. There's an embleme for you, sonne, and your studies !

Clem. Nay, no speech, or act of mine be drawne against such, as professe it worthily. They are not borne everie yeere, as an Alderman. There goes more to the making of a good Poet, then a Sheriffe, Mr. Kitely. You looke upon me ! though, I live i' the citie here, amongst you, I will doe more reverence, to him, when I meet him, then I will to the Major, out of his yeere. But, these paper- pedlers ! these inke-dablers ! They cannot expect reprehension, or reproch. They have it with the fact.

E. Kn. Sir, you have sav'd me the labour of a defence.

Clem. It shall be discourse for supper, betweene your father and me, if he dare under-take me. But, to dispatch away these, you signe o' the Souldier, and picture o' the Poet (but, both so false, I will not ha' you hang'd out at my dore till midnight) while we are at supper, you two shal penitently fast it out in my court, without ; and, if you will, you may pray there, that we may be so merrie within, as to forgive, or forget you, when we come out. Here's a third, because, we tender your safetie, shall watch you, he is provided for the purpose. Looke to your charge, sir.

Step. And what shall I doe ?

[1] Pronounced 'ream' ; hence the pun.

[2] A parody on the first stanza of Daniel's Sonnets to Delia,—

Unto the boundless ocean of thy beauty
Runs this poor river charged with streams of zeal.

Clem. O! I had lost a sheepe, an he had not bleated! Why, sir, you shall give M^r. Downe-right his cloke: and I will intreat him to take it. A trencher, and a napkin, you shall have, i'the buttrie, and keepe Cob, and his wife companie, here; whom, I will intreat first to bee reconcil'd: and you to endevour with your wit, to keepe 'hem so.

Step. Ile doe my best.

Cob. Why, now I see thou art honest, Tib, I receive thee as my deare, and mortall wife, againe.

Tib. And, I you, as my loving, and obedient husband.

Clem. Good complement! It will bee their bridale night too. They are married anew. Come, I conjure the rest, to put of all discontent. You, Mr. Downe-right, your anger; you, master Kno'well your cares; master Kitely, and his wife, their jealousie.
For, I must tell you both, while that is fed,
Hornes i' the mind are worse then o' the head.

Kite. Sir, thus they goe from me, kisse me, sweetheart.
See, what a drove of hornes flye, in the ayre,
Wing'd with my clensed, and my credulous breath!
Watch 'hem, suspicious eyes, watch, where they fall.
See, see! on heads, that thinke th'have none at all!
O, what a plenteous world of this, will come!
When ayre raynes hornes, all may be sure of some.[1]
I ha' learn'd so much verse out of a jealous mans part, in a play.

Clem. 'Tis well, 'tis well! This night wee'll dedicate to friendship, love, and laughter. Master bride-groome, take your bride, and leade: every one, a fellow. Here is my mistris. Brayne-worme! to whom all my addresses of courtship shall have their reference. Whose adventures, this day, when our grand-children shall heare to be made a fable, I doubt not, but it shall find both spectators, and applause. [*Exeunt.*]

[1] F. misprints 'fame.'

THE END.

This Comoedie was firſt
Acted, in the yeere
1598.

By the then L. CHAMBERLAYNE
his Seruants.

The principall Comœdians were,

WILL. SHARESPEARE.
AUG. PHILIPS.
HEN. CONDEL.
WILL. SLYE.
WILL. KEMPE.
RIC. BVRBADGE.
IOH. HEMINGS.
THO. POPE.
CHR. BEESTON.
IOH. DVKE.

With the allowance of the Maſter of Revells.

Ben Jonson

EPICOENE, OR THE SILENT WOMAN

Edited with Critical Essay and Notes by Charles Mills Gayley, LL.D., Professor in the University of California.

CRITICAL ESSAY

History of the Play.—*Epicoene*, or *The Silent Woman*, was written toward the close of 1609, and first acted between January 4 and March 24 of the year 1610,[1] known according to the old style as 1609. The theatre was the Whitefriars; and the company, the Children of Her Majesty's Revels. Critics have assumed that the play was popular from the first. That it merited popularity, and was, at a later period popular, there is no doubt; but that it was an immediate success we are not definitely informed. Beaumont's commendatory verses, written before 1616, defend the play against the charge of offensive personality; but they prove nothing as to its reception by the public. Nor does Jonson's statement to Drummond that, when the play was first acted, "ther was found verses after on the stage against him, concluding that that play was well named the Silent Woman, ther never was one man to say *Plaudite* to it." Any lean-witted fellow might have thus discharged his spleen.

The early couplet :—

> The Fox, the Alchemist, and Silent Woman,
> Done by Ben Jonson, and outdone by no man,—

is our most direct evidence of contemporary appreciation; and it leaves much to desire. The acting was probably good. The Queen's Revel boys were of ability to do justice to the performance. One of them, Nathaniel Field, twenty-three years old at the time, afterwards achieved a reputation of the first class. And it is not at all impossible that, as Mr. Fleay has suggested, the part of Morose was taken by Jonson himself. For, as will be seen by turning to the last pages of the play, Morose is dismissed from the stage two minutes before the finale for no sufficient reason, considering that he is the leading character, unless it be to give True-wit an opportunity to come

[1] Murray's *Eng. Dram. Comp.* p. 358

forward and say, as of the author himself: "Spectators, if you like this comedy, rise cheerfully; and now Morose is gone in, clap your hands. It may be that noise will cure him, at least please him." However excellent the play and the first presentation of it, the records of subsequent performance are, as compared with those of *The Fox* and *The Alchemist*, and of certain plays of Shakespeare, Fletcher and Shirley, surprisingly scant. I know of but two before 1660 and one may be a literary forgery. They are of February 18, and April 4, 1636. The former was a Court performance by the Queen's men at St. James'; [1] the latter was before the king and queen at the Cockpit.[2] That the play was on the boards, also, at Blackfriars, and probably well considered, is proved by the fact that Morose was one of the rôles assumed in that theatre, between 1636 and 1642, by the celebrated John Lowin, whose other favourite parts were Falstaff, Volpone, and Mammon.[3]

After the Restoration *The Silent Woman* was frequently produced, and with great applause. Kynaston, Cartwright, Mohun, Betterton, and other actors of distinction, took the parts. Pepys, Shadwell, and Dryden are loud in their commendation of its histrionic qualities. And in representation by such players as Ann Oldfield, Mrs. Butler, and Mrs. Pritchard as Epicoene; Johnson as Morose; the two Cibbers, Macklin and Woodward as Daw and La-Foole, its popularity was continued to the time of Garrick who, in 1776, assigned the part of Epicoene to Mrs. Siddons. The play failed, probably not because of the revision, nor because a woman was playing the title rôle, for various women had carried it off before, but, as Dr. Henry[4] has pointed out, because of a change of taste. "What delighted the hearts of Charles II's contemporaries found little favour in the sight of George III's." This was the end of *The Silent Woman* at Drury Lane. At Covent Garden, as late as April, 1784, it was revived, with Booth in Captain Otter and Mrs Bates in Epicoene.

The play has, of late, been two or three times presented on Uni-

[1] Fleay, *Hist. Stage*, 317.
[2] *Shakesp. Soc.* xiii. Cunningham's edition of the *Accounts of the Revels.*
[3] See list in Fleay, *Hist. Stage*, 355.
[4] *Epicoene*, Ed. by Aurelia Henry, Ph.D. (Mrs. G. F. Reinhardt); *Yale Studies in English*, N. Y., 1906.

versity stages with success, some portion of which must, however, be attributed to historical and academic interest.

Dramatic Construction: Plot.—With *Volpone* (1605) and *The Alchemist* (1610) *Epicoene* belongs to the second period in Jonson's development as comic dramatist: the period in which "humours" not only make themselves humanly concrete but combine to further a well-knit plot.

Here we have a well-knit plot; but still, the success of *Epicoene* is achieved in spite of a defect in plot. When Professor Herford writes of the play that the prime fiction, "once accepted, the plot follows with a wonderful union of the inevitable and the unforeseen," he is stating an indubitable fact, but it is none the less indubitable that the predominance of this "unforeseen" far from being a dramatic virtue is, in this instance, a vice. This mistaken appreciation of what is really the weakness of the play has coloured the judgment of nearly all critics from Dryden down. We may grant a certain element of truth in that master's dictum: "If, then, the parts are managed so regularly that the beauty of the whole be kept entire, and that the variety become not a perplexed and confused mass of accidents, you will find it infinitely pleasing to be led in a labyrinth of design, where you see some of your way before you, yet discern not the end till you arrive at it." [1] We may concede the presence of these qualities in *Epicoene;* and grant that, as Dryden continues, the play admirably observes the unity of time; and that "the action is entirely one; the end and aim of which is the settling Morose's estate on Dauphine"; and "the latitude of place, almost as little as you can imagine." Also that "the continuity of scenes is not broken more than twice or thrice in the whole comedy"; that the author wisely makes choice of a signal and long-expected day for that which has been plotted by his arch-conspirator long beforehand; and that he has so prepared you for his characters "that before they come upon the stage, you have a longing expectation of them"; and that "the business of the plot rises in every act." Yet we cannot grant that it is "the pattern of a perfect play," nor that "the intrigue of it is the greatest and most noble of any pure unmixed comedy in any language."

[1] Dryden, *Essay of Dramatic Poesy.*

For what Dryden especially admires in the contrivance of the play is precisely what impairs it as an acting comedy. "The λύσις, or untying of it [the plot]," says he, "'tis so admirable, that when it is done no one of the audience would think the poet could have missed it; and *yet it was concealed so much before the last scene, that any other way would sooner have entered your thoughts.*" The fact is that, if other qualities did not redeem the play, the manner of the *dénouement* would have banished it from the popular stage long before Colman and Garrick's sad experience with it toward the end of the eighteenth century. If any other solution than that the Silent Woman is a boy will sooner enter the thoughts of the audience, it is impossible for the audience to form a correct induction or to indulge a just emotion with regard to the process of the play. For the histrionic success of tragedy or comedy, one rule is essential to be observed: that the actors play not merely one upon another, whether with pistols or slap-sticks, but upon the audience. Every professional "reader," every practical playwright, knows that.

In this play nobody but Dauphine and his tools, the barber and the page disguised as a woman, understands what is happening or will happen. Dauphine has duped not only his legitimate victims, Morose, Daw, La-Foole, and his would-be accomplices, but the spectators for whom both he and his intrigue exist. True-wit's reproach "Well, Dauphine, you have lurch'd your friends of the better half of the garland, by concealing this part of the plot," is Jonson's own just criticism of what is otherwise an admirable invention. By not taking the spectators into his confidence, Jonson has lurched them of half the possibilities of the humour; he has also lurched his intriguers, Dauphine and Epicoene, of all the possibility of by-play: the imperturbable gravity and the knowing wink, the elusive inflection and the significant smile, the side-long mirth, and the inarticulate, subtle participation of superiority with a "house" aware of the joke within the joke. "No dramatist," says Professor Herford, and with good reason, "has ever understood better than Jonson to evade the languor of a foreseen conclusion." In this case, however, the quality is not of languor evaded but of curiosity baffled. "When," says Dryden in encomium, "when the audience is brought into despair that the business can naturally be

effected, then, and not before, the discovery is made." A theatrical audience does not pay its money to be brought into despair over a long-spun mystery, or to savour the sensation of a swift, sharp shock to the effect that it has been tricked—mechanically and childishly at that. The reader of a novel may delight in bewilderment; the spectator of a drama does not. The audience knows more, to be sure, even here, than the most unenlightened of the actors; but it is placed on a level with others—with True-wit and Clerimont, who think themselves initiated, but are none the less fooled. It may laugh, like the normal self-satisfied Philistine, with the Daws, La-Fooles, the affected ladies, the True-wits and Clerimonts, at the comedy of Morose's physical affliction; it may guffaw at the incidental horse-play; but that consciousness of superior knowledge which makes for comic irony is wanting. The audience is vouchsafed neither the humour that irradiates wit, nor the sympathy that enriches humour.

This criticism of the plot is confirmed by the testimony of those who have in recent times placed the play upon the stage. Professor Young of the University of Texas who produced it there, with student actors, in February, 1909, writes in answer to my inquiry: "Yes, I think it is singular that Jonson did not let the audience know the secret. The lack of mutual understanding was felt all the way through the rehearsals by me. If it had not been that I was trying to reproduce the original as nearly as possible, I should have had Dauphine tell Clerimont that the Silent Woman is a boy, thereby heightening the comic incongruity between True-wit the officious, and True-wit the doubly duped. The scenes where the Silent Woman kisses the ladies, where Morose admires 'the composition of her limbs,' and most of all where Clerimont beguiles the two knights into confessing that they have enjoyed Epicoene's favours, would have meant much more to the audience if they had known the trick. I noticed that even the players themselves were apt to forget that Epicoene was not intended for a woman. On the modern stage (but not the Elizabethan), the fact of a boy's playing the rôle might serve to enlighten the audience and allow them to accept the convention—that they are understanding while four-fifths of the people in the play are duped. I was able to judge further of that because we had

all men, and, therefore, restored the original conditions. It is true that when Epicoene was unmasked the audience yelled with glee. Dauphine stood in front of Epicoene while he removed the disguise : then from under the golden wig there appeared a brunette—a boy ! But I was not able to decide how much of the fun was due to the sudden change of appearance, how much to the surprise at the change of sex."

Coleridge, who says that this is, to his feelings, the most entertaining of old Ben's comedies, is of the opinion that, " more than any other, it would admit of being brought out anew, if under the management of a judicious and stage-understanding playwright " ; and adds that an actor who had studied Morose might make his fortune. A former pupil of mine, Mr. Elmer Harris, who has already won some name as a dramatist, but would by no means pretend to the qualities and honours proposed by Coleridge, suggests somewhat the following revision :—

First, Morose's house.—Sir Dauphine lives with his uncle Morose, who has threatened to marry with a view to disinheriting him, and has delegated Cutbeard to search out a suitably silent woman. Clerimont calls on Dauphine, and is told, in a voice apprehensive of disturbing the monster in the adjoining room, of the unfortunate condition of affairs. Clerimont suggests, as a way out of the difficulty, disguising his page (who waits without) as a silent woman. Dauphine agrees. The page is called and given his instructions. Cutbeard arrives to tell Morose that his quest has been so far unsuccessful. He is intercepted by the conspirators, is bribed, and departs with the page to procure for him proper feminine habiliments.

Then, Clerimont's house.—True-wit, Dauphine, and La-Foole enter in turn, as in Act I, Scenes i. to iii. And with certain excisions and minor changes, the play proceeds as before. With this exposition, or even if, more simply, Dauphine apprise Clerimont, at the outset, of the trick, the Silent Woman is enabled to play to the audience ; so, too, Dauphine, Clerimont, and Cutbeard. True-wit's well-meant but blundering attempts to assist his friend become incomparably more amusing : the delusions of the collegiates, the pretensions of the knights and the desperate shifts of Morose, more masterly futile.

A modern playwright, suggests my friend, would introduce some

love-passages between Epicoene and the two puppets, La-Foole and Daw. Jealousy, regarding her favour, would furnish a real motive for their quarrel which now seems extraneous and too far-fetched to warrant even the humour of the practical joke. Shakespeare heightens the absurdity of Viola's duel with Sir Andrew by concocting a motive as much more ludicrous as it is more plausible. The affray between Ben Jonson's valiant cowards, based as it is on the La-Foole dinner, is too far removed from the main current. The transference of the dinner from Mrs. Otter's China-House to the Home of Morose is a clever device, and needs no other justification than that it pours the crowd upon the already afflicted bridegroom; but it prepares neither knights nor audience for the duel.

The nature of the intercourse between Epicoene and her two admirers should, also, be altered. In Jonson's time it passed for comic; so also under the Restoration. It is still comic in the Café des Ambassadeurs; but in legitimate drama the only alternative to disgust would be tragedy. The divorce must be contested on other grounds. The Ladies Collegiate, too, must be modified; their pruriency no longer amuses. They must be further motivated—in modern affectation, and in vital relation to the plot. It may be a rash suggestion, ventures Mr. Harris, but two of them might be the wives of La-Foole and Daw. These two would take especial interest in the fiasco. They would make things interesting for the amorous knights. They would penetrate the play. Now they hover in the gallery: all these Ladies Collegiate. And, in conclusion, he shows how, if the play were pruned of obsolete and salacious wit and irrelevant passages, it might with advantage be condensed into four acts.

I imagine that most readers will concede the wisdom of this constructive criticism.

Dramatic Construction: Characters.—Not by reason of, but in spite of its *dénouement*, was the popularity of *The Silent Woman* achieved. It was achieved partly by cumulative quality of the plot in other respects: the *enjambement* of motives, the clever carpentry of situations, the artful spontaneity of surprises; but chiefly by the portrayal of humours, affectations and habits. These, varied and admirable, enlist and enchain the interest. The humour, for

instance, of True-wit, who "has read Plutarch's Morals," and is a pupil of Ovid,—whose "frank nature is not for secrets" but for post-horns, whose zeal is for honesty and most officious intermeddling, whose trust in nature and his own genius is unshakable, and his familiarity with the folly and the frailty of womankind encyclopædic, self-sufficing, and sublime. The humour of that "precious mannikin," La-Foole: one of the La-Fooles of London,—but "they all come out of our house, the La-Fooles of the north, the La-Fooles of the west, the La-Fooles of the east and south,"—a genealogical braggart who is also "one of the braveries though he be none of the wits"; a lavish beau to ladies of easy morals, a little brother to the rich, an entertainer of the prosperous, a scraper of acquaintance with the world of fashion, an "heroic coward, . . . afraid in a great look and a stout accent," who "cannot endure" to shed his own blood, but is "content to be beaten in private . . . at the blunt." The humour of the Ladies Collegiate, a hircine crew, whose "actions are governed by crude opinion to do all things alike," but whose "natural inclination sways them generally to the worst, when they are left to themselves"; and their affectation, which is that they "live from their husbands," and parade as independent arbiters of fashion.—The affectation of Sir John Daw, also, "a fellow that pretends only to learning, buys titles, and nothing else of books in him," who has "a sackful of names from the classics," wonders that Plutarch and Seneca "have such credit with gentlemen"; counts Aristotle "a mere commonplace fellow, Plato a discourser, and Homer an old, tedious, prolix ass [who] talks of curriers and chines of beef"; Sir John, who boasts of Epicoene's favours, and is willing to give Sir Amorous "any satisfaction, sir,—but fighting," and is willing to compound his quarrel with Sir Amorous at the cost of his two butter-teeth and six kicks, when but five of the latter and the loss of his sword are stipulated. "What's six kicks to a man that reads Seneca?"—And the affectations and ludicrous habits of the minor characters,—of Mrs. Otter, with her apeing of the Collegiates and her precious diction, her dreams, prognostications, and "physiognomies;" and of that excellent animal, her "subject," the bibulous Captain, who "princesses" his wife to her face, and rails on her behind her back.

And if this Hogarthian miscellany please, what of the richer, still more subtly coloured figures in the comic foreground? The simulated humour of Epicoene, her "divine softness" before marriage, but after it, the crescendo of lungs and temper: "I'll have none of this coacted, unnatural dumbness in *my* house, in a family where *I* govern." So the bewildered Morose discovers that his silent wonder among women can speak! can sneer! can rebuke! can rescind his orders! She has acquaintance; she will welcome visitors, and suitors, and the neighbourhood, and a wedding-rout,—and music of all sorts: drum and trumpets and a variety of noises! With iteration she will insist that her husband looks not well; she will surmise that he is run mad; she will lament that he looks "green about the temples and with blue spots"; she will have him held by force; she will with ululation bewail her lot; she will send for his physician; she—erstwhile so thrifty of her speech that she spent but six words a day—now will talk his disease from him with divinity or moral philosophy, will read him to sleep with Greene's Groatsworth of Wit! To entreat her to hold her peace is of no avail: "Oh no; labour not to stop her," groans Morose.—"She is like a conduit pipe, that will gush out with more force when she opens again!"

And of Morose himself, the humour apparently extrinsic, but actually intrinsic, and inimitable. There may be, undoubtedly is, a grain of truth in Coleridge's criticism of many of Jonson's *dramatis personæ*: "that the accident is not a prominence growing out of, and nourished by, the character which still circulates in it; but that character, such as it is, rises out of, or, rather, consists in, the accident. Shakespeare's comic personages have exquisite characteristic features: however awry, disproportionate, and laughable they may be, still, like Bardolph's nose, they are features. But Jonson's are, either a man with a huge wen, having a circulation of its own, and, which we might conceive amputated, and the patient thereby losing all his character; or they are mere wens themselves instead of men,—wens personified, or with eyes, nose, and mouth cut out, mandrake fashion." I say that in this sweeping censure there is a grain of truth: many of Jonson's minor characters are the mere extension of accidental crochets, caprices, follies,—his Hedons and Argurions,

his Brisks, Fungosos, Fallaces, Daws, and Captain Otters. So also are some of Shakespeare's. But when Coleridge opines that "The defect in Morose, as in other of Jonson's *dramatis personæ*, lies in *this*," he confounds the individual with the crowd. The character of Volpone does not rise out of, or consist in, an accident; nor that of Sir Epicure; nor that of Morose. The character, or fundamental humour, of Morose is not that of "an old man to whom all noise but his own talking is offensive"; it is that of a man naturally splenetic and melancholy, selfish and autocratic; and the aversion to disturbance, especially to clamorous disturbance, the physical sensitiveness to sharp sounds, are, as Gifford has put it, "an accidental quality altogether dependent upon the master-passion"—feeding it and fed by it.

This is, in essence, also Dryden's interpretation. Congreve's, which seems to have been overlooked by the commentators, is even better worth quoting. It occurs in his *Letter to Mr. Dennis concerning Humour in Comedy*, 1695:—

"The character of Morose in *The Silent Woman* I take to be a character of Humour. And I choose to instance this character to you from many others of the same author, because I know it has been condemned by many as unnatural and farce: and you have yourself hinted some dislike of it for the same reason, in a letter to me concerning some of Jonson's plays.

"Let us suppose Morose to be a man naturally splenetic and melancholy; is there anything more offensive to one of such a disposition than noise and clamour? Let any man that has the spleen (and there are enough in England) be judge. We see common examples of this Humour in little, every day. 'Tis ten to one but three parts in four of the company that you dine with are discomposed and startled at the cutting of a cork or scratching a plate with a knife. It is a proportion of the same Humour [the spleen] that makes such or any other noise offensive to the person that hears it; for there are others who will not be disturbed at all by it. Well, but Morose, you will say, is so extravagant, he cannot bear any discourse or conversation above a whisper. Why—it is his excess of this Humour that makes him become ridiculous, and qualifies his character for comedy. If the poet had given him but a moderate

proportion of that Humour, 'tis odds but half the audience would have sided with the character, and have condemned the author for exposing a Humour that was neither remarkable nor ridiculous. Besides, the distance of the stage requires the figure represented to be something larger than the life; and sure a picture may have features larger in proportion, and yet be very like the original. If this exactness of quantity were to be observed in Wit, as some would have it in Humour, what would become of those characters that are designed for Men of Wit. I believe if a poet should steal a dialogue of any length from the *extempore* discourse of the two wittiest men upon earth, he would find the scene but coldly received by the town."

Morose's dislike of noise is not a huge wen, which if amputated the patient loses his character. Nor is he that wen personified. He is *morose;* and that humour of his has relation, as Congreve defines the term, to him, and to what proceeds from him; "it is a colour, taste, and smell, diffused through all."

Farce, or Comedy?—But while the outward and visible signs of the humour of Morose are not the humour itself, it must be conceded that those signs are extended beyond measure. And it is in this respect, and in respect of the incidentally improbable in the humours and affectations of the two knights, the Collegiate Ladies, the sea-captain and his wife, that the play lies open to the censure of those who feel that, somehow, it fails to fulfil the requirements of pure comedy. Not because the intrigue turns upon the impersonation of a woman by a boy. That trick, concealed from the audience, damages the comedy; but it does not make of it a farce.

"The safest and truest defense of old Ben would be to call the *Epicoene* the best of farces." So Coleridge: and he is followed by Ward who describes it as "an elaborate farce," and by Swinburne for whom it is the "most imperial and elaborate of farces," a "Titanic farce," and by Herford—"a farce of incomparable brilliance."

But the theatrical world by "farce" denotes such plays as Morton's *Box and Cox*, Hawtrey's *Private Secretary*, Harrigan's *Mulligan Guards* and *Reilly and the Four Hundred:* the former two improbable in concept and execution; the latter pair replete with

song, guffaw, ephemeral eccentricity, local colour (to be sure) but farcical action as well. And an earlier generation of men about the stage distinguished by the name of "farce" Hook's *Music Mad*—not simply extravagant but unnatural,—and O'Keeffe's *The Doldrum*, in which a British Rip van Winkle having slept from 1796 to 1803 rubs his eyes and gogs and boggles at the topsy-turvied world; and old Tom Sheridan's *Captain O'Blunder* where the action is only more absurd than the characters, and the plot more forced than the actions. B.J., belabouring poets of his day who waylaid stale apothegms "to farce their scenes withal,—" B.J., priding himself upon his continuance of the classical tradition of comedy as a mirror of incongruity and so a *corrector morum*, priding himself upon characters concretely conceived and true to the life of their day, and incidents sparingly used and only in illustration of character,—B.J., the apostle of unity and probability—like what bull would he roar, arisen from three centuries' sleep to find his "comoedie" of *The Silent Woman* written "to profit and delight" classed nowadays with such forced meats as these!

If any grotesqueness or any exaggeration of character or incident, make of a play a farce; or any unusual demand upon the sense of probability, or any provocation to a more unrestricted licence of fun than that offered by the sentimental, or the purely intellectual comedy, then *Epicoene* is a farce; but in such company that B.J.'s wrath might well subside. Of that company would be *The Comedy of Errors*, *Love's Labours Lost*, *The Taming of the Shrew*, and *The Merry Wives of Windsor*. For, even though there be an exiguous thread of romantic interest in all these, and of pathos in the first, *Love's Labours Lost* and the *Comedy of Errors* are based on unlikely, if not impossible premises, the *Merry Wives* turns on a farcical trick, and the principal characters in both *Merry Wives* and the *Shrew* are farcically exaggerated humours. By the same token, *Henry IV* would be farce, and the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, and patently *Midsummer-Night's Dream*, shamelessly *Much Ado*, flagrantly *Twelfth Night*. There are also some incidents of a farcical invention in that sardonic masterpiece, *Volpone;* and in *The Alchemist* the humour of the leading character is "extended beyond measure."

But of what avail is the terminology of criticism if we are to be

dominated by the caprice of the critic, be he either Coleridge or Swinburne? The characters in *Epicoene* are no more farcical than Petruchio and Katherine, no more unnatural than Richard III and Anne. The trick is no more improbable than that of *She Stoops to Conquer* or of *Twelfth Night*, no more impossible than the mistaken identities of the *Comedy of Errors*, no more absurd than the vow of the four men in *Love's Labours Lost*. As for the execution it follows more naturally and inevitably than in any of these plays. It stands to reason that you cannot lump together the *Midsummer-Night's Dream*, *Twelfth Night*, *Comedy of Errors*, and *Epicoene* as farce. And that if these are farce, *Box and Cox* and the *Mulligan Guards* are something lower than farce. *Midsummer-Night*, *Twelfth Night*, *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, and *Much Ado* are, for all their incidental improbability, comedies of romance. The *Shrew*, *Love's Labours*, *Merry Wives*, *Errors*, *She Stoops*, though farcical in certain features, are pure comedy of manners or humours, by way of ludicrous exposition. *The Alchemist*, *Volpone*, and *Epicoene*, though in some degree farcical, are pure comedy of humours, by way of ridicule. The *Mulligan Guards* and its congeners are farce. They have "for their sole object to excite laughter."

For farce, as Dryden has wisely said, "is that in poetry which grotesque is in a picture; the persons and actions in a farce are all unnatural, and the manners false." And according to Hurd, "farce is common life distorted." Farce, in other words, is, as the name implies, a species of drama *stuffed* with sporadic situations, improbable whims, and inconsistent complications; and if it have any higher end than animal laughter, it is to ridicule purely local and temporary follies. Granted that some of the follies ridiculed in *Epicoene* are local and temporary, the fundamental follies are humours common to human nature at large. Granted that these humours are "forced and overcharged above the simple and just proportions of nature," they are still not unnatural nor are the manners false. Nearly all modern comedies when "pure" as distinguished from "romantic," Molière's as well as Shakespeare's and Jonson's, indulge in some exaggeration of character, manners, or intrigue. But in how few are the characters with such studied art extended, the intrigue with such sequence contrived, the manners with such genius and

such wit exposed as in Ben Jonson's *Epicoene!* This is a satirical comedy, a comedy of caricature—if we will; but a farce, even a "Titanic farce"—never! It is, as B.J. regarded it, a deliberate exaggeration not of truths, but of "things like truths well feigned," a "jest to posterity," an "excellent comedy of affliction." Phillips, in his *Theatrum Poetarum*, did well to rank it with the author's wittiest comedies; such was the judgment of Dryden also, and of Shadwell and Pepys, Congreve and Hazlitt.

Place in the Development of English Comedy.—The conception of the principal character is novel in the history of English comedy. Morose is, in one aspect or another, reproduced in the Surly of *Sir Courtly Nice*, the Manly of *The Plain Dealer*, the Sullen of *The Beaux Stratagem*, and the Croaker of *The Good-Natured Man*. The Ladies Collegiate, too, are an innovation; but most of the other characters are of well-known dramatic families. Captain Otter, the blustering, hen-pecked husband is another Tom Tyler; and the dominant Mrs. Otter is Tom Tyler's wife, with strains of Peele's Zantippa and Shakespeare's Shrew, and of Petruchio's second wife, Maria, of *The Tamer Tamed*. Her perilous affectation of fine phrase she derives from the long race of Will Summer, Simplicity, Mouse, and the Gothamites, revived in the Poppys and Curtalls, the Alcons and Adams of Lodge and Greene, brought to maturity in the Quicklys and Dogberrys, lingering in the Malaprops of recent days. As a genealogical braggart La-Foole echoes Huanebango and his Plautine forerunners, and gives the cue to the Cimbertons and MacSycophants of Steele and Macklin. As "braveries" both the fool and the daw had been depicted by Ben Jonson often before. They are the inspiration of the Novels and Plausibles, the Witwouds and Petulants of the Restoration; and in the veins of Sir Benjamin Backbite some liquor of the ancient brew still tingles.

So far as plot goes the motive of the principal intrigue was also new to England. The comedies most deeply indebted to it are *The Rival Friends*, by Peter Hausted, 1632, and *The City Match*, by Jasper Mayne, 1639.

According to the most recent editor of this play,[1] "to *Epicoene*

[1] Dr. Henry, in *Yale Studies.*

belongs the distinction of breaking the convention which assigned comic action to a foreign or fustian country. Unlike its predecessors its scene is London, and with a minuteness that is astounding, the Jacobean city is portrayed bustling with life and laughter." The praise is extravagant and the fact unfounded. From *Mankynd* and *Nature* down, through *Wit and Wisdome*, *Roister Doister*, *Gammer Gurton*, *Tom Tyler*, *The Collier of Croydon*, *The Merry Devill of Edmonton*, *The Two Angry Women of Abington*, and *Henry IV* and *The Merry Wives*, to mention but a few plays of the preceding hundred and fifty years, comic action had been assigned to English environment ; and in many a comedy London had been the scene—a London much more definite and vivid than this of *The Silent Woman*. In *Eastward Hoe*, indeed, Jonson had, before he wrote the present play, already collaborated to produce a comedy of London that should be realistic. Compared with the London of *Eastward Hoe* and of *The Shomakers Holiday*, the London of *Epicoene* is theatrical. The local realism here is of reference and allusion rather than, as later in *Bartholomew Fayre*, of scene and atmosphere. The manners of Morose, at any rate, do not depend upon the environment ; and the dialogue, however true to probability, rests for its wit upon acquaintance with literature rather than with contemporary London. Much as the colour of the whole is enhanced by splashes of Jacobean life, it is not as a comedy of bourgeois London that the play carries conviction, but as a comedy of universal humour.

Sources.—For that portion of the intrigue which turns upon the counterfeit marriage and the subsequent discovery that the "wife" is a boy, Jonson is indebted to the *Casina* of Plautus. For the quarrel foisted upon the knights he is indebted to the duel in *Twelfth Night ;* for the conception of the misanthrope afflicted by a talkative spouse, to the Sixth Declamation of Libanius, a Greek sophist of Antioch who wrote about the middle of the fourth century. A.D., and whose Μελέται πραγματικαί had been printed in Paris with a Latin translation by Federicus Morellus in 1606 ; that is, shortly before the composition of *Epicoene*. A brief comparison of Jonson's verbal borrowings with this Greek original and the Latin translation shows that he made almost exclusive use of the latter. At times he

practically transliterates the Latin phraseology; for instance, in the following sentence from the speech of Morose to the judges (Act V. iii. 42, *et seq.*): "My father . . . was wont to advise me that I should always collect and contain my mind, not suffering it to flow loosely." Of this the Latin model runs: *Pater meus . . . hortabatur me ut mentem semper colligerem et continerem, neve sinerem eam diffluere.* If Jonson had been following the Greek, he might have hit upon the precise latinisms "collect and contain" for *συνάγειν καὶ συνέχειν*, but it is not likely; nor that in Act V. iii, 25, he should paraphrase the Greek for "I know not how it has come nto our life to salute a certain person," precisely in the manner of Morellus: "I wonder how these common forms (*communis illa salutandi formula*) are come to be a habit of our lives (*in vitæ consuetudinem venerit*)."

The leading parallelisms with the Latin translation are given in Dr. Henry's *Introduction* to *Epicoene;* and the corresponding passages of the Greek original appear in Gifford's edition. Since I know of no English version of Libanius, I insert here a translation from the Greek of all portions of the Sixth Declamation to which Jonson is indebted.

MOROSE, WHO MARRIED A TALKATIVE WOMAN, DENOUNCES HIMSELF.[1]

It would have been better, O Council, if I had died before I married, and so had not heard that woman talk so much as I have heard her; but since I did not escape that, thanks to my evil genius, immediately after the marriage I should have come before you, to whom I am now brought at last. So, since I have suffered this much by my tardiness, yet, since I have at last recognized the proper course, I pray you to render me your verdict to-day. For I have come to such a pitch of misfortune, that it is more tolerable for me to cease to live, than to live with that woman. And grant me one other small favor, O Council, before you give me the hemlock: do not plunge me into lengthy debate, calling in these fine orators, whose whole life is in argument and counter argument. For I fear if there should be any protraction of the

[1] Translated by Bayard H. Jones, M.A., from Reiske's *Libanius*, iv, pp 134–150, Δύσκολος γήμας λάλον γυναῖκα ἑαυτὸν προσαγγέλλει. The δύσκολος of the Greek is *Morosus* in the translation of Morellus. I take this opportunity of making my acknowledgments to Mr. Jones, for his scholarly assistance.

discussion, the woman might hear of the affair, and inflict that tongue of hers upon us, and overwhelm both you and me. Lest this should occur, do not delay with the favor: for if I am to die with her present, and talking, all the pleasure of my end will be taken away by the loquacity of the woman. If now he who made the laws for the city had not had a pernicious activity in devising them, I should not now have the trouble of persuading you that I ought to die: for then unknown to anyone, I might take a cord from my couch, and go into a solitude to some tree, and there hang myself in peace, neither beholding the multitude, nor hearing the sound of many people. But since he who has enslaved us in every way, has not left each man master even of his departure from life, but has brought even this under the disposal of a vote,—I execrate him, but I obey, and endure the tumults of the courtroom, that I may never have to endure any turmoil again.

Those who know the nature of the woman will, I know, agree with me, that I cannot live any longer: the others, I think, should learn with what a plague I live.

Yet I have some little regard for these who stand around and laugh and call me Morose. For what greater punishment upon them could one ask, than this, which they now suffer, to live thus vitiated, degenerate, and still growing worse, always trifling, never in earnest, laughing and chattering carelessly of whatever comes into their heads. Now my father, O Council, advised me always to make my resolutions, and then keep them, and not permit them to be upset;[1] to distinguish the necessary in life from the unnecessary, and hold to the one, and keep away from the other; to value quiet, and to avoid trouble and turmoil. And that, O Council, is my manner of life: not often resorting to the public assembly,—not from a neglect of our common concerns, but because of the bawling of those orators who do not know how to be silent;[2] not going much into the Marketplace, because of this multitude of law-terms,—accusation, deposition, arrest, action, indictment, demurrer, which it is no trouble for those who delight in them to name.[3] So-and-so, the son of So-and-so, indicts So-and-so. But what of this to you, who are neither prosecuting nor defending? Then, too, we ought to banish from the Marketplace this matter of greetings, which has come into our life from goodness knows where,—this bidding So-and-so "Good morning." For by the gods, I do not see the profit of the expression: for a man whose affairs are in a condition to distress him, will be no better for being told "Good Morning."[4] And again, from those of the workshops that have anvils and hammers and beating, I run at full speed: I mean the silversmiths and blacksmiths and many others; but I embrace the arts that are wrought in silence.[5] And yet I have seen even painters actually singing at their work,—so pleasant it

[1] *Cf. Epicoene*, V, iii, 42. [2] *Cf. Epi.*, V, iii, 51. [3] *Cf. Epi.*, IV, vii, 16.
[4] *Cf. Epi.*, V, iii, 24. [5] *Cf. Epi.*, I, i, 140.

is to the majority of mankind to be uttering, that they cannot restrain themselves.

As long as I lived single, I enjoyed quiet enough; for my servants had been trained not to do anything by which I was annoyed.[1] But once, when my evil fate was upon me, one of my friends came to me, disparaging a single life, and praising marriage: "Do not you alone despise Hymen," he said, "who is a god, and the greatest of the gods." Then he described a certain girl of distinguished birth and blooming youth, the possessor of many talents, discreet, skilful at the loom; and last he added that my wish was enough and the marriage would be concluded.

"Never mind the other things," I said, "tell me only this much: what sort of a tongue has the maid? For, my friend, you know my disposition, that no man is endurable to me who snores, or hiccups, or hawks, or is seized with coughing, and that I would sooner submit to blows than endure these things; that I cannot tolerate even a dream of talking.[2] But if I am to live with such a person, of what are you thinking? How can I exist?"

"Take heart," he said, "nothing of this sort has been her wont: you could sooner accuse the stones of talking than this girl: so that I fear," he said, "lest there may be a complaint of her keeping silence more than she ought."

Honourable Council, I was persuaded. And what would I not do, hearing so fully of her marvellous silence? Yet from that day the hemlock was preparing for me.

Even the beginnings were not within bounds—much clatter, immoderate laughter, unseemly dancing, a senseless wedding-song—when I married this Fury: all from all sides flowed together, like the winter torrents that fall into each other, and make an outrageous clamour; so that, almost hurling down my garland, I fled from the midst of the festivities.[3] But attributing the unpleasantness of it to the event, not to the character of the woman, I endured it, smote by the uproar, till we should retire to the bridal chamber.—Still this had been profound peace, compared to the warfare that was to follow.

For before the middle of the night was come, she spoke, complaining of the bed; and this speech disturbed me not a little: for it did not appear seemly for a bride. Then she ask me if I was asleep. At this I was still further distressed. Then she asked me a third question, and then a fourth; but I answered nothing, but was ashamed to reply to her, who was so shameless. So the affair was reversed: for the man was silent, and the woman talked.

But I watched for the dawn, and rose, and departed for the house of the

[1] *Cf. Epi.*, I, i, 170. [2] *Cf. Epi.*, II, v, 36, 74; III, iv. 13; IV, iv, 127.
[3] *Cf. Epi.* IV, i, 9; III, vi, 3.

matchmaker, and asked what was the meaning of this, that the bride should be so voluble on the first night. "Indeed," he said, "this is a sign of love, and at the same time, an exhibition of her voice.[1] But you are too harsh about it; that ought not to be so." I was persuaded again.

But by the end of the day I learned further of my misfortune, and the next day still more. For she bade the maid-servants come to her, and demanded to know the name of the father and mother of each, in my presence, and how many children each had had, and how many had died. Then she inquired about the beds, and the jar, and the axe, and the ladle; and how many cocks we were raising. "None," I said: "we have no cock: for I cannot bear their crowing; as, if you do not be still, neither can I bear you." But she at once went on with a long eulogy of the bird, and why he was transformed into a bird, and how he was a general, a follower of Mars, and how he manifests this by his crest, his spurs, his prowess. . . . But I was suffering more terrible things than those who are punished in the tragedies.[2]

"But did not the woman know how to stay her talking at some limits?" Sooner would the rivers stay than the mouth of that woman.[3] For every slightest pretext was the occasion of new words: whether I remain at home, or go to the marketplace, the slowness of the servants and their quickness, want and plenty, everything blameworthy and blameless. For when she had used up all our own affairs by her lavish tongue, she would turn again to those of the neighbours; and if there seemed to be nothing left, she would relate dreams,—inventing them, by Heaven, I believe: for she certainly did not sleep, but often used even the night for a nocturnal discourse, and if ever of necessity she permitted a little slumber to fall upon her eyes, all of her would go to sleep save her tongue: but that still performed its functions, and made itself more vexatious to me than even the mosquitoes. . . .

My body is sound; it is my spirit, my friends, that is hurt, and I have been injured in the better part: for I am stuffed with endless talking. For I have been belabored with infinite prolixities of words, I have been drowned with garrulity, I have suffered great loquacity; and the deluge of this woman has risen above me like the sea over a boat.[4] I am not in my right mind, I am faint and dizzy. Are these not sufficient reasons for death? . . . What, then, is there astonishing in it, if, unable to bear this thing, by which I am most distressed, I wish to die? My wife is not drunk. "And is this the terrible part of it?" Yes, for if she were drunk, she would go to sleep, and if she went to sleep, perhaps she would be quiet.[5] All those things are less to me than my present misfortune, all are less grievous than her loquacity. I could endure a very foolish woman, bad as that would be in itself; I could endure one who was extravagant, or who

[1] *Cf. Epi.*, IV, iv, 34. [2] *Cf. Epi.*, II, vi, 33. [3] *Cf. Epi.*, IV, iv, 70.
[4] *Cf. Epi.*, III, vi, 2. [5] *Cf. Epi.*, IV, iv, 123.

ruined her home; but this unceasing flood of words has vanquished, has mastered me, and made me averse to life. For tell me: is it less of a misfortune to die once for all, or to come many times near to death? . . .

Why must I live,—I, a man who approaches the gods with strange prayers? For every other man, when he repairs to the temples, asks the gift of sound health for his sacrifices; but I—how shall I persuade you of what I say?—I prostrate myself before the statues of the gods, and beg to become deaf, as by this alone I might be freed from my present misery. But if they would not grant this, I asked that thick wax might grow in my ears, that I might not hear anything distinctly. But as the gods do not grant me the boon, but my hearing has been preserved, as it ought not to be, there is still left this way of escape,—death.

For how shall I live? And where shall I pass my time? In the marketplace? But the venders of wares commending what they have to sell, and bawling louder than the criers, as if their needs were not sufficient to bring the buyers to them, urge them thither more effectively than as if they pelted them with stones.[1] Then in the fields? Even there, there are things to distress me; the croaking of frogs,—I don't know why—braying asses, lowing cattle, bleating sheep and goats. But in the law-courts[2] the orators are worse than the toads. . . .

Then, knowing that she despised the living, yet thinking possibly she might yield to the counsel of the ancients, "Do you," I said, "reverence, if not me, yet at least that most wise poet who says.

'Woman, silence is an ornament to women'?"[3]

But she asked immediately, "And who was this poet, and of what family, and of what deme: and when did he begin to write, and how did he die?" And then that woman spent the whole day; and the poet turned against me: for instead of stopping her talkativeness, he rekindled it. So, having vomited my choler, and thus relieved myself of my surfeit of wrath, I was off in a hurry. . . .

And hear me further. For if by decree of a court it were possible for me to separate from the woman, it would not be more of a good fortune than bad. For how could I bear the relatives of the woman, blaming, censuring, blaming me one after another, one shouting here, another bawling there, surrounding and encircling me, abusing my quiet life, calling me unapproachable, dubbing me melancholy, terming my life eccentric?[4] . . .

There is a sound at the door: does someone knock? It is a relative of the woman. I have need of wings, it seems, charged and challenged for an explanation of what has happened.

[1] *Cf. Epi.*, I, i, 137 *et seq.*
[2] *Cf. Epi.*, IV, vii, 13.
[3] *Cf. Epi.*, II, v, 82.
[4] *Cf. Epi.*, III, vi, vii; IV, iv; V, iv

It is to escape these things that I die. Let the woman, with whoever else that wishes, call me Morose. Grant, O Council, grant me this boon; send me quickly to my last rest, unite me with the departed, the blessed, the insensate. For why is one not happy, when he is borne upon a bier, and the women beat their breasts, and they, his friends, come and lament him; but he hears nothing of it all. For if to sleep is altogether the greatest good of the things of life, why is not that far more estimable, which brings the greater insensibility?

Let some one now prepare the drug, let him get ready the fair loving-cup, yet leave that to me too. Let him who hands me the hemlock be silent, saying never a word about it, nor expatiating on the nature of the drug. Let the gift be free from clamour and turmoil. And I adjure you, vote me this too with the boon of death, that the woman may not be present when I drink the cup, and it may not be possible for my end to be bewailed by her because of whom I have chosen to die. For she will not bewail me in the usual manner of women, nor will she mourn me with tears; but she will talk volubly, and declaim, and weary us, and make painful my entrance into death.[1] . . .

See what an evil I have suffered: I have talked a great deal, I have gratified that woman, I have spun a long speech. But let this be my last: for no more will I hear any man, nor will any man hear me. O glorious day, that brings me freedom! I go to those of the lower world, to them who do not speak: I shall reach a land full of quietness and peace.

But suddenly there comes to my mind a report which is abroad, which troubles me. They say that there too there are noises and troubles, and judges and trials of the departed, and cries of the dead, and conversations. I fear, ah! I fear lest, fleeing hence from the woman, a little later I shall meet her below, and have to listen to her chatter once more. But those things I only conjecture; the present things I know. I choose the uncertain rather than the sure. So pray me the better part for my safe fortune. O all ye gods and goddesses, if the departed share in the power of speech, grant the woman to live to extreme old age, so that I may have a greater surcease in the lower world.

Perhaps I am responsible for my own misfortunes. I ought to have taken a knife, and done as Tereus is reported to have done,—cut out her tongue. Perhaps, he, too, could not endure a talkative woman.

In the dialogue Jonson makes frequent use of classical sources, especially the *Ars Amatoria* of Ovid and the *Sixth Satire* of Juvenal.

[1] *Cf. Epi.*, V, iv, 136.

These, and other borrowings from Virgil, Cicero, Horace, Plautus, and Terence have been traced by previous editors—most painstakingly by Dr. Henry. The more important are indicated in our footnotes.

Previous Editions and the Present Text.—A quarto of 1609 is mentioned, but there is no proof that it ever existed. The copy was entered in the Stationers' Registers, September 20, 1610, for John Browne and John Busby. It was transferred by Browne to Walter Burre on September 28, 1612. Of the so-called quarto of 1610 (perhaps never printed) there is no trace. Of that of 1612, also none; save that Gifford says that he has seen it. Our earliest printed form of the play is the folio of 1616, and of that there are at least three impressions—differing in slight particulars of type, spelling, and diction. One of these is in the Bodleian Library, the two others in the British Museum. The present text follows that of the Bodleian (F 1), save that the style of letters and punctuation has, when possible, been conformed to the modern custom. A quarto of 1620 in the Bodleian (Q) follows F 1, or a common base, but changes the type and introduces half a dozen misprints. A folio of 1640 (F 2), of which there are many copies extant, does not reproduce the mistakes peculiar to the 1620 quarto; but it does not, on the other hand, conform entirely to the Bodleian impression of F 1. It follows one of the impressions to be found in the British Museum, "Imprinted at—London by—Will Stansby—MDCXVI," which corrects some misprints and verbal errors of the Bodleian folio, modernizes the spelling, and deliberately alters an occasional phrase (such as "puritane preachings" into "Puritane Parlees," II, ii, 37). But this folio of 1640 introduces frequent errors of its own invention. The play is also published in the folio of 1692, in a duodecimo of about 1700,[1] in the octavo of 1717, in Peter Whalley's modernized edition of Jonson's works, 1756 (W), and in that of W. Gifford, 1816 (G). Whalley's was re-issued in 1811 by Stockdale; and Gifford's, with a few additional notes, and appendices, by Lieut.-Col. F. Cunningham in 1875 (C). The text of the Mermaid Edition is a mere reprint of Gifford's. The

[1] H. Hills, Black-Fryars.

most careful of modern editions is that of Dr. Aurelia Henry (Yale Studies in English, xxxi; N.Y.: 1906). For the collation of the present text with that of the Bodleian F 1, I am indebted to Miss F. V. Keyes, of Vassar College. In the footnotes I have indicated the readings of 1620 (Q), and of 1640 (F 2), when the variations are worthy of notice.

CHARLES MILLS GAYLEY.

EPICOENE,

OR

The ſilent VVoman.

A Comœdie.

Acted in the yeere 1609. By
the Children of her Maieſties
REVELLS.

The Author B.I.

HORAT.
Vt ſis tu ſimilis Cælî, Byrrhiq̃ latronum,
Non ego ſim Caprî, neq̃ Suicî. Cur metuas me?

LONDON,
Printed by VVILLIAM STANSBY,

M. DC. XVI.

TO THE TRULY NOBLE, BY ALL TITLES.

Sir Francis Stuart:[1]

Sir,

My hope is not so nourish'd by example, as it will conclude this dumbe peece should please you, by cause it hath pleas'd others before: but by trust, that when you have read it, you will find it worthy to have dis-pleas'd none. This makes, that I now number you, not onely in the names of favour, but the names of justice, to what I write; and doe, presently, call you to the exercise of that noblest and manlyest vertue; as coveting rather to be freed in my fame, by the authority of a judge, then the credit of an undertaker.[2] *Read, therefore, I pray you, and censure. There is not a line or syllable in it changed from the simplicity of the first copy. And, when you shall consider, through the certaine hatred of some,*[3] *how much a mans innocency may bee indanger'd by an un-certaine accusation; you will, I doubt not, so beginne to hate the iniquitie of such natures, as I shall love the contumely done me, whose end was so honorable as to be wip'd off by your sentence.*

Your unprofitable, but true lover,

BEN. JONSON.

[1] W. quotes Antony Wood (*Athen. Oxon. Fast.* I. 203): "He was a learned gentleman, one of Sir Walter Raleigh's Club at the Mermaid Tavern in Friday Street, London: a person also well seen in marine affairs, a captain of a ship, and bore office for some time of a vice- or rear-admiral." This dedication appears first in F 1.

[2] One who undertakes to affect judgment or legislation by personal influence.

[3] If Fleay's conjecture that Daw is Sir John Harington is correct, it is easy to see how the play may have "displeased" some (Chron. Engl. Drama, I. 375).

The Persons of the Play

MOROSE. *A Gent. that loves no noyse.*
DAUP. EUGENIE. *A Knight his nephew.*
CLERIMONT. *A Gent. his friend.*
TRUE-WIT. *Another friend.*
EPICOENE. *A yong Gent., suppos'd the Silent Woman.*
JOH. DAW. *A Knight, her servant.*[1]
AMOROUS LA-FOOLE. *A Knight also.*
THOM. OTTER. *A land, and sea-Captaine.*
CUTBERD. *A Barber.*
MUTE. *One of MOROSE his servants.*
MAD. HAUGHTY, MAD. CENTAURE, MRS. MAVIS, } *Ladies Collegiates.*
MRS. TRUSTY. *The La Haughties woman.*
MRS. OTTER. *The Captaines wife.* } *Pretenders.*
PARSON.
PAGES.
SERVANTS.

THE SCENE

LONDON[2]

[1] suitor.

[2] Below "London" F 2 has "The principall Comoedians were Nat. Field, Gil. Carie, Hug. Attawel, Joh. Smith, Will. Barksted, Will. Pen, Ric. Allin, Joh. Blaney." The names in parallel columns of four each. The 1616 folio puts names of actors at the end of the play.

EPICOENE

OR

The silent Woman

Prologue

TRUTH sayes of old, the art of making plaies
Was to content the people ; [1] and their praise
Was to the poet money, wine, and bayes.
But in this age, a sect of writers are,
That onely for particular likings care,
And will taste nothing that is populare.
With such we mingle neither braines nor brests ;
Our wishes, like to those make publique feasts,
Are not to please the cookes tastes, but the guests.
Yet, if those cunning palates hether come,
They shall find guests entreaty, and good roome ;
And though all relish not, sure, there will be some,
That, when they leave their seates, shall make 'hem say,
Who wrot that piece, could so have wrote a play :
But that, he knew, this was the better way.
For, to present all custard, or all tart,
And have no other meats to beare a part,
Or to want bread and salt, were but course art.
The poet prayes you then, with better thought
To sit ; and, when his cates are all in brought,
Though there be none far fet, there will deare-bought

[1] From the prologue to the *Andria*, of Terence.

Be fit for ladies : some for lords, knights, squires,
Some for your waiting wench, and citie-wires[1]
Some for your men, and daughters of white-Friars.
Nor is it onely while you keepe your seate
Here, that his feast will last ; but you shall eate
A weeke at ord'naries,[2] on his broken meat :
If his Muse be true,
Who commends her to you.

Another

Occasion'd by some persons impertinent Exception.[3]

The ends of all, who for the *Scene* doe write,
Are, or should be, to profit and delight.
And still 't hath beene the praise of all best times,
So persons were not touch'd, to taxe the crimes.[4]
Then, in this play, which we present to night,
And make the object of your eare and sight,
On forfeit of your selves, thinke nothing true ;
Lest so you make the maker to judge you.
For he knowes, *Poet* never credit gain'd
By writing truths, but things (like truths) well fain'd,
If any, yet, will (with particular slight
Of application) wrest what he doth write ;
And that he meant or him, or her, will say :
They make a libell, which he made a play.

[1] Apparently descriptive of the wired and stiffened dress of city-dames, as opposed to the Bohemian garb of Whitefriars. Cf. II. v. 71 below. In the London of the nineteenth century, a "wire" was a long-fingered person, a pickpocket.

[2] public eating-houses.

[3] Not in F 2.

[4] Cf. Prol. *E. M. i. H*; *E. M. o. H.*, Induction ; Dedic. and Prol., *The Fox*, *C. R.*, *Poetaster*, and elsewhere for the professed didacticism of Jonson's plays. He aims to adhere to the rules laid down by Aristotle in the *Poetics*, and Horace in the *De Arte Poetica*. B. J. here explicitly disclaims personalities.

Act I. Scene I. [*A Room in* CLERIMONT'S *House.*[1]]

CLERIMONT, BOY, TRUE-WIT.

He [CLERIMONT] *comes out, making himselfe ready,* [*followed by his* Boy.

Cle.] Ha' you got the song yet perfect I ga' you, boy ?
Boy. Yes, sir.
Cle. Let me heare it.
Boy. You shall, sir ; but i' faith let no body else.
Cle. Why, I pray ?
Boy. It will get you the dangerous name of a Poet in towne, sir, besides me a perfect deale of ill-will at the mansion you wot of, whose ladie is the argument of it : where now I am the welcom'st thing under a man that comes there.
Cle. I thinke, and above a man too, if the truth were rack'd out of you.
Boy. No, faith, I'll confesse before, sir. The gentlewomen play with me, and throw me o' the bed, and carry me in to my lady ; and shee kisses me with her oil'd face, and puts a perruke o' my head ; and askes me an' I will weare her gowne ? and I say, no : and then she hits me a blow o' the eare and calls me innocent, and lets me goe.
Cle. No marvell, if the dore bee kept shut against your master, when the entrance is so easie to you——Well, sir, you shall goe there no more, lest I bee faine to seeke your voice in my ladies rushes, a fortnight hence. Sing, sir. Boy *sings.*

[*Enter* TRUE-WIT.]

Tru. Why, here's the man that can melt away his time, and never feeles it ! What betweene his mistris abroad and his engle[2] at home,

[1] Directions in square brackets are not in folio or quarto. They are in general taken from G. — The whole act is played in this room.
[2] Enghle or ingle : a boy-favourite, a paramour : *cf. Poetaster* I. i, *C.R.*, Prol., Massinger's *City Madam*, IV. i.

high fare, soft lodging, fine clothes, and his fiddles ; hee thinkes the houres ha' no wings, or the day no post-horse. Well, sir gallant, were you strooke with the plague this minute, or condemn'd to any capitall punishment to-morrow, you would beginne then to thinke, and value every article o' your time, esteeme it at the true rate, and give all for 't.

Cle. Why, what should a man doe ?

Tru. Why, nothing ; or that which, when 'tis done, is as idle. Harken after the next horse-race, or hunting-match, lay wagers, praise Puppy or Pepper-corne, White-foote, Franklin ; sweare upon White-mayne's[1] partie; spend[2] aloud, that my lords may heare you ; visite my ladies at night, and bee able to give 'hem the character of every bowler or better o' the greene. These be the things wherein your fashionable men exercise themselves, and I for companie.

Cle. Nay, if I have thy authoritie, I'le not leave yet. Come, the other are considerations, when wee come to have gray heads and weake hammes, moist eyes and shrunke members. Wee'll thinke on 'hem then ; then wee'll pray and fast.

Tru. I, and destine onely that time of age to goodnesse, which our want of abilitie will not let us employ in evill !

Cle. Why, then 'tis time enough.

Tru. Yes ; as if a man should sleepe all the terme and thinke to effect his businesse the last day. O, Clerimont, this time, because it is an incorporeall thing, and not subject to sense, we mocke our selves the fineliest out of it, with vanitie, and miserie indeede ! not seeking an end of wretchednesse, but onely changing the matter still.

Cle. Nay, thou'lt not leave now——

Tru. See but our common disease ! with what justice can wee complaine, that great men will not looke upon us, nor be at leisure to give our affaires such dispatch as wee expect, when wee will never doe it to our selves ? nor heare, nor regard our selves ?

Cle. Foh ! thou hast read Plutarchs Moralls, now, or some such tedious fellow ; and it showes so vilely with thee ! 'fore God, 'twill spoile thy wit utterly. Talke me of pinnes, and feathers, and

[1] F 1 has marginal note, *Horses o' the time.*
[2] So also Q.—F 2, W., G. have 'speak.'

ladies, and rushes,[1] and such things : and leave this Stoicitie alone till thou mak'st sermons.

Tru. Well, sir ; if it will not take, I have learn'd to loose as little of my kindnesse as I can ; I'le doe good to no man against his will, certainely. When were you at the colledge ?

Cle. What colledge ?

Tru. As if you knew not !

Cle. No, faith, I came but from court yesterday.

Tru. Why, is it not arriv'd there yet, the newes ? A new foundation, sir, here i' the towne, of ladies, that call themselves the Collegiates, an order betweene courtiers and country-madames, that live from their husbands ; and give entertainement to all the wits, and braveries [2] o' the time, as they call 'hem : cry downe, or up, what they like or dislike in a braine or a fashion, with most masculine, or rather hermaphoditicall authoritie ; and every day gaine to their colledge some new probationer.

Cle. Who is the president ?

Tru. The grave and youthfull matron, the Lady Haughty.

Cle. A poxe of her autumnall face, her peec'd beautie ! there's no man can bee admitted till shee be ready now adaies, till shee has painted, and perfum'd, and wash'd, and scour'd, but the boy here ; and him shee wipes her oil'd lips upon, like a sponge. I have made a song ; I pray thee heare it, o' the subject.

[Boy *sings*.]

SONG.[3]

Still to be neat, still to be drest,
As you were going to a feast ;
Still to be pou'dred, still perfum'd ;
Lady, it is to be presum'd,
Though arts hid causes are not found,
All is not sweet, all is not sound.

[1] Here 'trifles' ; in l. 20 either literally the rushes on the floor, or in some figurative meaning. [2] beaux.

[3] A fairly close translation of elegiacs beginning, *Semper munditias, semper, Basilissa, decores*, which Upton found at the end of an edition of Petronius (printed 1585, 1597). G. supposed them to come from the *Pancharis* of Jean Bonnefons of Clermont in Auvergne, who died 1614. Percy Simpson (*Notes and Queries*, Sept. 29, 1900) does not find them in the *Pancharis*.

Give me a looke, give me a face,
That makes simplicitie a grace:
Robes loosely flowing, haire as free:
Such sweet neglect more taketh me,
Than all th' adulteries of art; 92
They strike mine eyes, but not my heart.

Tru. And I am clearely o' the other side; I love a good dressing before any beautie o' the world. O, a woman is then like a delicate garden; nor is there one kind of it;[1] she may varie, every houre; take often counsell of her glasse, and choose the best. If shee have good eares, shew 'hem; good haire, lay it out; good legs, weare short cloathes; a good hand, discover it often: practise any art to mend breath, clense teeth, repaire eye-browes; paint and professe it.

Cle. How! publiquely? 101

Tru. The doing of it, not the manner: that must bee private. Many things that seeme foule i' the doing, doe please, done. A lady should, indeed, studie her face, when wee thinke shee sleepes; nor, when the dores are shut, should men bee inquiring; all is sacred within then. Is it for us to see their perrukes put on, their false teeth, their complexion, their eye-browes, their nailes? You see guilders will not worke, but inclos'd. They must not discover how little serves, with the helpe of art, to adorne a great deale. How long did the canvas hang afore Ald-gate? Were the people suffer'd to see the citie's Love and Charitie, while they were rude stone, before they were painted and burnish'd? No, no more should servants approach their mistresses, but when they are compleat and finish'd. 114

Cle. Well said, my True-wit.

Tru. And a wise ladie will keepe a guard alwaies upon the place, that shee may doe things securely. I once followed a rude fellow into a chamber, where the poore madame, for haste, and troubled, snatch'd at her perruke to cover her baldnesse; and put it on the wrong way. 120

[1] "of it," of the dressing: *Nec genus ornatus unum est.* This passage and the next beginning "Many things that seeme foule i' the doing," *Multaque, dum fiunt, turpia,* down. to "all is sacred within then" closely follow Ovid's *Ars Amatoria,* III, 135–160, 216–234, The story below of the lady with the "reverst face," is also based upon the *Ars Am.,* III 243–246. W. and G.

Cle. O prodigie!

Tru. And the un-conscionable knave held her in complement an houre with that reverst face, when I still look'd when shee should talke from the t'other side.

Cle. Why, thou should'st ha' releev'd her.

Tru. No, faith, I let her alone, as wee'l let this argument, if you please, and passe to another. When saw you Dauphine Eugenie?

Cle. Not these three daies. Shall we goe to him this morning? he is very very melancholique, I heare.

Tru. Sicke o' the uncle, is hee? I met that stiffe peece of formalitie, his uncle, yesterday, with a huge turbant of night-caps on his head, buckled over his eares.

Cle. O, that's his custome when he walkes abroad. Hee can endure no noise, man.

Tru. So I have heard. But is the disease so ridiculous in him as it is made? They say hee has beene upon divers treaties with the fish-wives and orenge-women; and articles propounded betweene them: mary, the chimney-sweepers will not be drawne in.

Cle. No, nor the broome-men: they stand out stiffely. He cannot endure a costard-monger, he swounes if he heare one.

Tru. Me thinkes a smith should be ominous.[1]

Cle. Or any hamer-man. A brasier is not suffer'd to dwel in the parish, nor an armorer. He would have hang'd a pewterers 'prentice once up on a Shrove-Tuesdaies riot, for being o' that trade, when the rest were quit.

Tru. A trumpet should fright him terribly, or the hau' boyes.

Cle. Out of his senses. The waights [2] of the citie have a pension of him not to come neere that ward. This youth practis'd on him one night like the bell-man; and never left till hee had brought him downe to the doore with a long-sword; and there left him flourishing with the aire.

Boy. Why, sir, hee hath chosen a street to lie in, so narrow at both ends that it will receive no coaches, nor carts, nor any of these common noises: and therefore we that love him devise to bring him in such as we may, now and then, for his exercise, to breath

[1] For the indebtedness of this, and other passages, to Libanius, see Critical Essay.
[2] The waits still play by night at Christmas-time.

him. Hee would grow resty else in his ease : his vertue would rust without action. I entreated a beare-ward one day to come downe with the dogs of some foure parishes that way, and I thanke him, he did ; and cryed his games under Master Morose's windore : till he was sent crying away with his head made a most bleeding spectacle to the multitude. And another time, a fencer marching to his prize had his drum most tragically run through, for taking that street in his way at my request. 163

Tru. A good wag ! How do's he for the bells ?

Cle. O, i' the Queenes time, he was wont to goe out of towne every satterday at ten a clock, or on holy-day-eves. But now, by reason of the sicknesse, the perpetuitie of ringing has made him devise a roome with double walls and treble seelings ; the windores close shut and calk'd ; and there he lives by candle-light. He turn'd away a man last weeke, for having a paire of new shooes that creak'd. And this fellow waits on him now in tennis-court socks, or slippers sol'd with wooll ; and they talke each to other in a trunke.[1] See, who comes here ? 173

Act I. Scene II.

DAUPHINE, TRUE-WIT, CLERIMONT.

[*Enter* Sir Dauphine Eugenie.

Dau.] How now ! what aile you, sirs ? dumbe ?

Tru. Strooke into stone, almost, I am here, with tales o' thine uncle. There was never such a prodigie heard of.

Dau. I would you would once loose this subject, my masters, for my sake. They are such as you are, that have brought mee into that predicament I am with him. 6

Tru. How is that ?

Dau. Mary, that he will dis-inherit me ; no more. He thinks I and my companie are authors of all the ridiculous acts and moniments [2] are told of him. 10

[1] Speaking-tube.

[2] It is possible that a fling at Fox's *Book of Martyrs* is intended. *Cf.* E. M. o. H., II ii, U. Folio 1616 varies abbreviation of Dauphine ; here *Daup.*, later frequently *Dau.*

Tru. 'Slid, I would be the author of more to vexe him; that purpose deserves it; it gives thee law of plaguing him. I'll tell thee what I would doe. I would make a false almanack, get it printed; and then ha' him drawne out on a coronation day to the Tower-wharfe, and kill him with the noise of the ordinance. Dis-inherit thee! hee cannot, man. Art not thou next of bloud, and his sisters sonne?

Dau. I, but he will thrust me out of it, he vowes, and marry.

Tru. How! that's a more [1] portent. Can he endure no noise, and will venter on a wife?

Cle. Yes: why, thou art a stranger, it seemes, to his best trick yet. He has imploid a fellow this halfe yeere all over England to harken him out a dumbe woman; bee shee of any forme, or any qualitie, so shee bee able to beare children: her silence is dowrie enough, he saies.

Tru. But I trust to God he has found none.

Cle. No: but hee has heard of one that's lodg'd i' the next street to him, who is exceedingly soft-spoken: thrifty of her speech; that spends but sixe words a day. And her hee's about now, and shall have her.

Tru. Is't possible! who is his agent i' the businesse?

Cle. Mary, a barber, one Cut-berd; an honest fellow, one that tells Dauphine all here.

Tru. Why, you oppresse me, with wonder; a woman, and a barber, and love no noise!

Cle. Yes, faith. The fellow trims him silently, and has not the knacke with his sheeres or his fingers; [2] and that continency in a barber hee thinkes so eminent a vertue, as it has made him chiefe of his counsell.

Tru. Is the barber to be seene, or the wench?

Cle. Yes, that they are.

Tru. I pray thee, Dauphine, let's goe thether.

Dau. I have some businesse now, I cannot, i' faith.

Tru. You shall have no businesse shall make you neglect this, sir; wee'll make her talke, beleeve it; or, if shee will not, wee can give

[1] So Ff. and Q., W., G.: "a greater prodigy." Mermaid, unwarranted, 'mere.'
[2] The clacking sound.

out at least so much as shall interrupt the treatie ; wee will breake it. Thou art bound in conscience, when hee suspects thee without cause, to torment him.

Dau. Not I, by any meanes. I'll give no suffrage to't. He shall never ha' that plea against me, that I oppos'd the least phant'sie of his. Let it lie upon my starres to be guiltie, I'll be innocent.

Tru. Yes, and be poore, and beg ; doe, innocent : when some groome of his has got him an heire, or this barber, if hee himselfe cannot. Innocent ! I pray thee, Ned, where lyes shee ? Let him be innocent still.

Cle. Why, right over against the barbers ; in the house where Sir John Daw lyves.

Tru. You doe not meane to confound me !

Cle. Why ?

Tru. Do's he that would marry her know so much ?

Cle. I cannot tell.

Tru. 'Twere inough of imputation to her with him.

Cle. Why ?

Tru. The onely talking Sir i' th' towne ! Jack Daw ! and he teach her not to speake ! God b' w' you. I have some businesse too.

Cle. Will you not goe thether, then ?

Tru. Not with the danger to meet Daw, for mine eares.

Cle. Why, I thought you two had beene upon very good termes.

Tru. Yes, of keeping distance.

Cle. They say he is a very good scholler.

Tru. I, and hee sayes it first. A poxe on him, a fellow that pretends onely to learning, buyes titles, and nothing else of bookes in him !

Cle. The world reports him to be very learned.

Tru. I am sorry the world should so conspire to belie him.

Cle. Good faith, I have heard very good things come from him.

Tru. You may ; there's none so desperately ignorant to denie that ; would they were his owne ! God b' w' you, gentlemen.

[*Exit hastily.*]

Cle. This is very abrupt !

Act I. Scene III.

DAUPHINE, CLERIMONT, BOY.

[*Dau.*] Come, you are a strange open man, to tell every thing thus.

Cle. Why, beleeve it, Dauphine, True-wit's a very honest fellow.

Dau. I thinke no other; but this franke nature of his is not for secrets.

Cle. Nay then, you are mistaken, Dauphine: I know where he has beene well trusted, and discharg'd the trust very truely, and heartily.

Dau. I contend not, Ned; but with the fewer a businesse is carried, it is ever the safer. Now we are alone, if you'll goe thether, I am for you.

Cle. When were you there?

Dau. Last night: and such a Decameron of sport fallen out! Boccace never thought of the like. Daw do's nothing but court her; and the wrong way. Hee would lie with her, and praises her modestie; desires that shee would talke and bee free, and commends her silence in verses; which hee reades, and sweares are the best that ever man made. Then railes at his fortunes, stamps, and mutines, why he is not made a counsellor, and call'd to affaires of state.

Cle. I pray thee, let's goe. I would faine partake this.—Some water, boy. [*Exit* Boy.]

Dau. Wee are invited to dinner together, he and I, by one that came thether to him, Sir La-Foole.

Ch. O, that's a precious mannikin!

Dau. Doe you know him?

Cle. I, and he will know you too, if ere he saw you but once, though you should meet him at church in the midst of praiers. Hee is one of the braveries, though he be none o' the wits. He will salute a judge upon the bench, and a bishop in the pulpit, a lawyer when hee is pleading at the barre, and a lady when shee is dauncing in a masque, and put her out. He do's give playes and suppers, and invites his guests to 'hem, aloud, out of his windore, as they ride by in coaches

He has a lodging in the Strand for the purpose : or to watch when ladies are gone to the China houses,[1] or the Exchange, that hee may meet 'hem by chance, and give 'hem presents, some two or three hundred pounds-worth of toyes, to be laught at. He is never without a spare banquet, or sweet-meats in his chamber, for their women to alight at, and come up to, for a bait.

Dau. Excellent ! he was a fine youth last night ; but now he is much finer ! what is his christen-name ? I ha' forgot. [*Re-enter* Boy.]

Cle. Sir Amorous La-Foole ?

Boy. The gentleman is here belowe that ownes that name.

Cle. Hart, hee's come to invite me to dinner, I hold my life.

Dau. Like enough : pray thee, let's ha' him up.

Cle. Boy, marshal him.

Boy. With a truncheon, sir ?

Cle. Away, I beseech you. [*Exit* Boy.] I'le make him tell us his pedegree now ; and what meat he has to dinner ; and who are his guests ; and the whole course of his fortunes ; with a breath.

Act I. Scene IIII.

LA-FOOLE, CLERIMONT, DAUPHINE.

[*Enter* Sir AMOROUS LA-FOOLE.

La.-F.] Save,[2] deare Sir Dauphine ! honor'd Master Clerimont !

Cle. Sir Amorous ! you have very much honested my lodging with your presence.

La-F. Good faith, it is a fine lodging : almost as delicate a lodging as mine.

Cle. Not so, sir.

La-F. Excuse me, sir, if it were i' the Strand, I assure you. I am come, Master Clerimont, to entreat you to wait upon two or three ladies, to dinner, to-day.

Cle. How, sir ! wait upon 'hem ? did you ever see me carry dishes ?

[1] Places for exhibiting china and other oriental ware ; sometimes, houses of assignation.
[2] F 1 misprints 'S'ave.' F 2 corrects as above.

La-F. No, sir, dispence with me; I meant, to beare 'hem companie.

Cle. O, that I will, sir: the doubtfulnesse o' your phrase, beleeve it, sir, would breed you a quarrell once an houre with the terrible boyes,[1] if you should but keepe 'hem fellowship a day.

La-F. It should be extremely against my will, sir, if I contested with any man.

Cle. I beleeve it, sir. Where hold you your feast?

La-F. At Tom Otters, sir.

Dau. Tom Otter! What's he?

La-F. Captaine Otter, sir; he is a kind of gamster, but he has had command both by sea and by land.

Dau. O, then he is *animal amphibium?*

La-F. I, sir: his wife was the rich China-woman, that the courtiers visited so often; that gave the rare entertainment. She commands all at home.

Cle. Then shee is Captaine Otter?

La-F. You say very well, sir; she is my kinswoman, a La-Foole by the mother side, and will invite any great ladies for my sake.

Dau. Not of the La-Fooles of Essex?

La-F. No, sir; the La-Fooles of London.

Cle. Now hee's[2] in. [*Aside.*]

La-F. They all come out of our house, the La-Fooles o' the north, the La-Fooles of the west, the La-Fooles of the east and south—we are as ancient a family as any is in Europe—but I my selfe am descended lineally of the French La-Fooles—and wee doe beare for our coate[3] *yellow*, or, *or*, checker'd *azure*, and *gules*, and some three or foure colours more, which is a very noted coate, and has sometimes beene solemnely worne by divers nobilitie of our house—but let that goe, antiquitie is not respected now.—I had a brace of fat does sent me, gentlemen, & half a dosen of phesants, a dosen or two of godwits,[4] and some other fowle, which I would have eaten, while they are good, and in good company:—there will bee a great lady

[1] roisterers in the streets.

[2] So F 2. F 1, h'is.

[3] The fool's coat. *Cf.* Sogliardo's piebald coat of arms (E. M. o. H. III, i, 175), which Fleay conjecturally assigns to one of the Burbadges.

[4] Snipes.

or two, my Lady Haughty, my Lady Centaure, Mistris Dol Mavis—and they come a' purpose to see the silent gentlewoman, Mistress Epicœne, that honest Sir John Daw has promis'd to bring thether—and then, Mistris Trusty, my ladies woman, will be there too, and this honorable knight, Sir Dauphine, with your selfe, Master Clerimont—and wee'll bee very merry, and have fidlers, and daunce. —I have beene a mad wag in my time, and have spent some crownes since I was a page in court, to my Lord Lofty, and after, my Ladies gentleman-usher, who got mee knighted in Ireland, since it pleas'd my elder brother to die.—I had as faire a gold jerkin on that day as any was worne in the Iland voyage, or at Cadiz,[1] none disprais'd; and I came over in it hither, show'd my selfe to my friends in court, and after went downe to my tenants in the countrey, and survai'd my lands, let new leases, tooke their money, spent it in the eye o' the land here, upon ladies :—and now I can take up at my pleasure.

Dau. Can you take up ladies, sir?

Cle. O, let him breath, he has not recover'd. 60

Dau. Would I were your halfe in that commoditie!

La-F. No, sir, excuse mee: I meant money, which can take up anything. I have another guest or two to invite, and say as much to, gentlemen. I'll take my leave abruptly, in hope you will not faile—— Your servant. [*Exit.*]

Dau. Wee will not faile you, sir precious La-Foole; but shee shall, that your ladies come to see, if I have credit afore Sir Daw. 67

Cle. Did you ever heare such a wind-sucker[2] as this?

Dau. Or such a rooke as the other, that will betray his mistris to be seene! Come, 'tis time we prevented it.

Cle. Goe. [*Exeunt.*] 71

[1] The island-voyage of 1585 under Drake when San Domingo was taken; and the encounter of Essex and Raleigh, with the Spanish-Indian fleet, which they burned off Cadiz, in 1596. W. — F 1, Q and F 2 misprint 'Caliz.'

[2] Nashe, *Lenten Stuff*, speaks of wind-suckers, or kestrels (an unserviceable breed of hawk), "that filling themselves with wind, fly against the wind evermore." Chapman, in his *Preface to the Reader, Iliad*, 1611, complains of a literary detractor under the figure of a wind-sucker or wind-hover.

Act II. Scene I. [*A Room in* MOROSE's *House.*]

MOROSE, MUTE.

[*Enter* MOROSE *with a tube in his hand, followed by* MUTE.

Mor.] Cannot I yet find out a more compendious method, then by this trunke, to save my servants the labour of speech, and mine eares the discord of sounds? Let mee see: all discourses but mine owne afflict mee; they seeme harsh, impertinent, and irksome. Is it not possible that thou should'st answere me by signes, and I apprehend thee, fellow? Speake not, though I question you. You have taken the ring off from the street dore, as I bad you? answere me not by speech, but by silence; unlesse it be otherwise. (——) 8

At the breaches still the fellow makes legs or signes.

Very good. And you have fastened on a thicke quilt, or flock-bed, on the out-side of the dore; that if they knocke with their daggers, or with bricke-bats, they can make no noise?—But with your leg, your answere, unlesse it be otherwise. (——) Very good. This is not onely fit modestie in a servant, but good state and discretion in a master. And you have beene with Cutberd the barber, to have him come to me? (——) Good. And, he will come presently? Answere me not but with your leg, unlesse it be otherwise: if it be otherwise, shake your head, or shrug. (——) So! Your Italian and Spaniard are wise in these: and it is a frugall and comely gravitie. How long will it bee ere Cutberd come? Stay; if an houre, hold up your whole hand; if halfe an houre, two fingers; if a quarter, one. [*Holds up a finger bent.*]—Good: halfe a quarter? 'tis well. And have you given him a key, to come in without knocking? (——) Good. And is the lock oild, and the hinges, to day? (——) Good. And the quilting on the staires nowhere worne out and bare? (——) Very good. I see, by much doctrine, and impulsion, it may be effected; stand by. The Turke, in this divine discipline, is admirable, exceeding all the potentates of the earth; still waited on by mutes; and all his commands so executed; yea, even in the warre (as I have heard), and in his marches. most of his charges and directions given by signes,

and with silence: an exquisite art! and I am heartily asham'd, and angrie often-times, that the princes of Christendome should suffer a barbarian to transcend 'hem in so high a point of felicitie. I will practise it hereafter.—*One 'windes a horne without.*—How now? oh! oh! what villaine, what prodigie of mankind is that? Looke. [*Exit* MUTE.—*Horn.*] *Againe.*—Oh, cut his throat, cut his throat! what murderer, hell-hound, devill can this be? [*Re-enter* MUTE.]

Mut. It is a post from the court—— 37

Mor. Out, rogue! and must thou blow thy horne too?

Mut. Alas, it is a post from the court, sir, that sayes hee must speake with you, paine of death——

Mor. Paine of thy life, be silent! 41

Act II. Scene II. [*The Same.*]

TRUE-WIT, MOROSE, CUTBERD.

[*Enter* TRUE-WIT *with a post-horn, and a halter in his hand.*

Tru.] By your leave, sir;—I am a stranger here:—Is your name Master Morose? is your name Master Morose? Fishes! Pythagoreans [1] all! This is strange. What say you, sir? nothing! Has Harpocrates beene here with his club, among you? Well, sir, I will beleeve you to bee the man at this time: I will venter upon you, sir. Your friends at court commend 'hem to you, sir—— 6

Mor. O men! O manners! was there ever such an impudence? [2]

Tru. And are extremely sollicitous for you, sir.

Mor. Whose knave are you?

Tru. Mine owne knave, and your compere, sir.

Mor. Fetch me my sword——

Tru. You shall taste the one halfe of my dagger, if you do, groome; and you the other, if you stirre, sir. Be patient, I charge you, in the kings name, and heare mee without insurrection. They say you are to marry; [3] to marry! doe you marke, sir? 15

[1] Referring to the probationary silence of the Pythagoreans. The god of silence is represented with finger on lip—not with club, like Aesculapius. G.

[2] Ff. have from *MOR.* to 'impudence' in parentheses, as an aside.

[3] From here to the end of the scene True-wit's invective against wives is largely imitated from the Sixth Satire of Juvenal.

Mor. How then, rude companion !

Tru. Mary, your friends doe wonder, sir, the Thames being so neere, wherein you may drowne so handsomely ; or London Bridge, at a low fall, with a fine leape, to hurry you downe the streame ; or, such a delicate steeple i' the towne, as Bow, to vault from ; or, a braver height, as Pauls. Or, if you affected to doe it neerer home, and a shorter way, an excellent garret windore into the street ; or, a beame in the said garret, with this halter—*He shows him a halter*—which they have sent, and desire, that you would sooner commit your grave head to this knot, then to the wed-lock nooze ; or, take a little sublimate, and goe out of the world like a rat ; or, a flie, as one said, with a straw i' your arse ; any way rather then to follow this goblin Matrimony. Alas, sir, doe you ever thinke to find a chaste wife in these times ? now ? when there are so many masques, plaies, puritane preachings,[1] mad-folkes, and other strange sights to be seene daily, private and publique ? If you had liv'd in King Etheldred's time, sir, or Edward the Confessors, you might, perhaps, have found in some cold countrey-hamlet, then, a dull frostie wench, would have beene contented with one man : now, they will as soone be pleas'd with one leg or one eye. I'll tell you, sir, the monstrous hazards you shall runne with a wife. 36

Mor. Good sir, have I ever cosen'd any friends of yours of their land ? bought their possessions ? taken forfeit of their morgage ? begg'd a reversion from them ? bastarded their issue ? What have I done that may deserve this ?

Tru. Nothing, sir, that I know, but your itch of marriage.

Mor. Why, if I had made an assassinate upon your father, vitiated your mother, ravished your sisters——

Tru. I would kill you, sir, I would kill you, if you had. 44

Mor. Why, you doe more in this, sir : it were a vengeance centuple, for all facinorous acts that could be nam'd, to doe that you doe—

Tru. Alas, sir, I am but a messenger : I but tell you, what you must heare. It seemes, your friends are carefull after your soules health, sir, and would have you know the danger (but you may doe your pleasure for all them, I perswade not, sir). If, after you are married, your wife doe run away with a vaulter, or the Frenchman that walkes

[1] F 2 has 'Parlees.'

upon ropes, or him that daunces the jig, of a fencer for his skill at his weapon; why, it is not their fault, they have discharged their consciences: when you know what may happen. Nay, suffer valiantly, sir, for I must tell you all the perills that you are obnoxious too. If shee be faire, yong and vegetous,[1] no sweet meats ever drew more flies; all the yellow doublets and great roses [2] i' the towne will bee there. If foule and crooked, shee'll bee with them, and buy those doublets and roses, sir. If rich, and that you marry her dowry, not her, shee'll raigne in your house as imperious as a widow. If noble, all her kindred will be your tyrannes. If fruitfull, as proud as May and humorous as April; she must have her doctors, her midwives, her nurses, her longings every houre, though it be for the dearest morsell of man. If learned, there was never such a parrat; all your patrimony will be too little for the guests that must be invited, to heare her speake Latine and Greeke; and you must lie with her in those languages too, if you will please her. If precise,[3] you must feast all the silenc'd brethren,[4] once in three daies; salute the sisters; entertaine the whole family, or wood of 'hem; and heare long-winded exercises, singings and catechisings, which you are not given to, and yet must give for: to please the zealous matron your wife, who, for the holy cause, will cosen you over and above. You beginne to sweat, sir!—but this is not halfe, i' faith: you may do your pleasure, notwithstanding, as I said before; I come not to perswade you.—*The* MUTE *is stealing away.*—Upon my faith, master servingman, if you doe stirre, I will beat you. 76

Mor. O, what is my sinne! what is my sinne!

Tru. Then, if you love your wife, or rather dote on her, sir; O, how she'll torture you, and take pleasure i' your torments! you shall lye with her but when she lists; she will not hurt her beauty, her complexion; or it must be for that jewell, or that pearle, when she do's; every halfe houres pleasure must be bought anew, and with the same paine and charge you woo'd her at first. Then you must keepe what servants shee please; what company shee will; that friend must not visit you without her licence; and him shee loves most shee will seeme to hate eagerliest, to decline your jèlousie;

[1] Q has 'faire, and yong, vegetous,' etc. [2] In ribbons on the shoes. [3] A puritan. [4] The non-conformist clergy silenced in 1604. G.

or, faigne to be jelous of you first; and for that cause goe live with her she-friend, or cosen at the colledge, that can instruct her in all the mysteries of writing letters, corrupting servants, taming spies; where shee must have that rich goune for such a great day; a new one for the next; a richer for the third; bee serv'd in silver; have the chamber fill'd with a succession of groomes, foot-men, ushers, and other messengers; besides embroyderers, jewellers, tyre-women, sempsters, fether-men, perfumers; while shee feeles not how the land drops away, nor the acres melt; nor forsees the change, when the mercer has your woods for her velvets; never weighes what her pride costs, sir: so shee may kisse a page, or a smoth chinne, that has the despaire of a beard; bee a states-woman, know all the newes, what was done at Salisbury,[1] what at the Bath, what at court, what in progresse;[2] or so shee may censure poets, and authors, and stiles, and compare 'hem; Daniel with Spenser, Jonson with the tother youth,[3] and so forth: or be thought cunning in controversies, or the very knots of divinitie; and have often in her mouth the state of the question; and then skip to the mathematiques and demonstration; and answere, in religion to one, in state to another, in baud'ry to a third. 106

Mor. O, O!

Tru. All this is very true, sir. And then her going in disguise to that conjurer, and this cunning woman: where the first question is, how soone you shall die? next, if her present servant[4] love her? next that, if she shall have a new servant? and how many? which of her family would make the best baud, male or female? what precedence shee shall have by her next match? and sets downe the answers, and beleeves 'hem above the scriptures. Nay, perhaps she'll study the art. 115

[1] At the horse races.

[2] Of the king in his visits.

[3] Daniel is ranked next to Spenser in a Latin epigram by Fitz Geoffrey (1601); but Daniel was "at jealousies" with B.J. who not only thought him "no poet" (*Conversations with Drummond*, 1619) but ridiculed his verse in *E.M.i.H.*, *E.M.o.H.* and elsewhere. *Cf.* Whalley's Note, and Small's *Stage-Quarrel*, p. 181. 'T'other Youth': Dekker (Upton); Shakespeare (Malone); Daniel (Fleay). But, in 1610, Dek. was forty to forty-three; Sh. forty-six; Dan., forty-eight—and B.J. but thirty-six. Marston, then thirty-four, better fills the bill (G. and Small).

[4] suitor; as above.

Mor. Gentle sir, ha' you done? ha' you had your pleasure o' me? I'll thinke of these things.

Tru. Yes, sir; and then comes reeking home of vapor and sweat, with going afoot, and lies in a moneth of a new face, all oyle and birdlime; and rises in asses milke, and is clens'd with a new fucus.[1] God b' w' you, sir. One thing more, which I had almost forgot. This, too, with whom you are to marry, may have made a convayance of her virginity afore hand, as your wise widdowes doe of their states, before they marry, in trust to some friend, sir. Who can tell? Or if she have not done it yet, she may doe, upon the wedding-day, or the night before, and antidate you cuckold. The like has been heard of in nature. 'Tis no devis'd impossible thing, sir. God b' w' you: I'll be bold to leave this rope with you, sir, for a remembrance. Farewell, Mute! [*Exit.*]

Mor. Come, ha' me to my chamber; but first shut the dore.—*The horne againe*—O, shut the dore, shut the dore! Is he come againe? [*Enter* CUTBERD.]

Cut. 'Tis I, sir, your barber. 133

Mor. O Cutberd, Cutberd, Cutberd! here has bin a cut-throate with me: helpe me in to my bed, and give me physicke with thy counsell. [*Exeunt.*

Act II. Scene III.

[*A Room in* SIR JOHN DAW'S *House.*]

DAW, CLERIMONT, DAUPHINE, *and* EPICOENE

[*Daw.*] Nay, and she will, let her refuse at her owne charges; 'tis nothing to me, gentlemen; but she will not bee invited to the like feasts or guests every day.

Cle. O, by no meanes, shee may not refuse—*They disswade her privately*—to stay at home, if you love your reputation. 'Slight, you are invited thither o' purpose to bee seene, and laught at by the lady of the colledge, and her shadowes.[2] This trumpeter hath proclaim'd you. 8

[1] paint; generally rouge. [2] uninvited persons introduced by a guest at a dinner.

Dau. [*Also aside to* EPICOENE.] You shall not goe; let him be laught at in your steade, for not bringing you: and put him to his extemporall faculty of fooling and talking loud, to satisfie the company.

Cle. He will suspect us; talke aloud. 'Pray', Mistris Epicœne, let's see your verses; we have Sir John Daw's leave; doe not conceale your servants merit, and your owne glories.

Epi. They'll prove my servants glories, if you have his leave so soone.

Dau. His vaine glories, lady!

Daw. Show 'hem, shew 'hem, mistris! I dare owne 'hem.

Epi. Judge you, what glories.

Daw. Nay, I'll read 'hem my selfe, too: an author must recite his owne workes. It is a madrigall of Modestie.

Modest, and faire, for faire and good are neere
Neighbours, how ere——

Dau. Very good.

Cle. I, is't not?

Daw. *No noble vertue ever was alone,*
But two in one.

Dau. Excellent!

Cle. That againe, I pray,' Sir John.

Dau. It has some thing in't like rare wit and sense.

Cle. Peace.

Daw. *No noble vertue ever was alone,*
But two in one.
Then, when I praise sweet modestie, I praise
Bright beauties raies:
And having prais'd both beauty and modestee,
I have prais'd thee.

Dau. Admirable!

Cle. How it chimes, and cries tinke i' the close, divinely!

Dau. I, 'tis Seneca.

Cle. No, I thinke 'tis Plutarch.

Daw. The dor [1] on Plutarch and Seneca! I hate it: they are mine owne imaginations, by that light. I wonder those fellowes have such credit with gentlemen.

Cle. They are very grave authors.

Daw. Grave asses! mere essaists: a few loose sentences, and that's all. A man would talke so his whole age. I doe utter as good things every houre, if they were collected and observ'd, as either of 'hem.

Dau. Indeede, Sir John!

Cle. Hee must needs; living among the wits, and braveries too.

Dau. I, and being president of hem,[2] as he is.

Daw. There's Aristotle, a mere common place-fellow; Plato, a discourser; Thucydides and Livie, tedious and drie; Tacitus, an entire knot: sometimes worth the untying, very seldome.

Cle. What doe you thinke of the poets, Sir John?

Daw. Not worthy to be nam'd for authors. Homer, an old tedious, prolix asse, talkes of curriers, and chines of beefe; Virgil, of dunging of land, and bees; Horace, of I know not what.

Cle. I thinke so.

Daw. And so Pindarus, Lycophron, Anacreon, Catullus, Seneca the tragoedian, Lucan, Propertius, Tibullus, Martial, Juvenal, Ausonius, Statius, Politian,[3] Valerius Flaccus, and the rest——

Cle. What a sacke full of their names he has got!

Dau. And how he poures 'hem out! Politian with Valerius Flaccus!

Cle. Was not the character right of him?

Dau. As could be made, i' faith.

Daw. And Persius, a crabbed cockescombe, not to be endur'd.

Dau. Why, whom do you account for authors, Sir John Daw?

Daw. Syntagma[4] juris civilis; Corpus juris civilis; Corpus juris canonici; the King of Spaines bible——

Dau. Is the King of Spaines bible an author?

Cle. Yes, and Syntagma.

[1] A mock imprecation: apparently from *A.-S. dora*, bee; hence: any drone, buzzer, beetle. Cf. *C.R.* III, iii. "Every dor doth buz." But possibly from *Icel. dari*, a fool. (*Cent. Dic*). "To give the dor" is "to make a fool of."

[2] F. 2, ''hem.'

[3] The Florentine who died 1494, is of course introduced for anachronistic effect.

[4] compilation, or *corpus*.

Dau. What was that Syntagma, sir ?

Daw. A civill lawyer, a Spaniard.

Dau. Sure, Corpus was a Dutchman.

Cle. I, both the Corpusses, I knew 'hem : they were very corpulent authors.

Daw. And then there's Vatablus, Pomponatius, Symancha :[1] the other are not to be receiv'd within the thought of a scholler.

Dau. 'Fore God, you have a simple learn'd servant, lady—in titles. [*Aside.*]

Cle. I wonder that hee is not called to the helme, and made a councellor.

Dau. He is one, extraordinary.

Cle. Nay, but in ordinarie ; to say truth, the state wants such.

Dau. Why, that will follow.

Cle. I muse a mistris can be so silent to the dotes [2] of such a servant.

Daw. 'Tis her vertue, sir. I have written somewhat of her silence too.

Dau. In verse, Sir John ?

Cle. What else ?

Dau. Why, how can you justifie your owne being of a poet, that so slight all the old poets ?

Daw. Why, every man that writes in verse is not a poet ; you have of the wits that write verses, and yet are no poets :[3] they are poets that live by it, the poore fellowes that live by it.

Dau. Why, would you not live by your verses, Sir John ?

Cle. No, 'twere pittie he should. A knight live by his verses ! he did not make 'hem to that ende, I hope.

Dau. And yet the noble Sidney lives by his, and the noble family not asham'd.

[1] François Vatable, author of translations and commentaries on the Hebrew Bible, d. 1517. Petrus Pomponatius, author of *De Immortalitate*, professor of philosophy at Padua, d. 1524. Jacobus Simancas (Didacus) a Spanish professor of law, and bishop, of the later sixteenth century, author of *De Catholicis Institutionibus*, etc. (Miss Henry).

[2] *Lat.*, qualifications.

[3] On the resemblance of this line to one in Sir John Harington's "Apology of Poetry," and of Daw's enumeration and judgment of authors, to Harington's, and on the mention of Harrington's "invention," IV. v. 176, Fleay (Engl. Drama I. 374) bases his identification of Daw with Harrington.

Cle. I, he profest himselfe ; but Sir John Daw has more caution : hee'll not hinder his owne rising i' the state so much. Doe you thinke hee will ? Your verses, good Sir John, are[1] no poems.

Daw. *Silence in woman, is like speech in man*
Deny 't who can.

Dau. Not I, beleeve it : your reason, sir.

Daw. *Nor is't*[2] *a tale,*
That female vice should be a vertue male,
Or masculine vice a female vertue be :
You shall it see
Prov'd with increase ;
I know to speake, and shee to hold her peace.
Do you conceive me, gentlemen ?

Dau. No, faith ; how meane you *with increase*, Sir John ?

Daw. Why, with increase is, when I court her for the comon cause of mankind, and she sayes nothing, but *consentire videtur ;* and in time is *gravida.*

Dau. Then this is a ballad of procreation ?

Cle. A madrigall of procreation ; you mistake.

Epi. 'Pray give me my verses againe, servant.

Daw. If you'll[3] aske 'hem aloud, you shal.

[*Walks aside with the papers. Enter* TRUE-WIT.]

Cle. See, here's True-wit againe !

Act II. Scene IIII. [*The Same.*]

CLERIMONT, TRUE-WIT, DAUPHINE, CUTBERD, DAW, EPICOENE.

[*Cle.*] Where hast thou beene, in the name of madnesse, thus accoutred with thy horne ?

Tru. Where the sound of it might have pierc'd your sense with gladnes, had you beene in eare-reach of it. Dauphine, fall downe and

[1] So F 2 ; F 1, *and*
[2] Q. follows F 1 in misprinting 'i'st.' F 2, as above.
[3] F 1 ,*you you'll* ; F 2, *you'le.*

worship me ; I have forbid the banes, lad ? I have been with thy vertuous uncle, and have broke the match.

Dau. You ha' not, I hope.

Tru. Yes, faith ; an thou shouldst hope otherwise, I should repent me : this horne got me entrance ; kisse it. I had no other way to get in, but by faining to be a post ; but when I got in once, I prov'd none, but rather the contrary, turn'd him into a post, or a stone, or what is stiffer, with thundring into him the incommodities of a wife, and the miseries of marriage. If ever Gorgon were seene in the shape of a woman, hee hath seene her in my description : I have put him off o' that sent for ever. Why doe you not applaud and adore me, sirs ? why stand you mute ? are you stupid ? You are not worthy o' the benefit.

Dau. Did I not tell you ? Mischiefe !

Cle. I would you had plac'd this benefit somewhere else.

Tru. Why so ?

Cle. Slight, you have done the most inconsiderate, rash, weake thing, that ever man did to his friend.

Dau. Friend ! if the most malicious enemy I have, had studied to inflict an injury upon me, it could not bee a greater.

Tru. Wherein, for Gods-sake ? Gent.[lemen], come to your selves againe.

Dau. [*To* CLERIMONT] But I presag'd thus much afore to you.

Cle. Would my lips had been soldred when I spak on't ! Slight, what mov'd you to be thus impertinent ?

Tru. My masters, doe not put on this strange face to pay my courtesie ; off with this visor. Have good turnes done you, and thanke 'hem this way !

Dau. Fore heav'n, you have undone me. That which I have plotted for, and beene maturing now these foure moneths, you have blasted in a minute. Now I am lost, I may speake. This gentlewoman was lodg'd here by me o' purpose, and, to be put upon my uncle, hath profest this obstinate silence for my sake : being my entire friend, and one that for the requitall of such a fortune as to marry him, would have made mee very ample conditions ; where now all my hopes are utterly miscaried by this unlucky accident.

Cle. Thus 'tis when a man will be ignorantly officious, doe services,

and not know his why. I wonder what curteous itch posses'd you. You never did absurder part i' your life, nor a greater trespasse to friendship, to humanity.

Dau. Faith, you may forgive it best ; 'twere your cause principally.

Cle.[1] I know it ; would it had not.

[*Enter* CUTBERD.]

Dau.[1] How now, Cutberd ! what newes ?

Cut. The best, the happiest that ever was, sir. There has beene a mad gentleman with your uncle this morning [*seeing* TRUE-WIT.]—I thinke this be the gentleman—that has almost talk'd him out of his wits, with threatning him from marriage——

Dau. On, I pray thee.

Cut. And your unkle, sir, hee thinkes 'twas done by your procurement ; therefore he will see the party you wot of presently ; and if he like her, he sayes, and that she be so inclining to dombe as I have told him, he sweares hee will marry her to-day, instantly, and not deferre it a minute longer.

Dau. Excellent ! beyond our expectation !

Tru. Beyond your expectation ! By this light I knewe it would bee thus.

Dau. Nay, sweet True-wit, forgive me.

Tru. No, I was *ignorantly officious*, *impertinent :* this was the *absurd*, *weake part.*

Cle. Wilt thou ascribe that to merit now, was meere fortune ?

Tru. Fortune ! mere providence. Fortune had not a finger in't. I saw it must necessarily in nature fall out so : my genius is never false to me in these things. Shew me how it could be otherwise.

Dau. Nay, gentlemen, contend not ; 'tis well now.

Tru. Alasse, I let him goe on with *inconsiderate*, and *rash*, and what he pleas'd.

Cle. Away, thou strange justifier of thy selfe, to bee wiser then thou wert, by the event !

Tru. Event ! by this light, thou shalt never perswade me but I fore-saw it as well as the starres themselves.

Dau. Nay, gentlemen, 'tis well now. Doe you two entertaine Sir John Daw with discourse, while I send her away with instructions.

[1] F 1 transposes the C of *Cle* and the D of *Dau.*

Tru. I'll be acquainted with her first, by your favour.

Cle. Master True-wit, lady, a friend of ours.

Tru. I am sorry I have not knowne you sooner, lady, to celebrate this rare vertue of your silence.

[*Exeunt* Daup., Epi., *and* Cutberd.]

Cle. Faith, an' you had come sooner, you should ha' seene and heard her well celebrated in Sir John Daw's madrigalls.

Tru. [*advances to* Daw.] Jack Daw, God save you ; when saw you La-Foole ?

Daw. Not since last night, Master True-wit.

Tru. That's a[1] miracle ! I thought you two had beene inseparable.

Daw. Hee's gone to invite his guests.

Tru. Gods so![2] 'tis true! What a false memory have I towards that man ! I am one.[3] I met him e'ne now, upon that he calls his delicate fine blacke horse, rid into a foame, with poasting from place to place, and person to person, to give 'hem the cue——

Cle. Lest they should forget ?

Tru. Yes : there was never poore captaine tooke more paines at a muster to show men, then he at this meale to shew friends.

Daw. It is his quarter-feast, sir.

Cle. What ! doe you say so, Sir John ?

Tru. Nay, Jack Daw will not be out, at the best friends hee has, to the talent of his wit. Where's his mistris, to heare and applaud him ? is she gone ?

Daw. Is Mistris Epicœne gone ?

Cle. Gone afore, with Sir Dauphine, I warrant, to the place.

Tru. Gone afore ! that were a manifest injurie, a disgrace and a halfe ; to refuse him at such a festivall time as this, being a bravery, and a wit too !

Cle. Tut, hee'll swallow it like creame : hee's better read in Jure civili, then to esteeme anything a disgrace is offer'd him from a mistris.

Daw. Nay, let her e'ene goe ; she shall sit alone, and bee dumbe in her chamber a weeke together, for John Daw, I warrant her. Do's she refuse me ?

[1] So F 2 ; F 1 omits.

[2] Gadzooks, God's (Christ's) hooks (nails of the cross).

[3] of his guests.

Cle. No, sir, doe not take it so to heart ; shee do's not refuse you, but a little neglect you. Good faith, True-wit, you were too blame, to put it into his head, that shee do's refuse him.

Tru. Shee do's refuse him, sir[1], palpably, how ever you mince it. An' I were as hee, I would sweare to speak ne're a word to her to day for't.

Daw. By this light, no more I will not.

Tru. Nor to any body else, sir.

Daw. Nay, I will not say so, gentlemen.

Cle. It had beene an excellent happy condition for the company, if you could have drawne him to it. [*Aside.*]

Daw. I'll be very melancholique, i' faith.

Cle. As a dog, if I were as you, Sir John.

Tru. Or a snaile, or a hog-louse. I would roule my selfe up for this day ; introth, they should not unwinde me.

Daw. By this pick-tooth, so I will.

Cle. 'Tis well done : he beginnes already to be angry with his teeth.

Daw. Will you goe, gentlemen ?

Cle. Nay, you must walke alone if you bee right melancholique, Sir John.

Tru. Yes, sir, wee'll dog you, wee'll follow you a farre off.

[*Exit* DAW.]

Cle. Was there ever such a two yards of knighthood measur'd out by Time, to be sold to laughter ?

Tru. A meere talking mole, hang him ! no mushrome was ever so fresh. A fellow so utterly nothing, as he knowes not what he would be.[2]

Cle. Let's follow him : but first let's goe to Dauphine, hees hovering about the house to heare what newes.

Tru. Content. [*Exeunt.*]

[1] F 2 transposes 'sir' to beginning.

[2] 'no mushrome . . be' from Plautus' *Bacchides.* G.

Act II. Scene V.

[*A Room in* MOROSE'S *House.*]

MOROSE, EPICOENE, CUTBERD, MUTE.

[*Mor.*] Welcome, Cutberd! draw neere with your faire chardge; and in her eare softly intreat her to unmasque.—[EPI. *takes off her mask.*]—So! Is the dore shut?—[MUTE *makes a leg.*]—'Inough. Now, Cutberd, with the same discipline I use to my family, I will question you. As I conceive, Cutberd, this gentlewoman is shee you have provided, and brought, in hope shee will fit me in the place and person of a wife? Answer me not but with your leg, unlesse it be otherwise. (——) Very well done, Cutberd. I conceive besides, Cutberd, you have beene pre-acquainted with her birth, education, and quallities, or else you would not preferre her to my acceptance, in the waighty consequence of marriage. (——) This I conceive, Cutberd. Answer me not but with your leg, unlesse it bee otherwise. (——) Very well done, Cutberd. Give aside now a little, and leave me to examine her condition and aptitude to my affection.—*He goes about her and viewes her.*—Shee is exceeding faire, and of a speciall good favour; a sweet composition or harmony of limmes; her temper of beauty has the true height of my blood. The knave hath exceedingly wel fitted me without: I will now trie her within.—Come neere, faire gentlewoman; let not my behaviour seeme rude, though unto you, being rare, it may happely appeare strange.—*She curtsies.*—Nay, lady, you may speake, though Cutberd and my man might not; for of all sounds, onely the sweet voice of a faire lady has the just length of mine ears. I beseech you, say, lady; out of the first fire of meeting eyes, they say, love is stricken: doe you feele any such motion sodenly shot into you, from any part you see in me? ha, lady?—*Curt'sie.*—Alasse, lady, these answers by silent curt'sies from you are too courtlesse and simple. I have ever had my breeding in court; and shee that shall bee my wife, must bee accomplished with courtly and audacious[1] ornaments. Can you speake, lady? 30

[1] spirited.

Epi.—*She speakes softly.*—Judge you, forsooth.

Mor. What say you, lady? Speake out, I beseech you.

Epi. Judge you, forsooth.

Mor. O' my judgement, a divine softnes! But can you naturally, lady, as I enjoyne these by doctrine and industry, referre your self to the search of my judgement, and, not taking pleasure in your tongue, which is a womans chiefest pleasure, thinke it plausible to answer me by silent gestures, so long as my speeches jumpe right with what you conceive? — *Curt'sie.* — Excellent! divine! if it were possible she should hold out thus! Peace, Cutberd, thou art made for ever, as thou hast made mee, if this felicitie have lasting: but I will trie her further. Deare lady, I am courtly, I tell you, and I must have mine eares banqueted with pleasant and wittie conferences,[1] pretty girds, scoffes, and daliance in her that I meane to choose for my bedpheere.[2] The ladies in court thinke it a most desperate impaire to their quickenesse of wit, and good carriage, if they cannot give occasion for a man to court 'hem; and when an amorous discourse is set on foot, minister as good matter to continue it as himselfe. And doe you alone so much differ from all them, that what they, with so much circumstance, affect and toile for, to seeme learn'd, to seeme judicious, to seeme sharpe and conceited, you can bury in your selfe with silence, and rather trust your graces to the faire conscience of vertue, then to the worlds, or your owne proclamation? 54

Epi. I should be sorry else.

Mor. What say you, ladie? good ladie, speake out

Epi. I should be sorrie else.

Mor. That sorrow doth fill me with gladnesse. O Morose, thou art happie above mankinde! pray that thou maiest containe thy selfe. I will onely put her to it once more, and it shall be with the utmost touch and test of their sexe. But heare me, faire lady; I doe also love to see her whom I shall choose for my heicfar,[3] to be the first and principall in all fashions, praecede all the dames at court by a fortnight, have her counsell of taylors, linneners, lace-women, embroyderers; and sit with 'hem sometimes twise a day

[1] So also Plato; and Cicero, *cogitationum bonarum epulae.* W. [2] fellow.
[3] F 2, 'heifar,' heifer. Cf. *Judges*, XIV, 18. G.

upon French intelligences, and then come foorth varied like nature, or oftner then she, and better by the helpe of art, her aemulous servant. This doe I affect : and how will you be able, lady, with this frugalitie of speech, to give the manifold but necessarie instructions, for that bodies,[1] these sleeves, those skirts, this cut, that stitch, this embroyderie, that lace, this wire, those knots, that ruffe, those roses, this girdle, that fanne, the t'other skarfe, these gloves ? Ha ! what say you, ladie ?

Epi. I'll leave it to you, sir.

Mor. How, lady ? Pray you, rise a note. 75

Epi. I leave it to wisdome and you, sir.

Mor. Admirable creature ! I will trouble you no more. I will not sinne against so sweet a simplicity. Let me now be bold to print on those divine lips the seale of being mine. Cutberd, I give thee the lease of thy house free ; thanke me not but with thy leg. (——) [2] I know what thou wouldst say, shee's poore and her friends deceased. Shee has brought a wealthy dowrie in her silence, Cutberd ; and in respect of her poverty, Cutberd, I shall have her more loving and obedient, Cutberd. Goe thy waies, and get me a minister presently, with a soft low voice, to marry us ; and pray him he will not be impertinent, but briefe as he can ; away ; softly, Cutberd. [*Exit* Cut.] Sirrah, conduct your mistris into the dining-roome, your now-mistress. [*Exit* Mute, *followed by* Epi.] O, my felicity ! how I shall bee reveng'd on mine insolent kinsman, and his plots to fright me from marrying ! This night I wil get an heire, and thrust him out of my bloud like a stranger. He would be knighted, forsooth, and thought by that meanes to raigne over me ; his title must doe it. No, kinsman, I will now make you bring mee the tenth lords and the sixteenth ladies letter, kinsman ; and it shall doe you no good, kinsman. Your knighthood it selfe shall come on it's knees, and it shall be rejected ; it shall bee sued for it's fees to execution, and not bee redeem'd ; it shall cheat at the twelve-

[1] bodice.

[2] This, as Upton observes, is taken from the *Aulularia* of Plautus, thus translated by Thornton—*Megadorus :* "His daughter I would marry—Nay, nay, sister, speak not a word : I know what you would say, 'She has no fortune.' What of that ? I like her." At the break Eunomia, like Cutbeard, shakes her head, a gesture which **Meg.** interprets as a sign of disapprobation, and proceeds to obviate. W and G.

penny ordinary, it knighthood, for it's diet, all the terme time, and tell tales for it in the vacation to the hostesse ; or it knighthood shall doe worse, take sanctuary in Coleharbor,[1] and fast. It shall fright all it friends, with borrowing letters; and when one of the foure-score hath brought it knighthood ten shillings, it knighthood shall go to the Cranes,[2] or the Beare[3] at the Bridge-foot, and be drunke in feare ; it shal not have money to discharge one taverne reckoning, to invite the old creditors to forbeare it knighthood, or the new, that should be, to trust it knighthood. It shall be the tenth name in the bond to take up the commoditie of pipkins and stone-jugs ; and the part thereof shall not furnish it knighthood forth for the attempting of a bakers widdow, a browne[4] bakers widdow. It shall give it knighthoods name for a stallion, to all gamesome citizens wives, and bee refus'd, when the master of a dancing schoole or (How do you call him ?) [5] the worst reveller in the towne, is taken : it shall want clothes, and by reason of that, wit, to foole to lawyers. It shall not have hope to repaire itself by Constantinople, Ireland, or Virginia ;[6] but the best and last fortune to it knighthood, shall be to make Dol Teare-sheet or Kate Common a lady, and so it knighthood may eate. [*Exit.*] 117

Act II. Scene VI. [*A Lane near* MOROSE'S *House.*]

TRUE-WIT, DAUPHINE, CLERIMONT, CUTBERD.

[*True.*] Are you sure he is not gone by ?

Dau. No, I staid in the shop ever since.

Cle. But he may take the other end of the lane.

Dau. No, I told him I would be here at this end : I appointed him hether.

[1] Cold-Harbour, near the Thames, a retreat for debtors, gamesters, *etc.* Stow, G.

[2] A tavern near the three cranes in the Vintry by the Thames' side. Stow.

[3] The Bear-garden in Southwark was surrounded by low drinking-houses.

[4] A baker of the coarsest bread. Cf. Dekker, *Sho. Hol.* III. i, 66.

[5] Perhaps, as we say, Mr. 'What's-his-name.' Not somebody called Howe, as G. suggests.

[6] Referring of course to the plantations in the latter two ; perhaps also to investments in the Turkey Company. G.

Tru. What a barbarian it is to stay then!

Dau. Yonder he comes.

Cle. And his charge left behinde him, which is a very good signe, Dauphine.

[*Enter* CUTBERD.]

Dau. How now, Cutberd; succeedes it or no?

Cut. Past imagination, sir, *omnia secunda:* you could not have pray'd to have had it so wel. *Saltat senex*, as it is i' the proverbe; he do's triumph in his felicity, admires the party! he has given me the lease of my house too! and I am now going for a silent minister to marry 'hem, and away.

Tru. Slight! get one o' the silenc'd ministers;[1] a zealous brother would torment him purely.

Cut. Cum privilegio, sir.

Dau. O, by no meanes; let's doe nothing to hinder it now: when 'tis done and finished, I am for you, for any devise of vexation.

Cut. And that shall be within this halfe houre, upon my dexterity, gentlemen. Contrive what you can in the meane time, *bonis avibus.*

[*Exit.*]

Cle. How the slave doth latine it!

Tru. It would be made a jest to posterity, sirs, this daies mirth, if yee will.

Cle. Beshrew his heart that will not, I pronounce.

Dau. And for my part. What is 't?

Tru. To translate all La-Fooles company and his feast hether to day, to celebrate this bride-ale.[2]

Dau. Ay, mary; but how will't be done?

Tru. I'll undertake the directing of all the ladie-guests thether, and then the meat must follow.

Cle. For Gods sake, let's effect it; it will be an excellent comoedy of affliction, so many severall noyses.

Dau. But are they not at the other place already, thinke you?

Tru. I'll warrant you for the colledge-honors; one o' their faces has not the priming colour laid on yet, nor the other her smocke sleek'd.

Cle. O, but they'll rise earlier then ordinary to a feast.

[1] See II. ii, 68. [2] bridal from 'bride-ale' = bride-feast.

Tru. Best goe see, and assure our selves.

Cle. Who knowes the house ?

Tru. I'll lead you. Were you never there yet ?

Dau. Not I.

Cle. Nor I.

Tru. Where ha' you liv'd then ? not know Tom Otter !

Cler. No : for Gods sake, what is he ?

Tru. An excellent animal, equall with your Daw or La-Foole, if not transcendent ; and do's latine it as much as your barber. Hee is his wife's subject ; he calls her Princesse, and at such times as these followes her up and downe the house like a page, with his hat off, partly for heate, partly for reverence. At this instant he is marshalling of his bull, beare, and horse.

Dau. What be those, in the name of Sphinx ?

Tru. Why, sir, hee has beene a great man at the Beare-garden in his time ; and from that subtle sport has tane the witty denomination of his chiefe carousing cups. One he calls his bull, another his beare, another his horse. And then hee has his lesser glasses, that hee calls his deere and his ape ; and several degrees of 'hem too ; and never is well, nor thinkes any intertainement perfect till these be brought out, and set o' the cupbord.

Cle. For Gods love !—we should misse this if we should not goe.

Tru. Nay, he has a thousand things as good, that will speake him all day. He will raile on his wife, with certaine common places, behind her backe, and to her face——

Dau. No more of him. Let's goe see him, I petition you.

[*Exeunt.*]

Act III. Scene I.

[*The Entry of* MRS. OTTER'S *China-House.*]

OTTER, Mrs. OTTER, TRUE-WIT, CLERIMONT, DAUPHINE.

[*Enter* Captain OTTER *with his cups, and* Mistress OTTER.

Ott.] Nay, good Princesse, heare me *pauca verba.*

Mrs. Ot. By that light, I'll ha' you chain'd up, with your bul-dogs and beare-doges, if you be not civill the sooner. I'll send you to kennell i' faith. You were best baite me with your bull, beare, and horse? Never a time that the courtiers or collegiates come to the house, but you make it a Shrove Tuesday![1] I would have you get your Whitsontide[2]-velvet-cap, and your staffe i' your hand, to intertaine 'hem: yes, introth, doe.

[*Enter* TRUE-WIT, CLERIMONT, *and* DAUPHINE, *behind.*]

Ott. Not so, Princesse, neither; but under correction, sweete Princesse, gi' me leave. These things I am knowne to the courtiers by. It is reported to them for my humor, and they receive it so, and doe expect it. Tom Otters bull, beare, and horse is knowne all over England, in *rerum natura.*

Mrs. Ot. Fore me, I will *na-ture* 'hem over to Paris-garden,[3] and *na-ture* you thether too if you pronounce 'hem againe. Is a beare a fit beast, or a bull, to mixe in society with great ladies? thinke i' your discretion, in any good politie.

Ott. The horse than, good Princesse.

Mrs. Ot. Well, I am contented for the horse; they love to bee well hors'd, I know: I love it myselfe.

Ott. And it is a delicate fine horse this: *Poetarum Pegasus.* Under correction, Princesse, Jupiter did turne himselfe into a—*taurus*, or bull, under correction, good Princesse.

[1] When the prentices take the law in their hands and do what they list. Dekker, *Seven Deadly Sins.*

[2] The festival week of the Seventh Sunday after Easter.

[3] The Bear-garden on the Bankside in Southwark whence Mrs. Otter 'took him up.'

Mrs. Ot. By my integritie, I'll send you over to the Banke-side; I'll commit you to the master of the Garden, if I heare but a syllable more. Must my house or my roofe be polluted with the s[c]ent of beares and buls, when it is perfum'd for great ladies? Is this according to the instrument when I married you? that I would bee princesse, and raigne in mine own house; and you would be my subject, and obay me? What did you bring me, should make you thus peremptory? do I allow you your halfe-crowne a day, to spend where you will, among your gamsters, to vexe and torment me at such times as these? Who gives you your maintenance, I pray you? who allowes you your horse-meat and mans-meat? your three sutes of apparell a yeere? your foure paire of stockings, one silke, three worsted? your cleane linnen, your bands and cuffes, when I can get you to weare 'hem?—'tis mar'l[1] you ha' 'hem on now. Who graces you with courtiers or great personages, to speake to you out of their coaches, and come home to your house? Were you ever so much as look'd upon by a lord or a lady before I married you, but on the Easter or Whitson-holy-daies? and then out at the banquetting-house windore, when Ned Whiting or George Stone were at the stake?[2]

Tru. For Gods sake, let's goe stave her off him. 44

Mrs. Ot. Answere me to that. And did not I take you up from thence in an old greasie buffe-doublet, with points, and greene vellet sleeves out at the elbowes? you forget this.

Tru. She'll worry him, if we helpe not in time.

[*They come forward.*]

Mrs. Ot. O, here are some o' the gallants. Goe to, behave your selfe distinctly, and with good moralitie; or, I protest, I'll take away your exhibition.[3] 51

[1] 'Tis a marvel.

[2] Two noted bears who went by the names of their owners. W.

[3] allowance of half-a-crown.

Act III. Scene II. [*The Same.*]

TRUE-WIT, Mrs. OTTER, Cap. OTTER, CLERIMONT, DAUPHINE, CUTBERD.

[*True.*] By your leave, faire Mistris Otter, I'll be bold to enter these gentlemen in your acquaintance.

Mrs. Ot. It shall not be obnoxious, or difficill, sir.

Tru. How do's my noble captaine ? is the bull, beare, and horse in *rerum natura* still ?

Ott. Sir, *sic visum superis.*

Mrs. Ot. I would you would but intimate 'hem, doe. Goe your waies in, and get tosts and butter made for the wood-cocks : that's a fit province for you. [*Drives him off.*]

Cle. Alas, what a tyrannie is this poore fellow married too.

Tru. O, but the sport will be anon, when we get him loose.

Dau. Dares he ever speake ?

Tru. No Anabaptist[1] ever rail'd with the like licence : but marke her language in the meanetime, I beseech you.

Mrs. Ot. Gentlemen, you are very aptly come. My cosin, Sir Amorous, will be here briefly.

Tru. In good time, lady. Was not Sir John Daw here, to aske for him, and the companie ?

Mrs. Ot. I cannot assure you, Mr. True-wit. Here was a very melancholy knight in a ruffe, that demanded my subject for some body, a gentleman, I thinke.

Cle. I, that was he, lady.

Mrs. Ot. But he departed straight, I can resolve you.

Dau. What an excellent choice phrase this lady expresses in !

Tru. O, sir, shee is the onely authenticall courtier, that is not naturally bred one, in the citie.

Mrs. Ot. You have taken that report upon trust, gentlemen.

Tru. No, I assure you, the court governes it so, lady, in your behalfe.

[1] Originally a believer in adult (therefore, frequently, second) baptism. Later, and here, any ranting dissenter.

Mrs. Ot. I am the servant of the court and courtiers, sir.
Tru. They are rather your idolaters.
Mrs. Ot. Not so, sir.

[*Enter* CUTBERD.]

Dau. How now, Cutberd! any crosse?
Cut. O no, sir, *omnia bene*. 'Twas never better o' the hinges; all's sure. I have so pleas'd him with a curate, that hee's gone too't almost with the delight he hopes for soone.
Dau. What is he for a vicar?
Cut. One that has catch'd a cold, sir, and can scarse bee heard sixe inches off; as if he spoke out of a bull-rush that were not pickt, or his throat were full of pith; a fine quick fellow, and an excellent barber of prayers.[1] I came to tell you, sir, that you might *omnem movere lapidem*, as they say; be readie with your vexation.
Dau. Gramercy, honest Cutberd! be there abouts with thy key to let us in.
Cut. I will not faile you, sir; *ad manum*. [*Exit.*]
True. Well, I'll goe watch my coaches.[2]
Cle. Doe; and wee'll send Daw to you, if you meet him not. [*Exit* TRUE-WIT.]
Mrs. Ot. Is Master True-wit gone?
Dau. Yes, lady, there is some unfortunate businesse fallen out.
Mrs. Ot. So I judg'd[3] by the phisiognomy of the fellow that came in; and I had a dreame last night too of the new pageant, and my lady maioresse, which is alwaies very ominous to me. I told it my Lady Haughty t'other day, when her honour came hether to see some China stuffes; and shee expounded it out of Artemidorus,[4] and I have found it since very true. It has done me many affronts.
Cle. Your dreame, lady?
Mrs. Ot. Yes, sir, anything I doe but dreame o' the city. It stayned me a damasque table-cloth, cost me eighteen pound at one time; and burnt me a blacke satten gowne, as I stood by the fire at my Ladie Centaures chamber in the colledge, another time. A

[1] Curtailer. Rabelais calls Friar John an excellent *estropier des Heures*. G.
[2] *Vide* II. vi, 31, III. iii, 34.
[3] So Ff. Q. and G. have 'adjudged.'
[4] The Greek author of *The Interpretation of Dreams*.

third time, at the lords masque, it dropt all my wire and my ruffe with waxe-candle, that I could not goe up to the banquet. A fourth time, as I was taking coach to goe to Ware, to meet a friend, it dash'd me a new sute all over (a crimson sattin doublet and blacke velvet skirts) with a brewers horse, that I was faine to goe in and shift mee, and kept my chamber a leash of daies for the anguish of it.

Dau. These were dire mischances, lady.

Cle. I would not dwell in the citie and 'twere so fatall to mee.

Mrs. Ot. Yes, sir: but I doe take advice of my doctor to dreame of it as little as I can.

Dau. You doe well, Mistris Otter.

[*Enter* Sir JOHN DAW, *and is taken aside by* CLERIMONT.]

Mrs. Ot. Will it please you to enter the house farther, gentlemen?

Dau. And your favour, lady: but we stay to speake with a knight, Sir John Daw, who is here come. We shall follow you, lady.

Mrs. Ot. At your owne time, sir. It is my cosen, Sir Amorous his feast——

Dau. I know it, lady.

Mrs. Ot. And mine together. But it is for his honour, and therefore I take no name of it, more then of the place.

Dau. You are a bounteous kinswoman.

Mrs. Ot. Your servant, sir. [*Exit.*]

Act III. Scene III. [*The Same.*]

CLERIMONT, DAW, LA-FOOLE, DAUPHINE, OTTER.

[*Cle., Coming forward with Daw.*] Why do not you know it Sir John Daw?

Daw. No, I am a rooke if I doe.

Cle. I'll tell you then; shee's married by this time. And whereas you were put i' the head, that shee was gone with Sir Dauphine, I assure you Sir Dauphine has been the noblest, honestest friend to you, that ever gentleman of your quality could boast off. He has discover'd the whole plot, and made your mistris so acknowledging,

and indeed so ashamed of her injurie to you, that she desires you to forgive her, and but grace her wedding with your presence to day. She is to be married to a very good fortune, she saies, his unkle, old Morose; and she will'd me in private to tell you, that she shall be able to doe you more favours, and with more securitie now then before.

Daw. Did she say so, i' faith?

Cle. Why, what doe you thinke of mee, Sir John! aske Sir Dauphine.

Daw. Nay, I beleeve you. Good Sir Dauphine, did shee desire mee to forgive her?[1]

Dau. I assure you, Sir John, she did.[2]

Daw. Nay, then, I doe with all my heart, and I'll be joviall.

Cle. Yes, for looke you, sir, this was the injury to you. La-Foole intended this feast to honour her bridale day, and made you the propertie to invite the colledge ladies, and promise to bring her; and then at the time shee should have appear'd, as his friend, to have given you the dor.[3] Whereas now, Sir Dauphine has brought her to a feeling of it, with this kinde of satisfaction, that you shall bring all the ladies to the place where shee is, and be verie joviall; and there shee will have a dinner, which shall be in your name; and so dis-appoint La-Foole, to make you good againe, and, as it were, a saver i' the main.[4]

Daw. As I am a knight, I honour her; and forgive her hartily.

Cle. About it then presently. True-wit is gone before to confront the coaches, and to acquaint you with so much, if hee meet you. Joyne with him, and 'tis well.—

[*Enter* Sir AMOROUS LA-FOOLE.]

See; here comes your antagonist; but take you no notice, but be verie joviall.

La-F. Are the ladies come, Sir John Daw, and your mistris? [*Exit* DAW.] Sir Dauphine! you are exceeding welcome, and honest Master Clerimont. Where's my cossen? did you see no collegiats, gentlemen?

[1] Ff. and Q assign 'Nay- -her' wrongly to *Daup.* G corrects.
[2] Ff. and Q assign wrongly to *Cle.* G corrects.
[3] Cf. II. iii, 42 *n.*
[4] Ff. and Q have 'man.'

Dau. Collegiats ! doe you not heare, Sir Amorous, how you are abus'd ? 43

La-F. How, sir !

Cle. Will you speake so kindly to Sir John Daw, that has done you such an affront ?

La-F. Wherein, gentlemen ? let me be a sutor to you to know, I beseech you. 48

Cle. Why, sir, his mistris is married to-day to Sir Dauphines uncle, your cosens neighbour, and hee has diverted all the ladies, and all your company thether, to frustrate your provision, and sticke a disgrace upon you. He was here now to have intic'd us away from you too : but we told him his owne, I thinke. 53

La-F. Has Sir John Daw wrong'd me so in-humanely ?

Dau. He has done it, Sir Amorous, most maliciously and trecherously : but if you'll be rul'd by us, you shall quit him, i' faith.

La-F. Good gentlemen, I'll make one, beleeve it. How, I pray ?

Dau. Mary, sir, get me your phesants, and your godwits, and your best meat, and dish it in silver dishes of your cosens presently ; and say nothing, but clap mee a cleane towell about you, like a sewer ;[1] and, bare-headed, march afore it with a good confidence ('tis but over the way, hard by,) and we'll second you, where you shal set it o' the boord, and bid 'hem welcome to 't, which shall show 'tis yours, and disgrace his preparation utterly : and for your cosen, whereas shee should bee troubled here at home with care of making and giving welcome, shee shall transferre all that labour thether, and bee a principall guest her selfe ; sit rank'd with the colledge-Honors, and bee honor'd, and have her health drunke as often, as bare,[2] and as lowd as the best of 'hem. 69

La-F. I'll goe tell her presently. It shall be done, that's resolv'd. [*Exit.*]

Cle. I thought he would not heare it out but 'twould take him.

Dau. Well, there be guests and meat now ; how shal we do for musique ? 74

Cle. The smell of the venison, going through the street, will invite one noyse[3] of fidlers or other.

Dau. I would it would call the trumpeters thether !

[1] head-waiter. [2] bare-headed. [3] company.

Cle. Faith, there is hope; they have intelligence of all feasts. There's good correspondence betwixt them and the London-cookes: 'tis twenty to one but we have 'hem.

Dau. 'Twill be a most solemne day for my uncle, and an excellent fit of mirth for us.

Cler. I, if we can hold up the æmulation betwixt Foole and Daw, and never bring them to expostulate.[1]

Dau. Tut, flatter 'hem both, as True-wit sayes, and you may take their understandings in a purse-net. They'll beleeve themselves to be just such men as we make 'hem, neither more nor lesse. They have nothing, not the use of their senses, but by tradition.

Cle. See! Sir Amorous has his towell on already.—*He enters like a sewer.*—Have you persuaded your cossen?

La-F. Yes, 'tis verie fæsible: shee'll do anything, she saves, rather then the La-Fooles shall be disgrac'd.

Dau. She is a noble kinswoman. It will be such a pest'ling[2] device, Sir Amorous; it will pound all your enemies practises to poulder, and blow him up with his owne mine, his owne traine.

La-F. Nay, wee'll give fire, I warrant you.

Cle. But you must carry it privatly, without any noyse, and take no notice by any meanes——

[*Re-enter* Captain OTTER.]

Ott. Gentlemen, my Princesse sayes you shall have all her silver dishes, *festinate:* and she's gone to alter her tyre a little, and go with you——

Cle. And your selfe too, Captaine Otter?

Dau. By any meanes, sir.

Ott. Yes, sir, I doe meane it: but I would entreate my cosen Sir Amorous, and you, gentlemen, to be sutors to my Princesse, that I may carry my bull and my beare, as well as my horse.

Cle. That you shall doe, Captaine Otter.

La-F. My cosen will never consent, gentlemen.

Dau. She must consent, Sir Amorous, to reason.

La.-F. Why, she sayes they are no *decorum* among ladies.

Ott. But they are *decora*, and that's better, sir.

[1] explain. [2] Not 'pestilent,' but from 'pestle.'

Cle. I, shee must heare argument. Did not Pasiphae, who was a queene, love a bull ? and was not Calisto, the mother of Arcas, turn'd into a beare, and made a starre, Mistris Ursula, i' the heavens ?

Ott. O God ! that I could ha' said as much ! I will have these stories painted i' the Beare-garden, *ex Ovidii metamorphosi.* 116

Dau. Where is your Princesse, Captaine ? pray' be our leader.

Ott. That I shall, sir.

Cle. Make haste, good Sir Amorous. [*Exeunt.*] 119

Act III. Scene IIII.

[*A Room in* MOROSE's *House.*]

MOROSE, EPICŒNE, PARSON, CUTBERD.

[*Mor.*] Sir, there's an angel for your selfe and a brace of angels for your cold. Muse not at this mannage of my bounty. It is fit wee should thanke fortune, double to nature, for any benefit she conferres upon us ; besides, it is your imperfection, but my solace.

Par. — *The* PARSON *speakes as having a cold.* — I thanke your worship ; so is it mine now. 6

Mor. What sayes he, Cutberd ?

Cut. He says *præsto*, sir, whensoever your worship needes him, hee can be ready with the like. He got this cold with sitting up late, and singing catches with cloth-workers.[1] 10

Mor. No more. I thanke him.

Par. God keepe your worship, and give you much joy with your faire spouse !—(umh ! umh !) — *He coughes.* —

Mor. O, O, stay ! Cutberd ! let him give me five shillings of my money backe. As it is bounty to reward benefits, so it is equity to mulct injuries. I will have it. What sayes he ? 16

Cut. He cannot change it, sir.

Mor. It must be chang'd.

Cut. Cough againe. [*Aside to* PARSON.]

[1] Cf. 1 Hen. IV. ii, *Falstaff:* "I would I were a weaver ; I could sing psalms, and all manner of songs." Referring to the Protestant cloth-workers from Flanders. W.

Mor. What sayes he ?

Cut. He will cough out the rest, sir.

Par. (Umh, umh, umh !) *Againe.*

Mor. Away, away with him ! stop his mouth ! away ! I forgive it.——

[*Exit* CUT. *thrusting out the* PAR.]

Epi. Fye, Master Morose, that you will use this violence to a man of the church.

Mor. How !

Epi. It do's not become your gravity or breeding, as you pretend, in court, to have offer'd this outrage on a water-man, or any more boystrous creature, much lesse on a man of his civill coat.

Mor. You can speake then !

Epi. Yes, sir.

Mor. Speake out, I mean.

Epi. I, sir. Why, did you thinke you had married a statue, or a motion [1] onely ? one of the French puppets, with the eyes turn'd with a wire ? or some innocent [2] out of the hospitall, that would stand with her hands thus, and a playse mouth,[3] and looke upon you?

Mor. O immodestie ! a manifest woman ! What, Cutberd !

Epi. Nay, never quarrell with Cutberd, sir ; it is too late now. I confesse it doth bate somewhat of the modestie I had, when I writ simply maide ; but I hope I shall make it a stocke still competent to the estate and dignity of your wife.

Mor. Shee can talke.

Epi. Yes, indeed, sir.

[*Enter* MUTE.]

Mor. What, sirrah ! None of my knaves there ? where is this impostor Cutberd ? [MUTE *makes signs.*]

Epi. Speake to him, fellow, speake to him ! I'll have none of this coacted,[4] unnaturall dumbnesse in my house, in a family where I governe. [*Exit* MUTE.

Mor. She is my Regent already ! I have married a Penthesilea, a Semiramis ; sold my liberty to a distaffe !

[1] marionette. [2] idiot. [3] pursed-up, prim. [4] compulsory.

Act III. Scene V. [*The Same.*]

TRUE-WIT, MOROSE, EPICOENE.

[*Tru.*] Where's Master Morose ?

Mor. Is he come againe ! Lord have mercy upon me !

Tru. I wish you all joy, Mistris Epicœne, with your grave and honourable match.

Epi. I returne you the thankes, Master True-wit, so friendly a wish deserves.

Mor. She has acquaintance too !

Tru. God save you, sir, and give you all contentment in your faire choise, here ! Before, I was the bird of night to you, the owle ; but now I am the messenger of peace, a dove, and bring you the glad wishes of many friends to the celebration of this good houre.

Mor. What houre, sir ?

Tru. Your marriage houre, sir. I commend your resolution, that, notwithstanding all the dangers I laid afore you, in the voice of a night-crow, would yet goe on, and bee your selfe. It shewes you are a man constant to your own ends, and upright to your purposes, that would not be put off with left-handed [1] cries.

Mor. How should you arrive at the knowledge of so much ?

Tru. Why, did you ever hope, sir, committing the secrecie of it to a barber, that lesse then the whole towne should know it ? you might as well ha' told it the conduit, or the bake-house, or the infant'ry that follow the court, and with more securitie. Could your gravitie forget so olde and noted a remnant as *lippis et tonsoribus notum ?* [2] Well, sir, forgive it your selfe now, the fault, and be communicable with your friends. Here will bee three or foure fashionable ladies from the colledge to visit you presently, and their traine of minions and followers.

Mor. Barremy dores ! barre my dores ! Where are all my eaters ! [3] my mouthes, now ?——

[*Enter* Servants.]

Barre up my dores, you varlets !

[1] ill-omened. [2] Horace, *Sat.* i, 7, 3. [3] Servants.

Epi. He is a varlet that stirres to such an office. Let 'hem stand open. I would see him that dares moove his eyes toward it. Shal I have a *barricado* made against my friends, to be barr'd of any pleasure they can bring in to me with honorable visitation ? [*Exeunt* Ser.]

Mor. O Amazonian impudence !

Tru. Nay, faith, in this, sir, she speakes but reason ; and, me thinkes, is more continent then you. Would you goe to bed so presently, sir, afore noone ? a man of your head and haire should owe more to that reverend ceremony, and not mount the marriage-bed like a towne-bul, or a mountaine-goate ; but stay the due season ; and ascend it then with religion and feare. Those delights are to be steep'd in the humor and silence of the night ; and give the day to other open pleasures, and jollities of feast, of musique, of revells, of discourse : wee'll have all, sir, that may make your Hymen high and happy.

Mor. O my torment, my torment !

Tru. Nay, if you indure the first half hour, sir, so tediously, and with this irksomnesse, what comfort or hope can this faire gentlewoman make to her selfe hereafter, in the consideration of so many yeeres as are to come——

Mor. Of my affliction. Good sir, depart, and let her doe it alone.

Tru. I have done, sir.

Mor. That cursed barber !

Tru. Yes, faith, a cursed wretch indeed, sir.[1]

Mor. I have married his citterne,[2] that's common to all men. Some plague above the plague——

Tru. All Egypts ten plagues.

Mor. Revenge me on him !

Tru. 'Tis very well, sir. If you laid on a curse or two more, I'll assure you hee'll beare 'hem. As, that he may get the poxe with seeking to cure it, sir ? or, that while he is curling another man's haire, his owne may drop off ? or, for burning some male-baudes lock, he may have his braine beat out with the curling-iron ?

[1] Ff. enclose these sùggestions of Tru., 53, 56, 66, 68, 71, 'And – – paper' 74, 83, in parentheses.

[2] Dekker, *Hon. Wh.*, "A barber's cittern for every serving-man to play upon," while waiting to be shaved. G.

Mor. No, let the wretch live wretched. May he get the itch, and his shop so lousie, as no man dare come at him, nor he come at no man!

Tru. I, and if he would swallow all his balles[1] for pills, let not them purge him.

Mor. Let his warming pan be ever cold.

Tru. A perpetuall frost underneath it, sir.

Mor. Let him never hope to see fire againe.

Tru. But in hell, sir.

Mor. His chaires be alwaies empty, his scissors rust, and his combes mould in their cases.

Tru. Very dreadfull that! And may he loose the invention, sir, of carving lanternes in paper.

Mor. Let there be no baud carted that yeare, to employ a bason of his:[2] but let him be glad to eate his sponge for bread.

Tru. And drink *lotium* to it, and much good doe him.

Mor. Or, for want of bread——

Tru. Eat eare-waxe, sir. I'll helpe you. Or draw his owne teeth, and adde them to the lute-string.

Mor. No, beate the old ones to poulder, and make bread of them.

Tru. Yes, make meale o' the millstones.

Mor. May all the botches and burnes that he has cur'd on others breake out upon him.

Tru. And he now forget the cure of 'hem in himselfe, sir; or, if he do remember it, let him ha' scrap'd all his linnen into lint for't, and have not a rag left him, to set up with.

Mor. Let him never set up againe, but have the gout in his hands for ever! Now, no more, sir.

Tru. O, that last was too high set; you might goe lesse with him, i' faith, and bee reveng'd enough: as, that he be never able to new-paint his pole——

Mor. Good, sir, no more, I forgot my selfe.

Tru. Or, want credit to take up with a combe-maker——

Mor. No more, sir.

[1] of soap.

[2] The barbers let their basins for hire to those who celebrated with din the carting of a bawd.

Tru. Or, having broken his glasse in a former despaire, fall now into a much greater, of ever getting another——

Mor. I beseech you, no more.

Tru. Or, that he never be trusted with trimming of any but chimney-sweepers—— 101

Mor. Sir——

Tru. Or, may he cut a colliers throat with his rasor, by chance-medlee, and yet hang for't.

Mor. I will forgive him rather then heare any more. I beseech you, sir. 106

Act III. Scene VI. [*The Same.*]

DAW, MOROSE, TRUE-WIT, HAUGHTY, CENTAURE, MAVIS, TRUSTY.

[*Daw.*] This way, madame.

Mor. O, the sea breakes in upon me! another floud! an inundation! I shall be orewhelm'd with noise. It beates already at my shores. I feele an earthquake in my selfe for 't.

Daw. 'Give you joy, mistresse. 5

Mor. Has shee servants too!

Daw. I have brought some ladies here to see and know you. My Ladie Haughty — *She* [EPI.] *kisses them severally as hee presents them.* — this my Lady Centaure—Mistresse Dol Mavis—Mistresse Trustie, my Ladie Haughties woman. Where's your husband? let's see him: can he endure no noise? let me come to him. 11

Mor. What nomenclator is this!

Tru. Sir John Daw, sir, your wifes servant, this.

Mor. A Daw, and her servant! O, 'tis decreed, 'tis decreed of mee, and shee have such servants. [*Going.*] 15

Tru. Nay, sir, you must kisse the ladies; you must not goe away now; they come toward you to seeke you out.

Hau. I' faith, Master Morose, would you steale a marriage thus, in the midst of so many friends, and not acquaint us? Well, I'll kisse you, notwithstanding the justice of my quarrell: you shall

give me leave, mistresse, to use a becomming familiarity with your husband.

Epi. Your ladiship do's me an honour in it, to let me know hee is so worthy your favour : as you have done both him and me grace to visit so unprepar'd a paire to entertaine you.

Mor. Complement ! complement !

Epi. But I must lay the burden of that upon my servant here.

Hau. It shall not need, Mistresse Morose ; wee will all beare rather then one shall be opprest.

Mor. I know it : and you will teach her the faculty, if shee bee to learne it. [*Flings away in a sulk.*]

Hau. Is this the Silent Woman ?

Cen. Nay ; shee has found her tongue since shee was married, Master True-wit sayes.

Hau. O, Master True-wit, 'save you. What kinde of creature is your bride here ? she speakes, me thinkes !

Tru. Yes, madame, beleeve it, she is a gentlewoman of very absolute behaviour, and of a good race.

Hau. And Jack Daw told us she could not speake !

Tru. So it was carried in plot, madam, to put her upon this old fellow, by Sir Dauphine, his nephew, and one or two more of us : but shee is a woman of an excellent assurance, and an extraordinarie happie wit and tongue. You shall see her make rare sport with Daw ere night.

Hau. And he brought us to laugh at her !

Tru. That falls out often, madame, that he that thinkes himselfe the master-wit, is the master-foole. I assure your lady-ship, yee cannot laugh at her.

Hau. No, weell have her to the colledge. And shee have wit, shee shall bee one of us, shall shee not, Centaure ? wee'll make her a collegiate.

Cen. Yes, faith, madame, and Mavis and shee will set up a side.[1]

Tru. Beleeve it, madame, and Mistris Mavis, shee will sustaine her part.

Mav. I'll tell you that, when I have talk'd with her, and try'd her.

[1] As at cards.

Hau. Use her very civilly, Mavis.

Mav. So I will, madame. [*Whispers her.*]

Mor. Blessed minute! that they would whisper thus ever! [*Aside.*]

Tru. In the meane time, madame, would but your lady-ship helpe to vexe him a little: you know his disease, talke to him about the wedding ceremonies, or call for your gloves, or——

Hau. Let me alone. Centaure, helpe me. Mr. bride-groome, where are you? 64

Mor. O, it was too miraculously good to last! [*Aside.*]

Hau. Wee see no ensignes of a wedding here; no character of a brideale: where be our skarfes and our gloves? I pray you, give 'hem us. Let's know your brides colours, and yours, at least.

Cen. Alas, madame, he has provided none.

Mor. Had I knowne your ladiships painter I would. 70

Hau. He has given it you, Centaure, yfaith. But doe you heare, M. Morose? a jest will not absolve you in this manner. You that have suck'd the milke of the court, and from thence have beene brought up to the very strong meates and wine of it; beene a courtier from the biggen [1] to the night-cap, as we may say, and you to offend in such a high point of ceremonie as this, and let your nuptialls want all markes of solemnitie! How much plate have you lost to day (if you had but regarded your profit), what guifts, what friends, through your meere rusticitie!

Mor. Madame—— 80

Hau. Pardon mee, sir, I must insinuate your errours to you; no gloves? no garters? no skarfes? no *epithalamium?* no masque?

Daw. Yes, madame, I'll make an *epithalamium;* I promis'd my mistris; I have begunne it already: will your ladiship heare it?

Hau. I, good Jack Daw. 85

Mor. Will it please your ladiship command a chamber, and be private with your friend? you shall have your choice of roomes to retire to after: my whole house is yours. I know it hath beene your ladiships errand into the city at other times, how ever now you have beene unhappily diverted upon mee; but I shall be loth to breake any honorable custome of your ladiships. And therefore, good madame—— 92

[1] a close cap for infants.

Epi. Come, you are a rude bride-groome, to entertayne ladies of honour in this fashion.

Cen. He is a rude groome indeed.

Tru. By that light you deserve to be grafted, and have your hornes reach from one side of the Iland to the other. Doe not mistake me, sir ; I but speake this to give the ladies some heart againe, not for any malice to you.

Mor. Is this your Bravo, ladies ?

Tru. As God helpe me, if you utter such another word, I'll take mistris bride in, and beginne to you in a very sad cup ; doe you see ? Goe to, know your friends, and such as love you.

Act III. Scene VII. [*The Same.*]

CLERIMONT, MOROSE, TRUE-WIT, DAUPHINE, LA-FOOLE, OTTER, Mrs. OTTER, etc.

[*Enter* CLERIMONT, *followed by a number of musicians.*

Cle.] By your leave, ladies. Doe you want any musique ? I have brought you varietie of noyses. Play, sirs, all of you.

Musique of all sorts.

Mor. O, a plot, a plot, a plot, a plot upon me ! this day I shall be their anvile to worke on, they will grate me asunder. 'Tis worse then the noyse of a saw.

Cle. No, they are haire, rosin, and guts : I can give you the receipt.

Tru. Peace, boyes !

Cle. Play ! I say.

Tru. Peace, rascalls ! You see who's your friend now, sir : take courage, put on a martyrs resolution. Mocke downe all their attemptings with patience : 'tis but a day, and I would suffer heroically. Should an asse exceed me in fortitude ? no. You betray your infirmitie with your hanging dull eares, and make them insult : beare up bravely, and constantly. — LA-FOOLE *passes over, sewing the meate,* [*followed by servants carrying dishes, and* Mistress OTTER.]

Looke you here, sir, what honour is done you unexpected, by your nephew; a wedding dinner come, and a Knight sewer before it, for the more reputation: and fine Mrs. Otter, your neighbour, in the rump or tayle of it.

Mor. Is that Gorgon, that Medusa come! hide me! hide me!

Tru. I warrant you, sir, shee will not transforme you. Looke upon her with a good courage. Pray you entertayne her, and conduct your guests in. No?—Mistris bride, will you entreat in the ladies? your bride-groom is so shame-fac'd here.

Epi. Will it please your ladiship, madame?

Hau. With the benefit of your companie, mistris.

Epi. Servant, pray you performe your duties.

Daw. And glad to be commanded, mistris.

Cen. How like you her wit, Mavis?

Mav. Very prettily, absolutely well.

Mrs. Ot. 'Tis my place. [*Essaying to take precedence.*]

Mav. You shall pardon me, Mistris Otter.

Mrs. Ot. Why, I am a collegiate.

Mav. But not in ordinary.

Mrs. Ot. But I am.

Mav. Wee'll dispute that within. [*Exeunt* Ladies.]

Cle. Would this had lasted a little longer.

Tru. And that they had sent for the heralds.

[*Enter* Captain OTTER.]

—Captayne Otter! what newes?

Ott. I have brought my bull, beare, and horse, in private, and yonder are the trumpetters without, and the drum, gentlemen.

The drum and trumpets sound.

Mor. O, O, O!

Ott. And we will have a rouse[1] in each of 'hem, anon, for bold Britons, yfaith. [*They sound again.*]

Mor. O, O, O! [*Exit hastily.*]

All. Follow, follow, follow! [*Exeunt.*]

[1] bumper.

Act IIII. Scene I.

[*A Room in* MOROSE'S *House.*]

TRUE-WIT, CLERIMONT, DAUPHINE.

[*Tru.*] Was there ever poore bride-groome so tormented ? or man. indeed ?

Cle. I have not read of the like in the chronicles of the land.

Tru. Sure, hee cannot but goe to a place of rest, after all this purgatorie.

Cle. He may presume it, I thinke.

Tru. The spitting, the coughing, the laughter, the neesing,[1] the farting, dauncing, noise of the musique, and her masculine and lowd commanding, and urging the whole family, makes him thinke he has married a furie.

Cle. And shee carries it up bravely.

Tru. I, shee takes any occasion to speake : that's the height on 't.

Cle. And how soberly Dauphine labours to satisfie him, that it was none of his plot !

Tru. And has almost brought him to to faith i' the article. Here he comes——

Enter Sir DAUPHINE.

Where is he now ? what's become of him, Dauphine ?

Dau. O, hold me up a little, I shall goe away i' the jest else. Hee has got on his whole nest of night-caps, and lock'd himselfe up i' the top o' the house, as high as ever he can climbe from the noise. I peep'd in at a crany, and saw him sitting over a crosse-beame o' the roofe, like him o' the sadlers horse in Fleet street, up-right : and he will sleepe there.

Cle. But where are your collegiates ?

Dau. With-drawne with the bride in private.

Tru. O, they are instructing her i' the colledge-grammar. If shee have grace with them, shee knowes all their secrets instantly.

[1] Sneezing : cf. *M. N. D.* II. i ; *Job* XLI. 18.

Cle. Me thinks, the Lady Haughty lookes well to-day, for all my dispraise of her i' the morning. I thinke I shall come about to thee againe, True-wit.

Tru. Beleeve it, I told you right. Women ought to repaire the osses time and yeeres have made i' their features, with dressings.[1] And an intelligent woman, if shee know by her selfe the least defect, will bee most curious to hide it: and it becomes her. If shee be short, let her sit much, lest, when shee stands, shee be thought to sit. If shee have an ill foot, let her weare her gowne the longer, and her shoo the thinner. If a fat hand and scald nailes, let her carve the lesse, and act in gloves. If a sowre breath, let her never discourse fasting, and alwaies talke at her distance. If shee have black and rugged teeth, let her offer the lesse at laughter, especially if shee laugh wide and open.

Cle. O, you shall have some women, when they laugh you would thinke they bray'd, it is so rude and——

Tru. I, and others, that will stalke i' their gait like an estrich, and take huge strides. I cannot endure such a sight. I love measure i' the feet, and number i' the voice: they are gentlenesses that oft-times draw no lesse then the face.

Dau. How cam'st thou to studie these creatures so exactly? I would thou would'st make me a proficient.

Tru. Yes, but you must leave to live i' your chamber, then, a month together upon Amadis de Gaul, or Don Quixote, as you are wont; and come abroad where the matter is frequent, to court, to tiltings, publique showes, and feasts, to playes, and church sometimes; thither they come to shew their new tyres too, to see, and to be seene. In these places a man shall find whom to love, whom to play with, whom to touch once, whom to hold ever. The varietie arrests his judgement.[2] A wench to please a man comes not downe dropping from the seeling,[3] as he lyes on his backe droning a tobacco pipe. He must goe where shee is.

Dau. Yes, and be never the neere.

[1] As Upton and Gifford have pointed out, the disquisition on womanhood from here on is more or less closely imitated from Ovid, *Ars Amat.*, passages beginning iii, 260; iii, 290; i, 678; i, 755; i, 770.

[2] Ovid, *A. A.*, i, 89–100.

[3] *A. A.* i, 43.

Tru. Out, heretique. That diffidence makes thee worthy it should bee so.

Cle. He sayes true to you, Dauphine.

Dau. Why ?

Tru. A man should not doubt to over-come any woman. Thinke he can vanquish 'hem, and he shall : for though they denie, their desire is to be tempted. Penelope her selfe cannot hold our long. Ostend,[1] you saw, was taken at last. You must persever and hold to your purpose. They would sollicite us, but that they are afraid. Howsoever, they wish in their hearts we should sollicite them. Praise 'hem, flatter 'hem, you shal never want eloquence or trust : even the chastest delight to feele themselves that way rub'd. With praises you must mixe kisses too : if they take them, they'll take more—though they strive, they would bee over-come.

Clee. O, but a man must beware of force.

Tru. It is to them an acceptable violence, and has oft-times the place of the greatest courtesie. Shee that might have been forc'd, and you let her goe free without touching, though shee then seeme to thanke you, will ever hate you after ; and glad i' the face, is assuredly sad at heart.

Cle. But all women are not to be taken alwaies.

Tru. 'Tis true ; no more then all birds, or all fishes. If you appeare learned to an ignorant wench, or jocund to a sad, or witty to a foolish, why, shee presently begins to mistrust herselfe. You must approach them i' their owne height, their owne line ; for the contrary makes many that feare to commit themselves to noble and worthy fellowes, run into the imbraces of a rascall. If shee love wit, give verses, though you borrow 'hem of a friend, or buy 'hem, to have good. If valour, talke of your sword, and be frequent in the mention of quarrels, though you be staunch in fighting. If activitie, be seene o' your barbary often, or leaping over stooles, for the credit of your back. If shee love good clothes or dressing, have your learned counsell about you every morning, your French taylor, barber, linnener, &c. Let your poulder, your glasse, and your combe be your dearest acquaintance. Take more care for the

[1] Exactly as in Ovid, *A. A.*, i, 477, save that his town is Troy. Ostend was taken by Spinola in 1604 after a seige of three years and great slaughter. Upton.

ornament of your head, then the safetie ; and wish the commonwealth rather troubled, then a haire about you. That will take her. Then, if shee be covetous and craving, doe you promise any thing, and performe sparingly ; so shall you keepe her in appetite still. Seeme as you would give, but be like a barren field that yeelds little ; or unlucky dice to foolish and hoping gamesters. Let your gifts be slight and daintie, rather then pretious. Let cunning be above cost. Give cherries at time of yeere or apricots ; and say, they were sent you out o' the countrey, though you bought 'hem in Cheap side. Admire her tyres ; like her in all fashions ; compare her in every habit to some deitie ; invent excellent dreames to flatter her, and riddles ; or, if shee bee a great one, performe alwaies the second parts to her : like what shee likes, praise whom she praises, and faile not to make the houshold and servants yours, yea, the whole family, and salute 'hem by their names ('tis but light cost, if you can purchase 'hem so), and make her physitian your pensioner), and her chiefe woman. Nor will it bee out of your gaine to make love to her too, so shee follow, not usher her ladies pleasure. All blabbing is taken away when shee comes to be a part of the crime. 114

Dau. On what courtly lap hast thou late slept, to come forth so sudden and absolute a courtling ?

Tru. Good faith, I should rather question you, that are so harkning after these mysteries. I begin to suspect your diligence, Dauphine. Speake, art thou in love in earnest ?

Dau. Yes, by my troth, am I ! 'twere ill dissembling before thee. 121

Tru. With which of 'hem, I pray thee ?

Dau. With all the collegiates.

Cle. Out on thee ! Wee'll keepe you at home, beleeve it, i' the stable, and you be such a stallion. 125

Tru. No ; I like him well. Men should love wisely, and all women; some one for the face, and let her please the eye ; another for the skin, and let her please the touch ; a third for the voice, and let her please the eare ; and where the objects mixe, let the senses so too. Thou wouldst thinke it strange if I should make 'hem all in love with thee afore night ! 131

Dau. I would say, thou had'st the best philtre i' the world,

and couldst doe more than madame Medea, or Doctor Foreman.[1]

Tru. If I doe not, let me play the mounte-banke for my meate while I live, and the bawd for my drinke.

Dau. So be it I say. 137

Act IIII. Scene II. [*The Same.*]

OTTER, CLERIMONT, DAW, DAUPHINE, MOROSE, TRUE-WIT, LA-FOOLE, Mrs. OTTER.

[*Enter* OTTER, *with his three cups*, DAW, *and* LA-FOOLE.

Ott.] O lord, gentlemen, how my knights and I have mist you here!

Cle. Why, Captaine, what service, what service?

Ott. To see me bring up my bull, beare, and horse to fight.

Daw. Yes, faith, the Captaine saies we shall be his dogs to baite 'hem. 5

Dau. A good imployment.

Tru. Come on, let's see a course, then.

La-F. I am afraid my cousin will be offended, if shee come.

Ott. Be afraid of nothing.—Gentlemen, I have plac'd the drum and the trumpets, and one to give 'hem the signe when you are ready. Here's my bull for my selfe and my beare for Sir John Daw, and my horse for Sir Amorous. Now set your foot to mine, and yours to his, and——

La-F. Pray God my cousin come not. 14

Ott. Saint George and Saint Andrew, feare no cousins. Come, sound, sound! [*Drum and trumpets sound.*] *Et rauco strepuerunt cornua cantu.* [*They drink.*]

Tru. Well said, Captaine, yfaith; well fought at the bull.

Cle. Well held at the beare.

Tru. Low, low! Captayne. 19

[1] A medium, conjurer, procurer, and fortune-teller, 1552–1611; probably one of the prototypes of Subtle in *The Alchemist*. See Hathaway's edition of that play. (Holt: 1903.)

Dau. O, the horse has kickt off his dog alreadie.

La-F. I cannot drinke it, as I am a knight.

Tru. Gods so! off with his spurres, some-body.

La-F. It goes againe my conscience. My cousin will bee angrie with it.

Daw. I ha' done mine.

Tru. You fought high and faire, Sir John.

Cle. At the head.

Dau. Like an excellent beare-dog.

Cle. You take no notice of the businesse, I hope?

Daw. Not a word, sir; you see we are joviall.

Ott. Sir Amorous, you must not aequivocate. It must bee pull'd downe, for all my cousin.

Cle. Sfoot,[1] if you take not your drinke, they'll thinke you are discontented with some thing; you'll betray all, if you take the least notice.

La-F. Not I; I'll both drinke and talke then.

Ott. You must pull the horse on his knees, Sir Amorous; feare no cousins. *Jacta est alea.*

Tru. O, now hee's in his vaine, and bold. The least hint given him of his wife now will make him raile desperately.

Cle. Speake to him of her.

Tru. Doe you, and I'll fetch her to the hearing of it.

[*Exit.*

Dau. Captaine Hee-Otter, your Shee-Otter is comming, your wife.

Ott. Wife! buz! *titivilitium!*[2] There's no such thing in nature. I confesse, gentlemen, I have a cook, a laundresse, a house-drudge, that serves my necessary turnes, and goes under that title; but hee's an ass that will be so uxorious to tie his affections to one circle. Come, the name dulls appetite. Here, replenish againe; another bout. [*Fills the cups again.*] Wives are nasty, sluttish animalls.

Dau. O, Captaine.

[1] God's (Christ's) foot.

[2] "A vile thing of no value." Cooper. Cf. Plautus, *Casin.* II. v, 39; and Titivillus or Tutivilus, etc., in the Towneley *Juditium*, and *R. R. Doister*, I. i, 21. *Rep. Eng. Com.*, I. 190.

Ott. As ever the earth bare, *tribus verbis*. Where's Master True-wit?

Daw. Hee's slipt aside, sir.

Cle. But you must drinke, and be joviall.

Daw. Yes, give it me.

La-F. And me too.

Dau. Let's be joviall.

La-F. As joviall as you will.

Ott. Agreed. Now you shall ha' the beare, cousin, and Sir John Daw the horse, and I'll ha' the bull still. Sound, Tritons o' the Thames! [*Drums and trumpets sound again.*] *Nunc est bibendum, nunc pede libero.*[1]

MOROSE *speakes from above: the trumpets sounding.*

Mor. Villaines, murderers, sonnes of the earth, and traitors, what doe you there?

Cle. O, now the trumpets have wak'd him, we shall have his companie.

Ott. A wife is a scirvy clogdogdo, an unlucky thing, a very foresaid beare-whelpe, without any good fashion or breeding, *mala bestia.*

His wife is brought out to heare him.

Daw. Why did you marry one then, Captaine?

Ott. A poxe! I married with sixe thousand pound, I was in love with that. I ha' not kist my Furie these fortie weekes.

Cle. The more to blame you, Captaine.

Tru. [*aside*]. Nay, Mistris Otter, heare him a little first.

Ott. Shee has a breath worse then my grand-mothers, *profecto.*

Mrs. Ot. O treacherous lyar! kisse mee, sweet Master True-wit, and prove him a slaundering knave.

Tru. I'll rather beleeve you, lady.

Ott. And shee has a perruke that's like a pound of hempe, made up in shoo-thrids.

Mrs. Ot. O viper, mandrake!

Ott. A most vile face! and yet shee spends me fortie pound a yeere in mercury and hogs'-bones. All her teeth were made i' the

[1] Hor. *Carm.*, i. xxxvii.

Blacke-Friers, both her eye-browes i' the Strand, and her haire in Silver-street.[1] Every part o' the towne ownes a peece of her.

Mrs. Ot. [*comes forward.*] I cannot hold.

Ott. She takes her selfe asunder still when she goes to bed, into some twentie boxes ; and about next day noone is put together againe, like a great Germane clocke : and so comes forth, and rings a tedious larum to the whole house, and then is quiet againe for an houre, but for her quarters.—Ha' you done me right, gentlemen ?

Mrs. Ot. —*She falls upon him and beates him.*—No, sir, I'll do you right with my quarters, with my quarters !

Ott. O, hold, good Princesse.

Tru. Sound, sound ! [*Drum and trumpets sound.*

Cle. A battell, a battell !

Mrs. Ot. You notorious stinkardly beareward, do's my breath smell ?

Ott. Under correction, deare Princesse. Looke to my beare and my horse, gentlemen.

Mrs. Ot. Doe I want teeth and eye-browes, thou bulldog ?

Tru. Sound, sound still. [*They sound again.*]

Ott. No, I protest, under correction—

Mrs. Ot. I, now you are under correction, you protest : but you did not protest before correction, sir. Thou Judas, to offer to betray thy Princesse ! I'll make thee an example—— [*Beats him.*]

MOROSE *descends with a long sword.*

Mor. I will have no such examples in my house, lady Otter.

Mrs. Ot. Ah !——

[MRS. OTTER, DAW, *and* LA-FOOLE *run off.*]

Mor. Mrs. Mary Ambree,[2] your examples are dangerous. Rogues, Hell-hounds, Stentors ! out of my dores, you sonnes of noise and tumult, begot on an ill May-day,[3] or when the Gally-foist [4] is a-floate

[1] Maybe at Mountjoy's, on the corner of Silver and Monkwell, where Shakespeare lodged from 1598–1604 (Wallace : *Harper's Maga.*, March, 1910).

[2] B. J. mentions "Mary Ambree, who marched so free, To the siege of Gaunt" in his Masques of 1626, and elsewhere. See also Fletcher, in his *Scornful Lady*. Her defiance of Parma is told in the ballad bearing her name.

[3] A day of sports ; and of an insurrection of the apprentices in 1517. W.

[4] The city-barge used on the lord mayor's day. W.

to Westminster! [*Drives out the* Musicians.] A trumpetter could not be conceiv'd but then.

Dau. What ailes you, sir?

Mor. They have rent my roofe, walls, and all my windores asunder with their brazen throates. [*Exit.*]

Tru. Best follow him, Dauphine.

Dau. So I will. [*Exit.*]

Cle. Where's Daw and La-Foole?

Ott. They are both run away, sir. Good gentlemen, helpe to pacifie my Princesse, and speake to the great ladies for me. Now must I goe lie with the beares this fortnight, and keep out o' the way, till my peace be made, for this scandale shee has taken. Did you not see my bull-head,[1] gentlemen?

Cle. Is't not on, Captayne?

Tru. No; but he may make a new one, by that is on.

Ott. O, here 'tis. And you come over, gentlemen, and aske for Tom Otter, wee'll goe downe to Ratcliffe, and have a course yfaith, for all these disasters. There 's *bona spes* left.

Tru. Away, Captaine, get off while you are well. [*Exit* OTTER.]

Cle. I am glad we are rid of him.

Tru. You had never beene unlesse wee had put his wife upon him. His humour is as tedious at last as it was ridiculous at first. [*Exeunt.*]

Act IIII. Scene III.

[*A long open Gallery in the same.*]

HAUGHTY, Mrs. OTTER, MAVIS, DAW, LA-FOOLE, CENTAURE, EPICŒNE, TRUE-WIT, CLERIMONT.

[*Hau.*] We wond'red why you shreek'd so, Mrs. Otter.

Mrs. Ot. O God, madame, he came downe with a huge long naked weapon in both his hands, and look'd so dreadfully! sure hee's beside himselfe.

Mav. Why, what made you there, Mistris Otter?

[1] The lids of his tankards were evidently adorned with figures of these animals.

Mrs. Ot. Alas, Mistris Mavis, I was chastising my subject, and thought nothing of him.

Daw [*to* EPICOENE]. Faith, mistris, you must doe so too: learne to chastise. Mistris Otter corrects her husband so, hee dares not speake, but under correction.

La-F. And with his hat off to her: 'twould doe you good to see.

Hau. In sadnesse, 'tis good and mature counsell; practise it, Morose. I'll call you Morose still now, as I call Centaure and Mavis; we foure will all be one.

Cen. And you'll come to the colledge, and live with us?

Hau. Make him give milke and hony.

Mav. Looke how you manage him at first, you shall have him ever after.

Cen. Let him allow you your coach and foure horses, your woman, your chamber-maid, your page, your gentleman-usher, your French cooke, and foure groomes.

Hau. And goe with us to Bed'lem, to the China houses, and to the Exchange.[1]

Cen. It will open the gate to your fame.

Hau. Here's Centaure has immortaliz'd her selfe with taming of her wilde male.

Mor. I, shee has done the miracle of the kingdome.

[*Enter* CLERIMONT *and* TRUE-WIT.

Epi. But, ladies, doe you count it lawful to have such pluralitie of servants, and doe 'hem all graces?

Hau. Why not? why should women denie their favours to men? are they the poorer or the worse?

Daw. Is the Thames the lesse for the dyers water,[2] mistris?

La-F. Or a torch for lighting many torches?

Tru. Well said, La-Foole; what a new one he has got!

Cen. They are emptie losses women feare in this kind.

[1] The priory of St. Mary of Bethlehem was converted into a hospital for lunatics in 1546. It was a show-place, and the walks of Moorfields (laid out in 1606) around were much frequented. The Royal Exchange was a centre of shopping and fashionable resort. Dame Pliant in *Alch.*, IV. iv, 398, is to have eight mares "To hurry her through London to th' Exchange, Bet'lem, the China-houses."

[2] This and the next five speeches are based upon Ovid, *A.A.*, III. 96–99, *etc.* Upton.

Hau. Besides, ladies should be mindfull of the approach of age, nd let no time want his due use. The best of our daies passe first.[1]

Mav. We are rivers that cannot be call'd backe, madame : shee hat now excludes her lovers may live to lie a forsaken beldame in a rozen bed.

Cen. 'Tis true, Mavis ; and who will wait on us to coach then ? or vrite, or tell us the newes then, make anagrames of our names, and nvite us to the Cock-pit,[2] and kisse our hands all the play-time, and lraw their weapons for our honors ?

Hau. Not one.

Daw Nay, my mistris is not altogether un-intelligent of these hings ; here be in presence have tasted of her favours.

Cle. What a neighing hobby-horse is this ![3]

Epi. But not with intent to boast 'hem againe, servant. And iave you those excellent receits, madame, to keepe your selves from bearing of children ?

Hau. O yes, Morose : how should we maintayne our youth and beautie else ? Many births of a woman make her old, as many crops make the earth barren.

Act IIII. Scene IIII. [*The Same.*]

MOROSE, DAUPHINE, TRUE-WIT, EPICOENE, CLERIMONT, DAW, HAUGHTY, LA-FOOLE, CENTAURE, MAVIS, Mrs. OTTER, TRUSTY.

[*Mor.*] O My cursed angell, that instructed me to this fate !

Dau. Why, sir ?

Mor. That I should bee seduc'd by so foolish a devill as a barber vill make !

Dau. I would I had beene worthy, sir, to have partaken your counsell ; you should never have trusted it to such a minister.

[1] This is from the *Georgics*, III. 66 ; and the last speech of the scene from Ovid. G.

[2] The pit of any theatre. Not the Cock-pit Theatre in Drury Lane (built 1615).

[3] The reference is to the hobby-horse-man's tricks and faces "and other buffoon graces" (B. J., *Althorpe Ent. ; E.M.o.H.*, II. i).

Mor. Would I could redeeme it with the losse of an eye, nephew, a hand, or any other member.

Dau. Mary, God forbid, sir, that you should geld your selfe to anger your wife.

Mor. So it would rid me of her! and that I did supererogatorie penance in a bellfry, at Westminster-hall, i' the Cock-pit, at the fall of a stagge, the Tower-wharfe,—what place is there else?—London-bridge, Paris-garden, Belins-gate, when the noises are at their height, and lowdest. Nay, I would sit out a play, that were nothing but fights at sea, drum, trumpet, and target.

Dau. I hope there shall be no such need, sir. Take patience, good uncle. This is but a day, and 'tis well worne too now.

Mor. O, 'twill bee so for ever, nephew, I foresee it, for ever. Strife and tumult are the dowrie that comes with a wife.[1]

Tru. I told you so, sir, and you would not beleeve me.

Mor. Alas, do not rub those wounds, Master True-wit, to bloud againe; 'twas my negligence. Adde not affliction to affliction. I have perceiv'd the effect of it too late in Madame Otter.

Fpi. How doe you, sir?

Mor. Did you ever heare a more unnecessary question? as if she did not see! Why, I doe as you see, Empresse, Empresse.

Epi. You are not well, sir; you looke very ill: something has distempered you.

Mor. O horrible, monstrous impertinencies! would not one of these have serv'd, doe you thinke, sir? would not one of these have serv'd?

Tru. Yes, sir; but these are but notes of female kindnesse, sir; certaine tokens that shee has a voice, sir.[2]

Mor. O, is't so! Come, and 't be no otherwise——What say you?

Epi. How doe you feele your selfe, sir?

Mor. Againe that!

Tru. Nay, looke you, sir, you would be friends with your wife upon un-conscionable termes,—her silence.

Epi. They say you are run mad, sir.

[1] Ovid, *Ars. Am.*, II. 155. G.
[2] From Libanius.

Mor. Not for love, I assure you, ot you ; doe you see ?

Epi. O lord, gentlemen ! lay hold on him, for Gods sake. What shal I doe ? who's his physitian, can you tel, that knowes the state of his body best, that I might send for him ? Good sir, speake ; I'll send for one of my doctors else.

Mor. What, to poyson me, that I might die intestate, and leave you possest of all !

Epi. Lord, how idly he talks, and how his eyes sparkle ! he lookes greene about the temples ![1] doe you see what blue spots he has !

Cle. I, it's melancholy.

Epi. Gentlemen, for heavens sake, counsell me. Ladies !—Servant, you have read Pliny and Paracelsus ; ne're a word now to comfort a poore gentlewoman ? Ay me, what fortune had I to marry a distracted man !

Daw. I'll tell you, mistris——

Tru. How rarely shee holds it up ! [*Aside to* CLER.]

Mor. What meane you, gentlemen ?

Epi. What will you tell me, servant ?

Daw. The disease in Greeke is called *μανία*, in Latine *insania, furor, vel ecstasis melancholica*, that is, *egressio*, when a man *ex melancholico evadit fanaticus.*

Mor. Shall I have a lecture read upon me alive ?

Daw. But he may be but *phreneticus* yet, mistris ; and *phrenetis* is only *delirium*, or so.

Epi. I, that is for the disease, servant ; but what is this to the cure ? We are sure inough of the disease.

Mor. Let me goe.

Tru. Why, wee'll intreat her to hold her peace, sir.

Mor. O no, labour not to stop her. Shee is like a conduit-pipe, that will gush out with more force when she opens againe.[2]

Hau. I'll tell you, Morose, you must talk divinitie to him altogether, or morall philosophie.

La-F. I, and there's an excellent booke[3] of morall philosophie,

[1] *Viden' tu illi oculos virere ? ut viridis exoritur color ex temporibus, etc,* Plaut. *Menoechm.* Upton.

[2] Again after Libanius.

[3] Sir Thomas North's translation of Doni's Italian version of the *Fables of Bidpai*, appeared as *Doni's Moral Philosophy* in 1570. The confusion with *Reynard the Fox* is La-Foolery.

madame, of Raynard the Foxe and all the beasts, called "Dones Philosophie."

Cen. There is indeed, Sir Amorous La-Foole.

Mor. O miserie!

La-F. I have read it, my Lady Centaure, all over, to my cousin here.

Mrs. Ot. I, and 'tis a very good booke as any is, of the Modernes.

Daw. Tut, hee must have Seneca read to him, and Plutarch, and the Ancients; the Modernes are not for this disease.

Cle. Why, you discommended them too to day, Sir John.

Daw. I, in some cases; but in these they are best, and Aristotles Ethicks.

Mav. Say you so, Sir John? I thinke you are deceiv'd: you tooke it upon trust.

Hau. Where's Trusty, my woman? I'll end this difference. I prythee, Otter, call her. Her father and mother were both mad, when they put her to me.

Mor. I thinke so. Nay, gentlemen, I am tame. This is but an exercise, I know, a marriage ceremonie, which I must endure.

Hau. And one of 'hem, I know not which, was cur'd with the Sick-mans Salve,[1] and the other with Greenes Groates-worth of Wit.[2]

Tru. A very cheape cure, madame.

[*Enter* TRUSTY.]

Hau. I, it's very fæsible.

Mrs. Ot. My lady call'd for you, Mistris Trusty; you must decide a controversie.

Hau. O, Trusty, which was it you said, your father, or your mother, that was cur'd with the Sicke-mans Salve?

Trus. My mother, madame, with the Salve.

Tru. Then it was the Sicke-womans Salve?

Trus. And my father with the Groates-worth of Wit. But there was other meanes us'd: we had a preacher that would preach folke asleepe still; and so they were prescrib'd to goe to church by an old woman that was their physitian, thrise a weeke——

[1] By the Rev. Thomas Becon, a reformer, who died in 1567.

[2] 1592. See *Rep. Eng. Com.*, I. 398, *et seq.*

Epi. To sleepe ?

Tru. Yes, forsooth : and every night they read themselves asleepe on those bookes.

Epi. Good faith, it stands with great reason. I would I knew where to procure those bookes.

Mor. Oh !

La-F. I can help you with one of 'hem. Mistris Morose, the Groats-worth of Wit.

Epi. But I shall disfurnish you, Sir Amorous : can you spare it ?

La-F. O yes, for a weeke or so ; I'll reade it myselfe to him.

Epi. No, I must doe that, sir ; that must be my office.

Mor. Oh, oh.

Epi. Sure he would doe well enough if he could sleepe.

Mor. No, I should doe well inough if you could sleepe. Have I no friend that will make her drunke, or give her a little ladanum, or opium ? [1]

True. Why, sir, shee talkes ten times worse in her sleepe.

Mor. How !

Cle. Do you not know that, sir ? Never ceases all night.

Tru. And snores like a porcpisce.

Mor. O redeeme me, fate ; redeeme me, fate ! For how many causes may a man be divorc'd, nephew ?

Dau. I know not, truely, sir.

True. Some divine must resolve you in that, sir, or canon-lawyer.

Mor. I will not rest, I will not thinke of any other hope or comfort, till I know. [*Exit with* DAUPHINE.]

Cle. Alas, poore man !

Tru. You'll make him mad, indeed, ladies, if you pursue this.

Hau. No, we'll let him breathe now, a quarter of an houre, or so.

Cle. By my faith, a large truce !

Hau. Is that his keeper, that is gone with him ?

Daw. It is his nephew, madame.

La-F. Sir Dauphine Eugenie.

Cen. He lookes like a very pittifull knight——

Daw. As can be. This marriage has put him out of all.

[1] This and what follows to l. 128, from Libanius.

La-F. He has not a penny in his purse, madame.

Daw. He is readie to crie all this day.

La-F. A very sharke; he set me i' the nicke t'other night at Primero.[1]

Tru. How these swabbers talke!

Cle. I, Otters wine has swell'd their humours above a spring-tide.

Hau. Good Morose, let's goe in againe. I like your couches exceeding well; wee'll go lie and talke there.

[*Exeunt all but* EPI., TRU., CLE.]

Epi. [*following them.*] I wait on you, madame.

Tru. [*stopping her.*] 'Slight, I will have 'hem as silent as signes, and their posts too, e're I ha' done. Doe you heare, lady-bride? I pray thee now, as thou art a noble wench, continue this discourse of Dauphine within; but praise him exceedingly: magnifie him with all the height of affection thou canst;—I have some purpose in't:—and but beate off these two rookes, Jack Daw and his fellow, with any discontentment, hither, and I'll honour thee for ever.

Epi. I was about it here. It angred mee to the soule, to heare 'hem beginne to talke so malepert.

Tru. Pray thee performe it, and thou win'st mee an idolater to thee everlasting.

Epi. Will you goe in and heare me doe it?

Tru. No, I'll stay here. Drive 'hem out of your companie, 'tis all I aske; which cannot bee any way better done then by extolling Dauphine, whom they have so slighted.

Epi. I warrant you; you shall expect one of 'hem presently. [*Exit.*]

Cle. What a cast of kastrils[2] are these, to hawke after ladies, thus!

Tru. I, and strike at such an eagle as Dauphine.

Cle. He will be mad when we tell him. Here he comes.

[1] Bet on his cards just at the time to win. Primero: a very old game which seems to have combined features of the modern poker, euchre and seven-up—*viz.*, flush, joker and the totaling of points.

[2] Pair of degenerate hawks. Cf. Kastril in *Alch.*

Act IIII. Scene V. [*The Same.*]

CLERIMONT, TRUE-WIT, DAUPHINE, DAW, LA-FOOLE.

[*Cle.*] O, sir, you are welcome. [*Re-enter* DAUPHINE.]

Tru. Where's thine uncle ?

Dau. Run out o' dores in 's night-caps, to talke with a casuist bout his divorce. It workes admirably.

Tru. Thou would'st ha' said so, and thou had'st been here ! The dies have laught at thee most comically, since thou wentst, Dauhine. 7

Cle. And askt if thou wert thine uncles keeper.

Tru. And the brace of babouns answer'd, Yes ; and said thou ert a pittifull poore fellow, and did'st live upon posts, and had'st othing but three sutes of apparell, and some few benevolences hat lords ga' thee to foole to 'hem, and swagger. 12

Dau. Let me not live, I'll beate 'hem : I'll binde 'hem both to rand madames bed-postes, and have 'hem bayted with monkeyes.

Tru. Thou shalt not need, they shall be beaten to thy hand, Dauphine. I have an execution to serve upon them, I warrant thee, hall serve ; trust my plot. 17

Dau. I, you have many plots ! so you had one to make all the enches in love with me.

Tru. Why, if I doe it not yet afore night, as neere as 'tis, and that ney doe not every one invite thee, and be ready to scratch for nee, take the morgage of my wit. 22

Cler. 'Fore God, I'll be his witnesse, thou shalt have it, Dauphine : hou [*To* TRU.] shalt be his foole for ever, if thou doest not.

Tru. Agreed. Perhaps 'twill bee the better estate. Doe you bserve this gallerie, or rather lobby indeed ? Here are a couple f studies, at each end one : here will I act such a tragi-comoedy etweene the Guelphes and the Ghibellines, Daw and La-Foole—— hich of 'hem comes out first, will I seize on ;—you two shall be the horus behind the arras, and whip out between the acts and speake— f I doe not make 'hem keepe the peace for this remnant of the day,

if not of the yeere, I have faild once——I heare Daw comming: hide [*they withdraw*], and doe not laugh, for Gods sake.

[*Re-enter* DAW.]

Daw. Which is the way into the garden, trow ?

Tru. O, Jack Daw ! I am glad I have met with you. In good faith, I must have this matter goe no furder betweene you : I must ha' it taken up.

Daw. What matter, sir ? betweene whom ?

Tru. Come, you disguise it : Sir Amorous and you. If you love me, Jack, you shall make use of your philosophy now, for this once, and deliver me your sword. This is not the wedding the Centaures[1] were at, though there be a shee-one here. [*Takes his sword.*] The bride has entreated me I will see no bloud shed at her bridall : you saw her whisper me ere-while.

Daw. As I hope to finish Tacitus, I intend no murder.

Tru. Doe you not wait for Sir Amorous ?

Daw. Not I, by my knight-hood.

Tru. And your schollership too ?

Daw. And my schollership too.

Tru. Goe to, then I returne you your sword, and aske you mercy ; but put it not up, for you will be assaulted. I understood that you had apprehended it, and walkt here to brave him ; and that you held your life contemptible in regard of your honor.

Daw. No, no ; no such thing, I assure you. He and I parted now as good friends as could be.

Tru. Trust you not to that visor. I saw him since dinner with another face : I have knowne many men in my time vex'd with losses, with deaths, and with abuses ; but so offended a wight as Sir Amorous did I never see or read of. For taking away his guests, sir, to-day, that's the cause ; and hee declares it behind your backe with such threatnings and contempts——He said to Dauphine you were the errandst asse——

Daw. I, he may say his pleasure.

Tru. And sweares you are so protested a coward, that hee knowes you will never doe him any manly or single right ; and therefore hee will take his course.

[1] Who offered violence to Hippodamia at her wedding with Pirithous.

Daw. I'll give him any satisfaction, sir—but fighting——

Tru. I, sir: but who knowes what satisfaction hee'll take: bloud
ie thirsts for, and bloud he will have; and where-abouts on you he
vill have it, who knowes but himselfe? 70

Daw. I pray you Master True-wit, be you a mediator.

Tru. Well, sir, conceale yourself then in this studie till I returne—
He puts him up [*in the study*]—Nay, you must bee content to bee
ock'd in; for, for mine owne reputation, I would not have seene you
o receive a publique disgrace, while I have the matter in managing.
Gods so, here hee comes; keepe your breath close, that hee doe not
eare you sigh.—In good faith, Sir Amorous, hee is not this way;
pray you bee mercifull, doe not murder him; hee is a Christian,
s good as you: you are arm'd as if you sought a revenge on all his
ace. Good Dauphine, get him away from this place. I never knew
mans choller so high, but hee would speake to his friends, hee
vould heare reason.—Jack Daw, Jack! a-sleepe? 82

Daw. [*within.*] Is he gone, Master True-wit?

Tru. I; did you heare him?

Daw. O God! yes.

Tru. What a quick eare feare has!

Daw. [*comes out of the study.*] But is he so arm'd as you say?

Tru. Arm'd! did you ever see a fellow set out to take possession?[1]

Daw. I, sir. 89

Tru. That may give you some light to conceive of him; but 'tis
othing to the principall. Some false brother i' the house has fur-
ish'd him strangely; or, if it were out o' the house, it was Tom
)tter. 93

Daw. Indeed hee's a captayne and his wife is his kinswoman.

Tru. Hee has got some-bodies old two-hand-sword, to mow you
ff at the knees; and that sword hath spawn'd such a dagger!—But
hen he is so hung with pikes, halberds, peitronells, callivers, and
uskets, that he lookes like a justice of peace's hall: a man of two
housand a yeere is not sess'd[2] at so many weapons as he has on.
There was never fencer challeng'd at so many several foiles. You
vould thinke hee meant to murder all Saint Pulchres[3] parish. If

[1] Of an estate likely to be contested by force.
[2] cessed, assessed. [3] St. Sepulchre.

hee could but victuall himselfe for halfe a yeere in his breeches,[1] hee is sufficiently arm'd to over-runne a countrie.

Daw. Good lord! what meanes he, sir? I pray you, Master True-wit, be you a mediator.

Tru. Well, I'll trie if he will be appeas'd with a leg or an arme; if not—you must die once.

Daw. I would be loth to loose my right arme, for writing madrigalls.

Tru. Why, if he will be satisfied with a thumb or a little finger, all's one to me. You must thinke, I'll doe my best.

He puts him up againe, and then came forth.

Daw. Good sir, doe. [CLERIMONT *and* DAUPHINE *come forward.*]

Cle. What hast thou done?

Tru. He will let me doe nothing, man; he do's all afore me; he offers his lefte arme.

Cle. His left wing for a Jack Daw.

Dau. Take it by all meanes.

Tru. How! maime a man for ever, for a jest? What a conscience hast thou!

Dau. 'Tis no losse to him: he has no employment for his armes but to eate spoone-meate. Beside, as good maime his body as his reputation.

Tru. He is a scholler and a wit, and yet he do's not thinke so. But he looses no reputation with us; for we all resolv'd him an asse before. To your places againe.

Cle. I pray thee, let me be in it at the other a little.

Tru. Looke, you'll spoile all; these be ever your tricks.

Cle. No, but I could hit of some things that thou wilt misse, and thou wilt say are good ones.

Tru. I warrant you. I pray, forbeare, I'll leave it off else.

Dau. Come away, Clerimont

[DAU. *and* CLER. *withdraw as before. Enter* LA-FOOLE.]

Tru. Sir Amorous!

La-F. Master True-wit.

Tru. Whether were you going?

La-F. Downe into the court to make water.

[1] Trunk hose, round and swelling. So Adam, in Greene and Lodge's *Lkg-Gl.*, victuals himself. Cf. Hudibras, I. i, etc.

Tru. By no meanes, sir ; you shall rather tempt your breeches.
La-F. Why, sir ?
Tru. Enter here, if you love your life.
[*Opening the door of the other study.*]
La-F. Why ?—why ?
Tru. Question till your throat bee cut, doe : dally till the enraged oule find you.
La-F. Who's that ?
Tru. Daw it is : will you in ?
La-F. I, I, I'll in : what's the matter ?
Tru. Nay, if hee had been coole inough to tell us that, there had been some hope to attone[1] you ; but he seemes so implacably enrag'd !
La-F. 'Slight, let him rage ! I'll hide my selfe.
Tru. Doe, good sir. But what have you done to him within that should provoke him thus ? You have broke some jest upon him fore the ladies.
La-F. Not I, never in my life broke jest upon any man. The bride was praising Sir Dauphine, and he went away in snuffe, and I followed him ; unlesse he tooke offence at me in his drinke ere while, that I would not pledge all the horse full.
Tru. By my faith, and that may bee ; you remember well : but hee walkes the round up and downe, through every roome o' the house, with a towell in his hand, crying, "Where's La-Foole ? Who saw La-Foole ?" And when Dauphine and I demanded the cause, vee can force no answere from him, but—"O revenge, how sweet art thou ! I will strangle him in this towell"—which leads us to conjecture that the maine cause of his furie is for bringing your meate to-day with a towell about you, to his discredit.
La-F. Like inough. Why, and he be angrie for that I'll stay here till his anger be blowne over.
Tru. A good becomming resolution, sir ; if you can put it on o' the sudden.
La-F. Yes, I can put it on : or, I'll away into the country presently.
Tru. How will you get out o' the house, sir ? Hee knowes you

[1] set you at one.

are i' the house, and hee'll watch this se'n-night but hee'll have you: hee'll out-wait a sargeant for you.

La-F. Why, then I'll stay here.

Tru. You must thinke how to victuall your selfe in time then.

La-F. Why, sweet Master True-wit, will you entreat my cousin Otter to send me a cold venison pasty, a bottle or two of wine, and a chamber pot.

Tru. A stoole were better, sir, of Sir A-jax his invention.[1]

La-F. I, that will be better indeed; and a pallat to lie on.

Tru. O, I would not advise you to sleepe by any meanes.

La-F. Would you not, sir? Why, then I will not.

Tru. Yet there's another feare——

La-F. Is there! What is't?

Tru. No, he cannot breake open this dore with his foot, sure.

La-F. I'll set my backe against it, sir. I have a good backe.

Tru. But then if he should batter.

La-F. Batter! if he dare, I'll have an action of batt'ry against him.

Tru. Cast you the worst. He has sent for poulder alreadie, and what he will doe with it no man knowes: perhaps blow up the corner o' the house where he suspects you are. Here he comes; in quickly. —*He faines, as if one were present, to fright the other who is run in to hide himselfe.*—I protest, Sir John Daw, he is not this way: what will you doe? Before God, you shall hang no petarde here: I'll die rather. Will you not take my word? I never knew one but would be satisfied.—Sir Amorous [*speaks through the key-hole*] there's no standing out: he has made a petarde of an old brasse pot, to force your dore. Thinke upon some satisfaction, or termes to offer him.

La-F. [*within.*] Sir, I'll give him any satisfaction: I dare give any termes.

Tru. You'll leave it to me then?

La-F. I, sir: I'll stand to any conditions.

Tru.—*He calls forth* CLERIMONT *and* DAUPHINE.—How now—what thinke you, sirs? Wer't not a difficult thing to determine which of these two fear'd most?

[1] In his Metamorphosis of A-jax (jakes), 1596, Sir John Harington suggested methods for the improvement of sanitary conditions in Elizabethan homes. Cf. *L.L.L.*, V. ii, 570 (revised edition, 1597); and *Tro.* and *Cres.*, II. i, 46, 70.

Cle. Yes, but this feares the bravest: the other a whiniling dastard, Jack Daw! But La-Foole, a brave heroique coward! and is afraid in a great looke and a stout accent; I like him rarely.

Tru. Had it not beene pitty these two should ha' beene conceal'd?

Cle. Shall I make a motion? 205

Tru. Briefly: for I must strike while 'tis hot.

Cle. Shall I go fetch the ladies to the catastrophe?

Tru. Umh! I, by my troth.

Dau. By no mortall meanes. Let them continue in the state of ignorance, and erre still; thinke 'hem wits and fine fellowes, as they have done. 'Twere sinne to reforme them. 211

Tru. Well, I will have 'hem fetch'd, now I thinke on't, for a private purpose of mine: doe, Clerimont, fetch 'hem, and discourse to 'hem all that's past, and bring 'hem into the gallery here.

Dau. This is thy extreme vanitie, now! thou think'st thou wert undone if every jest thou mak'st were not publish'd. 216

Tru. Thou shalt see how unjust thou art presently. Clerimont, say it was Dauphine's plot. [*Exit* CLERIMONT.] Trust me not if the whole drift be not for thy good. There's a carpet[1] i' the next roome, put it on, with this scarfe over thy face, and a cushion o' thy head, and bee ready when I call Amorous. Away! [*Exit* DAU.]—John Daw! [*Goes to* DAW'S *study, and brings him out.*] 222

Daw. What good newes, sir?

Tru. Faith, I have followed and argued with him hard for you. I told you him were a knight, and a scholler, and that you knew fortitude did consist *magis patiendo quam faciendo, magis ferendo quam feriendo.* 227

Daw. It doth so indeed, sir.

Tru. And that you would suffer, I told him: so at first he demanded by my troth in my conceipt, too much.

Daw. What was it, sir?

Tru. Your upper lip and sixe o' your fore-teeth.

Daw. 'Twas unreasonable. 233

[*Enter gallery* CLERIMONT *with all the ladies.*]

Tru. Nay, I told him plainely, you could not spare 'hem all. So

[1] Table-cover.

after long argument *pro et con*, as you know, I brought him downe to your two butter-teeth, and them he would have.

Daw. O, did you so? Why, he shall have 'hem.

Tru. But he shall not, sir, by your leave. The conclusion is this, sir: because you shall be very good friends hereafter, and this never to bee remembred or up-braided; besides, that he may not boast he has done any such thing to you in his owne person: hee is to come here in disguise, give you five kicks in private, sir, take your sword from you, and lock you up in that studie during pleasure: which will be but a little while, wee'll get it releas'd presently.

Daw. Five kicks! he shall have sixe, sir, to be friends.

Tru. Beleeve mee, you shall not over-shoot your selfe, to send him that word by me.

Daw. Deliver it, sir; he shall have it with all my heart, to be friends.

Tru. Friends! Nay, and he should not be so, and heartily too, upon these terms, he shall have me to enemie while I live. Come, sir, beare it bravely.

Daw. O God, sir, 'tis nothing.

Tru. True! what's sixe kicks to a man that reads Seneca?

Daw. I have had a hundred, sir.

Tru. Sir Amorous! No speaking one to another, or rehearsing old matters.

DAUPHINE *comes forth* [*disguised*] *and kicks him.*

Daw. One, two, three, foure, five. I protest, Sir Amorous, you you shall have sixe.

Tru. Nay, I told you should not talke. Come, give him six, and he will needs. [DAUPHINE *kicks him again.*] Your sword [*takes his sword.*] Now returne to your safe custody; you shall presently meet afore the ladies, and be the dearest friends one to another. [*Puts* DAW *into the study.*] Give me the scarfe now, thou shalt beat the other bare-fac'd. Stand by: [DAUPHINE *retires and* TRUE-WIT *goes to the other study and releases* LA-FOOLE.] Sir Amorous!

La-F. What's here! A sword?

Tru. I cannot helpe it, without I should take the quarrell upon my selfe. Here he has sent you his sword——

La-F. I'll receive none on't.

Tru. And he wills you to fasten it against a wall, and breake your head in some few severall places against the hilts.

La-F. I will not: tell him roundly. I cannot endure to shed my owne bloud.

Tru. Will you not? 275

La-F. No. I'll beat it against a faire flat wall, if that will satisfie him: if not, he shall beat it himselfe, for Amorous.

Tru. Why, this is strange starting off, when a man under-takes for you! I offered him another condition; will you stand to that? 280

La-F. I, what is't?

Tru. That you will be beaten in private.

La-F. Yes, I am content, at the blunt.[1]

Tru. Then you must submit your selfe to be hood-wink'd in this skarfe, and bee led to him, where hee will take your sword from you, and make you beare a blow over the mouth *gules*, and tweakes by the nose *sans numbre*. 287

La-F. I am content. But why must I be blinded?

Tru. That's for your good, sir; because if hee should grow insolent upon this, and publish it hereafter to your disgrace (which I hope he will not doe), you might sweare safely, and protest hee never beat you to your knowledge.

La-F. O, I conceive. 293

Tru. I doe not doubt but you'll be perfect good friends upon't, and not dare to utter an ill thought one of another in future.

La-F. Not I, as God helpe me, of him.

Tru. Nor he of you, sir. If he should [*binds his eyes.*]—Come, sir. [*Leads him forward.*] All hid, Sir John! 298

DAUPHINE *enters to tweake him.*

La-F. Oh, Sir John, Sir John! Oh, o-o-o-o-o- Oh——

Tru. Good Sir John, leave tweaking, you'll blow his nose off. 'Tis Sir John's pleasure that you should retire into the studie. [*Puts him up again.*] Why, now you are friends. All bitternesse betweene you I hope is buried; you shall come forth by and by Damon and Pythias upon 't, and embrace with all the ranknesse of friendship

[1] With the flat of the sword.

that can be. I trust wee shall have 'hem tamer i' their language hereafter. Dauphine, I worship thee. Gods will, the ladies have surpris'd us! 307

Act IIII. Scene VI. [*The Same.*]

HAUGHTY, CENTAURE, MAVIS, Mrs. OTTER, EPICŒNE, TRUSTY (*having discover'd part of the past scene, above*) DAUPHINE, TRUE-WIT, &c.

[*Hau.*] Centaure, how our judgements were impos'd on by these adulterate knights!

Cen. Nay, madame, Mavis was more deceiv'd than we; 'twas her commendation utter'd[1] 'hem in the colledge.

Mav. I commended but their wits, madame, and their braveries. I never look'd toward their valours. 6

Hau. Sir Dauphine is valiant, and a wit, too, it seemes.

Mav. And a braverie too.

Hau. Was this his project?

Mrs. Ot. So Master Clerimont intimates, madame. 10

Hau. Good Morose, when you come to the colledge, will you bring him with you? he seemes a very perfect gentleman.

Epi. He is so, madame, beleeve it.

Cen. But when will you cóme, Morose?

Epi. Three or foure dayes hence, madame, when I have got mee a coach and horses. 16

Hau. No, to-morrow, good Morose; Centaure shall send you her coach.

Mav. Yes, faith, doe, and bring Sir Dauphine with you.

Hau. Shee has promis'd that, Mavis. 20

Mav. He is a very worthy gentleman in his exteriors, madame.

Hau. I, he showes he is judiciall in his clothes.

Cen. And yet not so superlatively neat as some, madame, that have their faces set[2] in a brake.

[1] advertised them as acceptable.

[2] Formal and stiff; like a horse in a snaffle, or in a frame preparatory to being shod. G. F 2 has 'barke.'

Hau. I, and have every haire in forme.

Mav. That weare purer linnen then our selves, and professe more neatnesse then the French hermaphrodite.

Epi. I, ladies, they, what they tell one of us, have told a thousand; and are the only theeves of our fame, that think to take us with that perfume, or with that lace, and laugh at us un-conscionably when they have done.

Hau. But Sir Dauphines carelesnesse becomes him.

Cen. I could love a man for such a nose.

Mav. Or such a leg.

Cen. He has an exceeding good eye, madame.

Mav. And a very good lock.[1]

Cen. Good Morose, bring him to my chamber first.

Mrs. Ot. Please your honors to meet at my house, madame.

Tru. See how they eye thee, man! they are taken, I warrant thee.

[HAUGHTY *comes forward.*]

Hau. You have unbrac'd our brace of knights here, Master True-wit.

Tru. Not I, madame; it was Sir Dauphine's ingine: who, if he have disfurnish'd your ladiship of any guard or service by it, is able to make the place good againe in himselfe.

Hau. There's no suspition of that, sir.

Cen. God so, Mavis, Haughty is kissing.

Mav. Let us goe too, and take part. [*They come forward.*]

Hau. But I am glad of the fortune (beside the discoverie of two such emptie caskets) to gaine the knowledge of so rich a mine of vertue as Sir Dauphine.

Cen. We would be al glad to stile him of our friendship, and see him at the colledge.

Mav. He cannot mixe with a sweeter societie, I'll prophesie; and I hope he himselfe will thinke so.

Dau. I should be rude to imagine otherwise, lady.

Tru. Did I not tell thee, Dauphine! Why, all their actions are governed by crude opinion, without reason or cause; they know not why they doe anything; but as they are inform'd, beleeve, judge,

[1] love-lock.

praise, condemne, love, hate, and in æmulation one of another, doe all these things alike. Onely they have a naturall inclination swayes 'hem generally to the worst, when they are left to themselves. But pursue it, now thou hast 'hem.

Hau. Shall we goe in againe, Morose?

Epi. Yes, madame.

Cen. We'll entreat Sir Dauphine's companie.

Tru. Stay, good madame, the inter-view of the two friends, Pylades and Orestes: I'll fetch 'hem out to you straight.

Hau. Will you, Master True-wit?

Dau. I; but, noble ladies, doe not confesse in your countenance, or outward bearing to 'hem, any discoverie of their follies, that wee may see how they will beare up againe, with what assurance and erection.

Hau. We will not, Sir Dauphine.

Cen. Mav. Upon our honors, Sir Dauphine

Tru. [*goes to the first study.*] Sir Amorous, Sir Amorous! The ladies are here.

La-F. [*within.*] Are they?

Tru. Yes; but slip out by and by, as their backs are turn'd, and meet Sir John here, as by chance, when I call you. [*Goes to the other*]—Jack Daw!

Daw. [*within.*] What say you, sir?

Tru. Whip out behind me suddenly, and no anger i' your lookes to your adversarie. Now, now!

[LA-FOOLE *and* DAW *slip out of their respective studies, and salute each other.*]

La-F. Noble Sir John Daw! where ha' you beene?

Daw. To seeke you, Sir Amorous.

La-F. Me! I honor you.

Daw. I prevent you, sir.

Cle. They have forgot their rapiers.

Tru. O, they meet in peace, man.

Dau. Where's your sword, Sir John?

Cle. And yours, Sir Amorous?

Daw. Mine! my boy had it forth to mend the handle, eene now.

La-F. And my gold handle was broke too, and my boy had it forth.

Dau. Indeed, sir !—How their excuses meet !
Cle. What a consent there is, i' the handles !
Tru. Nay, there is so i' the points too, I warrant you.
[*Enter* MOROSE, *with the two swords.*]
Mrs. Ot. O me ! madame, he comes againe, the mad man ! Away !
[Ladies, DAW, *and* LA-FOOLE *run off.*]

Act IIII. Scene VII. [*The Same.*]

MOROSE, TRUE-WIT, CLERIMONT, DAUPHINE.

[*Mor.*]—*He had found the two swords drawne within.*—What make these naked weapons here, gentlemen ?
Tru. O sir ! here hath like to been murder since you went ; a couple of knights fallen out about the brides favours ! Wee were faine to take away their weapons ; your house had been beg'd[1] by this time else.
Mor. For what ?
Cle. For man-slaughter, sir, as being accessary.
Mor. And for her favours ?
Tru. I, sir, heretofore, not present.—Clerimont, carry 'hem their words now. They have done all the hurt they will doe.
[*Exit* CLER. *with the two swords.*]
Dau. Ha' you spoke with a lawyer, sir ?
Mor. O no ! there is such a noyse i' the court, that they have frighted mee home with more violence then I went ! such speaking and counter-speaking, with their severall voyces of citations, appellations, allegations, certificates, attachments, intergatories, references, convictions, and afflictions indeed, among the doctors and proctors, that the noise here is silence too't, a kind of calme mid-night ![2]
Tru. Why, sir, if you would be resolv'd indeed, I can bring you hether a very sufficient lawyer, and a learned divine, that shall inquire into every least scruple for you.

[1] confiscated.
[2] Adapted from Libanius. F 2, 'interrogatories.'

Mor. Can you, Master True-wit ?

Tru. Yes, and are very sober, grave persons, that will dispatch it in a chamber, with a whisper or two.

Mor. Good sir, shall I hope this benefit from you, and trust my selfe into your hands ?

Tru. Alas, sir ! your nephew and I have beene asham'd and oft-times mad, since you went, to think how you are abus'd. Goe in, good sir, and lock your selfe up till we call you ; wee'll tell you more anon, sir.

Mor. Doe your pleasure with me, gentleman. I beleeve in you, and that deserves no delusion [*Exit.*]

Tru. You shall find none, sir ;—but heapt, heapt plentie of vexation.

Dau. What wilt thou doe now, Wit ?

Tru. Recover me hether Otter and the barber, if you can, by any meanes, presently.

Dau. Why ? to what purpose ?

Tru. O, I'll make the deepest divine and gravest lawyer out o' them two, for him——

Dau. Thou canst not, man ; these are waking dreames.

Tru. Doe not feare me. Clap but a civill gowne with a welt,[1] o' the one, and a canonical cloake with sleeves, o' the other, and give 'hem a few termes i' their mouthes, if there come not forth as able a doctor and compleat a parson, for this turne, as may be wish'd, trust not my election : and I hope, without wronging the dignitie of either profession, since they are but persons put on, and for mirths sake, to torment him. The barber smatters Latin, I remember.

Dau. Yes, and Otter too.

Tru. Well then, if I make 'hem not wrangle out this case to his no comfort, let me be thought a Jack Daw or La-Foole, or any thing worse. Goe you to your ladies, but first send for them.

Dau. I will. [*Exeunt.*]

[1] furred border.

Act V. Scene I.

[*A Room in* MOROSE'S *House.*[1]]

LA-FOOLE, CLERIMONT, DAW, MAVIS.

[*La-F.*] Where had you our swords, Master Clerimont?
Cle. Why, Dauphine tooke 'hem from the mad-man.
La-F. And he tooke 'hem from our boyes, I warrant you.
Cle. Very like, sir.
La-F. Thanke you, good Master Clerimont. Sir John Daw and I are both beholden to you.
Cle. Would I knew how to make you so, gentlemen!
Daw. Sir Amorous and I are your servants, sir.

[*Enter* MAVIS.]

Mav. Gentlemen, have any of you a pen-and-inke? I would faine write out a riddle in Italian, for Sir Dauphine to translate.
Cle. Not I, in troth, lady; I am no scrivener.
Daw. I can furnish you, I thinke, lady. [*Exeunt* DAW *and* MAVIS.
Cle. He has it in the haft of a knife, I beleeve.
La-F. No, he has his boxe of instruments.
Cle. Like a surgean!
La-F. For the mathematiques: his squire[2], his compasses, his brasse pens, and black-lead, to draw maps of every place and person where he comes.
Cle. How, maps of persons!
La-F. Yes, sir, of Nomentack,[3] when he was here, and of the Prince of Moldavia, and of his mistris, Mistris Epicœne.

[*Re-enter* DAW.]

Cle. Away! he has not found out her latitude, I hope.
La-F. You are a pleasant gentleman, sir.

[1] The whole act in this room.
[2] So also F 2; an old form for 'square.'
[3] An Indian chief brought to London from Virginia. G.

Cle. Faith, now we are in private, let's wanton it a little, and talke waggishly.—Sir John, I am telling Sir Amorous here that you two governe the ladies, where e're you come, you carry the feminine gender afore you.

Daw. They shall rather carry us afore them, if they will, sir.

Cle. Nay, I beleeve that they doe withall—but that you are the prime-men in their affections, and direct all their actions——

Daw. Not I; Sir Amorous is.

La-F. I protest Sir John is.

Daw. As I hope to rise i' the state, Sir Amorous, you ha' the person.

La-F. Sir John, you ha' the person and the discourse too.

Daw. Not I, sir. I have no discourse—and then you have the activitie beside.

La-F. I protest, Sir John, you come as high from Tripoly[1] as I doe, every whit: and lift as many joyn'd stooles, and leape over 'hem, if you would use it.

Cle. Well, agree on't together, knights; for betweene you, you divide the kingdome or commonwealth of ladies affections. I see it, and can perceive a little how they observe you, and feare you indeed, You could tell strange stories, my masters, if you would, I know.

Daw. Faith, we have seene somewhat, sir.

La-F. That we have—vellet petti-coates, and wrought smocks, or so.

Daw. I, and——

Cle. Nay, out with it, Sir John; doe not envie your friend the pleasure of hearing, when you have had the delight of tasting.

Daw. Why—a—Doe you speake, Sir Amorous.

La-F. No, doe you, Sir John Daw.

Daw. I' faith, you shall.

La-F. I' faith, you shall.

Daw. Why, we have beene——

La-F. In the great bed at Ware[2] together in our time. On, Sir John.

[1] G. thinks this common phrase comes from a pun *Trip*-oly. Nares derives it from the apes that might be supposed to come from Tripoly.

[2] Twelve feet square and capable of holding twenty or twenty-four persons. Nares. Cf. *Tw. Night*, III. ii.

Daw. Nay, doe you, Sir Amorous.
Cle. And these ladies with you, knights ?
La-F. No, excuse us, sir.
Daw. We must not wound reputation.
La-F. No matter—they were these, or others. Our bath cost us ifteene pound when we came home.
Cle. Doe you heare, Sir John ? You shall tell me but one thing ruely, as you love me.
Daw. If I can, I will, sir.
Cle. You lay in the same house with the bride here ?
Daw. Yes, and convers'd with her hourely, sir.
Cle. And what humour is she of ? Is she comming and open, ree ?
Daw. O, exceedingly open, sir. I was her servant, and Sir Amorous vas to be.
Cle. Come, you have both had favours from her : I know and ave heard so much.
Daw. O no, sir.
La-F. You shall excuse us, sir ; we must not wound reputation.
Cle. Tut, shee is married now, and you cannot hurt her with ny report ; and therefore speake plainely : how many time, yfaith ? vhich of you lead first ? ha !
La-F. Sir John had her mayden-head, indeed.
Daw. O, it pleases him to say so, sir ; but Sir Amorous knowes what's what as well.
Cle. Do'st thou, yfaith, Amorous ?
La-F. In a manner, sir.
Cle. Why, I commend you, lads. Little knowes Don Bride-groome of this ; nor shall he for me.
Daw. Hang him, mad oxe !
Cle. Speake softly ; here comes his nephew, with the Lady Haughty : hee'll get the ladies from you, sirs, if you looke not to im in time.
La-F. Why, if hee doe, wee'll fetch 'hem home gaine, I warrant ou. [*Exit with* Daw. Cler. *walks aside.*]

Act V. Scene II.

HAUGHTY, DAUPHINE, CENTAURE, MAVIS, CLERIMONT.

[*Hau.*] I assure you, Sir Dauphine, it is the price and estimation of your vertue onely that hath embarqu'd me to this adventure; and I could not but make out to tell you so: nor can I repent me of the act, since it is alwayes an argument of some vertue in our selves, that we love and affect it so in others.

Dau. Your ladiship sets too high a price on my weakenesse.

Hau. Sir, I can distinguish gemmes from peebles——

Dau. Are you so skilfull in stones. [*Aside.*]

Hau. And howsoever I may suffer in such a judgement as yours, by admitting equality of ranke or societie with Centaure or Mavis——

Dau. You doe not, madame, I perceive they are your mere foiles.

Hau. Then you are a friend to truth, sir; it makes mee love you the more. It is not the outward but the inward man that I affect. They are not apprehensive of an eminent perfection, but love flat and dully.

Cen. [*within.*] Where are you, my Lady Haughty?

Hau. I come presently, Centaure.—My chamber, sir, my page shall show you; and Trusty, my woman, shall be ever awake for you; you need not feare to communicate any thing with her, for she is a Fidelia. I pray you weare this jewell for my sake, Sir Dauphine.—

[*Enter* CENTAURE.]

Where's Mavis, Centaure?

Cen. Within, madame, a writing. I'll follow you presently [*Exit* HAU.] I'll but speake a word with Sir Dauphine.

Daup. With me, madame?

Cen. Good Sir Dauphine, doe not trust Haughty, nor make any credit to her what ever you doe besides. Sir Dauphine, I give you this caution, shee is a perfect courtier, and loves no body but for

her uses ; and for her uses shee loves all. Besides, her physitians give her out to be none o' the clearest ; whether she pay 'hem or no, heav'n knowes ; and she's about fiftie too, and pargets ![1] See her in a fore-noone. Here comes Mavis, a worse face then shee ! you would not like this by candle-light. 33

[*Re-enter* MAVIS.]

If you'll come to my chamber one o' these mornings early, or late in an evening, I'll tell you more. Where's Haughty, Mavis ?

Mav. Within, Centaure.

Cen. What ha' you there ?

Mav. An Italian riddle for Sir Dauphine,—you shall not see it, yfaith, Centaure.—[*Exit* CEN.] Good Sir Dauphine, solve it for mee : I'll call for it anon. [*Exit.*]

Cle. [*coming forward.*] How now, Dauphine ! how do'st thou quit thy selfe of these females ? 42

Daup. 'Slight, they haunt me like fayries, and give me jewells here ; I cannot be rid of 'hem.

Cle. O, you must not tell though.[2]

Daup. Masse, I forgot that : I never was so assaulted. One loves for vertue, and bribes me with this [*shows the jewel*]—another loves me with caution, and so would possesse me ; a third brings me a riddle here : and all are jealous, and raile each at other. 49

Cle. A riddle ! pray' le' me see 't. —*He reades the paper.*—

" *Sir Dauphine, I chose this way of intimation for privacie. The ladies here, I know, have both hope and purpose to make a collegiate and servant of you. If I might be so honor'd as to appeare at any end of so noble a worke, I would enter into a fame of taking physique to-morrow, and continue it foure or five dayes, or longer, for your visitation.*

MAVIS."

By my faith, a subtle one ! Call you this a riddle ? what's their plaine dealing, trow ?

Daup. We lack True-wit to tell us that.

Cle. We lack him for somewhat else too : his knights reformados[3] are wound up as high and insolent as ever they were. 61

[1] paints.
[2] Lest the fairies withdraw their favours.
[3] degraded. Cf. *E.M.i.H.* III. v. 13.

Daup. You jest.

Cle. No drunkards, either with wine or vanitie, ever confess'd such stories of themselves. I would not give a flies leg in ballance against all the womens reputations here, if they could bee but thought to speake truth: and for the bride, they have made their affidavit against her directly——

Daup. What, that they have lyen with her? 68

Cle. Yes; and tell times and circumstances, with the cause why, and the place where. I had almost brought 'hem to affirme that they had done it to-day.

Dau. Not both of 'hem?

Cle. Yes, faith; with a sooth or two more I had effected it. They would ha' set it downe under their hands.

Daup. Why, they will be our sport, I see, still, whether we will or no. 76

Act V. Scene III.

TRUE-WIT, MOROSE, OTTER, CUTBERD, CLERIMONT, DAUPHINE.

[*Tru.*] O, are you here? Come, Dauphine; goe call your uncle presently: I have fitted my divine and my canonist, died their beards and all. The knaves doe not know themselves, they are so exalted and alter'd. Preferment changes any man. Thou shalt keepe one dore and I another, and then Clerimont in the midst, that he may have no meanes of escape from their cavilling, when they grow hot once. And then the women (as I have given the bride her instructions) to breake in upon him, i' the *l'envoy*. O, 'twill be full and twanging! Away! fetch him. [*Exit* DAUPHINE.

Enter OTTER, *disguised as a divine, and* CUTBERD *as a canon lawyer.*] Come, master doctor, and master parson, looke to your parts now, and discharge 'hem bravely; you are well set forth, performe it as well. If you chance to be out, doe not confesse it with standing still, or humming, or gaping at one another; but goe on, and talke alowd

nd eagerly ; use vehement action, and onely remember your termes, nd you are safe ; let the matter goe where it will : you have many vill doe so. But at first be very solemne and grave, like your gar- ments, though you loose your selves after, and skip out like a brace of ugglers on a table. Here hee comes : set your faces, and look uperciliously while I present you.

[*Re-enter* DAUPHINE *with* MOROSE.]

Mor. Are these the two learned men ?

Tru. Yes, sir ; please you salute 'hem.

Mor. Salute 'hem ! I had rather doe any thing then weare out ime so unfruitfully, sir.[1] I wonder how these common formes, is *God save you*, and *You are well-come*, are come to be a habit in our ives : or, *I am glad to see you !* When I cannot see what the profit can bee of these wordes, so long as it is no whit better with him whose affaires are sad and grievous, that he heares this salutation.

Tru. 'Tis true, sir ; wee'll goe to the matter then —Gentleman, master doctor, and master parson, I have acquainted you sufficiently with the business for which you are come hether ; and you are not now to enforme your selves in the state of the question, I know. This is the gentleman who expects your resolution, and therefore, when you please, beginne.

Ott. Please you, master doctor.

Cut. Please you, good master parson.

Ott. I would heare the Canon-law speak first.

Cut. It must give place to positive Divinity, sir.

Mor. Nay, good gentlemen, doe not throw me into circumstances. Let your comforts arrive quickly at me, those that are. Be swift in affoording me my peace, if so I shall hope any. I love not your dis- putations or your court-tumults. And that it be not strange to you, I will tell you : My father, in my education, was wont to advise mee, that I should alwayes collect and contayne my mind, not suffring it to flow loosely ; that I should looke to what things were necessary to the carriage of my life, and what not ; embracing the one and eschewing the other : in short, that I should endeare my selfe to rest, and avoid turmoile ; which is now growne to be another nature

[1] Lines 23–27, and 40–50, from Libanius.

to me. So that I come not to your publike pleadings, or your places of noise; not that I neglect those things that make for the dignitie of the common-wealth; but for the meere avoiding of clamors & impertinencies of orators, that know not how to be silent. And for the cause of noise, am I now a sutor to you. You doe not know in what a miserie I have been exercis'd this day, what a torrent of evill! my very house turnes round with the tumult! I dwell in a windmill: the perpetuall motion is here, and not at Eltham.[1]

Tru. Well, good master doctor, will you breake the ice? master parson will wade after.

Cut. Sir, though unworthy, and the weaker, I will presume.

Ott. 'Tis no presumption, *domine* doctor.

Mor. Yet againe!

Cut. Your question is, For how many causes a man may have *divortium legitimum*, a lawfull divorce? Firt, you must understand the nature of the word, divorce, *a divertendo*——

Mor. No excursions upon words, good doctor; to the question briefly.

Cut. I answere then, the Canon-law affords divorce but in few cases; and the principall is in the common case, the adulterous case. But there are *duodecim impedimenta*,[2] twelve impediments (as we call 'hem) all which do not *dirimere contractum*, but *irritum reddere matrimonium*, as wee say in the Canon-law, *not take away the bond, but cause a nullitie therein.*

Mor. I understood you before: good sir, avoid your impertinencie of translation.

Ott. He cannot open this too much, sir, by your favour.

Mor. Yet more!

Tru. O, you must give the learned men leave, sir.—To your impediments, master doctor.

Cut. The first is *impedimentum erroris.*

Ott. Of which there are severall species.

Cut. I, as *error personæ.*

[1] Nares takes this for a contrivance pretending to perpetual motion. But G. refers it, with greater probability, to a well-known puppet-show or a serial miracle play. *Cf.* B. J. *Epigr.*, xcvii, and Peacham's *Verses* prefixed to Coryat.

[2] The following *are* the twelve of the fourteen canonical impediments given by Thomas Aquinas, *Summa Theologiae.* Upton, Henry.

Ott. If you contract your selfe to one person, thinking her another.

Cut. Then, *error fortunæ.*

Ott. If shee be a beggar, you thought her rich.

Cut. Then, *error qualitatis.*

Ott. If she prove stubborne or head-strong, that you thought obedient.

Mor. How! is that, sir a lawfull impediment? One at once, I pray you, gentlemen.

Ott. I, *ante copulam*, but not *post copulam*, sir.

Cut. Mr. Parson saies right. *Nec post nuptiarum benedictionem.* It doth indeed but *irrita reddere sponsalia*, annull the contract; after marriage it is of no obstancy.

Tru. Alas sir, what a hope are we fall'n from by this time!

Cut. The next is *conditio;* if you thought her free borne and shee prove a bondwoman, there is impediment of estate and condition.

Ott. I, but, Mr. doctor, those servitudes are *sublatæ* now, among us Christians.

Cut. By your favour, master parson——

Ott. You shall give me leave, master doctor.

Mor. Nay, gentlemen, quarrell not in that question; it concernes not my case: passe to the third.

Cut. Well, then, the third is *votum;* if either partie have made a vow of chastitie. But that practice, as master parson said of the other, is taken away among us, thanks be to discipline. The fourth is *cognatio:* if the persons be of kinne within the degrees.

Ott. I: doe you know what the degrees are, sir?

Mor. No, nor I care not, sir; they offer me no comfort in the question, I am sure.

Cut. But there is a branch of this impediment may, which is *cognatio spiritualis;* if you were her godfather, sir, then the marriage is incestuous.

Ott. That comment is absurd and superstitious, master doctor: I cannot endure it. Are we not all brothers and sisters, and as much a kinne in that as god-fathers and god-daughters?

Mor. O me! to end the controversie, I never was a god-father, I never was a god-father in my life, sir. Passe to the next.

Cut. The fift is *crimen adulterii;* the knowne case. The sixt, *cultus*

disparitas, difference of religion. Have you ever examin'd her, what religion shee is of ?

Mor. No, I would rather shee were of none then bee put to the trouble of it.

Ott. You may have it done for you, sir.

Mor. By no meanes, good sir ; on to the rest : shall you ever come to an end, thinke you ?

Tru. Yes, he has done halfe, sir. On to the rest.—Be patient, and expect, sir.

Cut. The seventh is, *vis :* if it were upon compulsion or force.

Mor. O no, it was too voluntarie, mine ; too voluntarie.

Cut. The eight is, *ordo ;* if ever shee have taken holy orders.

Ott. That's superstitious too.

Mor. No matter, master parson ; would shee would goe into a nunnerie yet.

Cut. The ninth is *ligamen ;* if you were bound, sir, to any other before.

Mor. I thrust my selfe too soon into these fetters.

Cut. The tenth is, *publica honestas ;* which is *inchoata quædam affinitas.*

Ott. I, or *affinitas orta ex sponsalibus ;* and is but *leve impedimentum.*

Mor. I feele no aire of comfort blowing to me in all this.

Cut. The eleventh is, *affinitas ex fornicatione.*

Ott. Which is no lesse *vera affinitas* then the other, master doctor.

Cut. True, *quæ oritur ex legitimo matrimonio.*

Ott. You say right, venerable doctor ; and, *nascitur ex eo, quod per conjugium duæ personæ efficiuntur una caro*——

Mor.[1] Hey-day, now they beginne !

Cut. I conceive you, master parson : *Ita per fornicationem æque est verus pater, qui sic generat*——

Ott. Et vere filius qui sic generatur——

Mor. What's all this to me ?

Cle. Now it growes warme.

Cut. The twelfth and last is, *si forte coire nequibis.*

Ott. I, that is *impedimentum gravissimum :* it doth utterly annull

[1] So Ff. and W. ; but G and the Mermaid assign the speech to True-wit.

and annihilate that. If you have *manifestam frigiditatem*, you are well, sir.

Tru. Why, there is comfort come at length, sir. Confesse your selfe but a man unable, and she will sue to be divorc'd first.

Ott. I, or if there be *morbus perpetuus, & insanibilis :* as *paralisis, elephantiasis*, or so——

Dau. O, but *frigiditas* is the fairer way, gentlemen.

Ott. You say troth, sir, and as it is in the canon, master doctor——

Cut. I conceive you, sir.

Cle. Before he speakes !

Ott. That a boy, or child, under yeeres, is not fit for marriage, because he cannot *reddere debitum.* So your *omnipotentes*—— 165

Tru. Your *impotentes*, you whorson lobster ! [*Aside to* Ott.

Ott. Your *impotentes*, I should say, are *minime apti ad contrahenda matrimonium.*

Tru. Matrimonium ! wee shall have most un-matrimoniall Latin with you : *matrimonia*, and be hang'd.

Dau. You put 'hem out, man.

Cut. But then ther will arise a doubt, master parson, in our case, *post matrimonium :* that *frigiditate præditus*—do you conceive me, sir ? 174

Ott. Very well, sir.

Cut. Who cannot *uti uxore pro uxore*, may *habere eam pro sorore.*

Ott. Absurd, absurd, absurd, and merely apostaticall !

Cut. You shall pardon me, master parson, I can prove it.

Ott. You can prove a will, master doctor, you can prove nothing else. Do's not the verse of your owne canon say : 180

Hæc socianda vetant connubia, facta retractant ?

Cut. I grant you ; but how doe they *retractare*, master parson ?

Mor. O, this was it I fear'd.

Ott. In æternum, sir.

Cut. That's false in divinitie, by your favour. 185

Ott. 'Tis false in humanitie to say so. Is hee not *prorsus inutilis ad thorum ?* Can he *præstare fidem datam ?* I would faine know.

Cut. Yes ; how if he doe *convalere ?*

Ott. He cannot *convalere*, it is impossible. 190

Tru. Nay, good sir, attend the learned men; they'll thinke you neglect 'hem else.
Cut. Or if he doe *simulare* himself *frigidum, odio uxoris*, or so?
Ott. I say he is *adulter manifestus* then.
Daup. [*Aside*]. They dispute it very learnedly, yfaith.
Ott. And *prostitutor uxoris:* and this is positive.
Mor. Good sir, let me escape.
Tru. You will not doe me that wrong, sir?
Ott. And therefore, if he be *manifeste frigidus*, sir——
Cut. I, if he be *manifeste frigidus*, I grant you——
Ott. Why, that was my conclusion.
Cut. And mine too.
Tru. Nay, heare the conclusion, sir.
Ott. Then *frigiditatis causa*——
Cut. Yes, *causa frigiditatis*——
Mor. O, mine eares!
Ott. Shee may have *libellum divortii* against you.
Cut. I, *divortii libellum* shee will sure have.
Mor. Good eccho's, forbeare.
Ott. If you confesse it.——
Cut. Which I would doe, sir——
Mor. I will doe any thing.
Ott. And cleere my selfe in *foro conscientiæ*——
Cut. Because you want indeed——
Mor. Yet more!
Ott. *Exercendi potestate.*

Act. V. Scene IIII.

EPICŒNE, MOROSE, HAUGHTY, CENTAURE, MAVIS, Mrs. OTTER, DAW, TRUE-WIT, DAUPHINE, CLERIMONT, LA-FOOLE, OTTER, CUTBERD.

[*Epi.*] I will not endure it any longer. Ladies, I beseech you helpe me. This is such a wrong as never was offer'd to poore bride before: upon her marriage-day to have her husband conspire against her, and a couple of mercinarie companions to be brought in for formes

sake, to perswade a separation! If you had bloud or vertue in you, gentlemen, you would not suffer such eare-wigs about a husband, or scorpions to creep between man and wife.

Mor. O the varietie and changes of my torment!

Hau. Let 'hem be cudgell'd out of dores by our groomes.

Cen. I'll lend you my footman.

Mav. Wee'll have our men blanket 'hem i' the hall.

Mrs. Ot. As there was one at our house, madame, for peeping in at the dore.

Daw. Content, yfaith.

Tru. Stay, ladies and gentlemen; you'll heare before you proceed?

Mav. I'lld ha' the bride-groome blanketted too.

Cen. Beginne with him first.

Hau. Yes, by my troth.

Mor. O mankind generation![1]

Daup. Ladies, for my sake forbeare.

Hau. Yes, for Sir Dauphines sake.

Cen. He shall command us.

La-F. He is as fine a gentleman of his inches, madame, as any is about the towne, and weares as good colours when he list.

Tru. Be briefe, sir, and confesse your infirmitie; shee'll be a-fire to be quit of you; if shee but heare that nam'd once, you shall not entreat her to stay; shee'll flie you like one that had the marks upon him.

Mor. Ladies, I must crave all your pardons——

Tru. Silence, ladies.

Mor. For a wrong I have done to your whole sexe, in marrying this faire and vertuous gentlewoman——

Cle. Heare him, good ladies.

Mor. Being guiltie of an infirmitie which, before I confer'd with these learn'd men, I thought I might have conceal'd——

Tru. But now being better inform'd in his conscience by them hee is to declare it, and give satisfaction by asking your publique forgivenesse.

Mor. I am no man, ladies.

All. How!

[1] masculine; violent.

Mor. Utterly un-abled in nature, by reason of frigidity, to performe the duties or any the least office of a husband.

Mav. Now out upon him, prodigious creature!

Cen. Bride-groome uncarnate!

Hau. And would you offer it to a young gentle-woman!

Mrs. A. A lady of her longings?

Epi. Tut, a device, a device, this! it smells rankly, ladies. A mere comment of his owne.

Tru. Why, if you suspect that, ladies, you may have him search'd—

Daw. As the custome is, by a jurie of physitians.

La-F. Yes, faith, 'twill be brave.

Mor. O me, must I undergoe that?

Mrs. Ott. No, let women search him, madame: we can doe it our selves.

Mor. Out on me! worse.

Epi. No, ladies, you shall not need, I'll take him with all his faults.

Mor. Worst of all!

Cle. Why then, 'tis no divorce, doctor, if shee consent not?

Cut. No, if the man be *frigidus*, it is *de parte uxoris*, that we grant *libellum divortii*, in the law.

Ott. I, it is the same in theologie.

Mor. Worse, worse then worst!

Tru. Nay, sir, bee not utterly dis-heartned; wee have yet a small relique of hope left, as neere as our comfort is blowne out. Clerimont, produce your brace of knights. What was that, master parson, you told me *in errore qualitatis*, e'ne now?—Dauphine, whisper the bride, that shee carry it as if shee were guiltie and asham'd. [*Aside.*]

Ott. Mary, sir, *in errore qualitatis* (which master doctor did forbeare to urge), if shee bee found *corrupta*, that is, vitiated or broken up, that was *pro virgine desponsa*, espous'd for a maid——

Mor. What then, sir?

Ott. It doth *dirimere contractum*, and *irritum reddere* too.

Tru. If this be true, we are happy againe, sir, once more. Here are an honorable brace of knights that shall affirme so much.

Daw. Pardon us, good Master Clerimont.

La-F. You shall excuse us, Master Clerimont.

Cle. Nay, you must make it good now, knights, there is no remedie ; I'll eate no words for you, nor no men : you know you spoke it to me.

Daw. Is this gentleman-like, sir ?

Tru. Jack Daw, hee's worse then Sir Amorous ; fiercer a great deale. [*Aside to* DAW.]—Sir Amorous, beware, there be ten Dawes in this Clerimont. [*Aside to* LA-FOOLE.]

La-F. I'll confesse it, sir.

Daw. Will you, Sir Amorous, will you wound reputation ?

La-F. I am resolv'd.

Tru. So should you be too, Jack Daw : what should keepe you off ? shee is but a woman, and in disgrace : hee'll be glad on't.

Daw. Will he ? I thought he would ha' beene angrie.

Cle. You will dispatch, knights ; it must be done, yfaith.

Tru. Why, an' it must, it shall, sir, they say : they'll ne'er goe backe.—Doe not tempt his patience. [*Aside to them.*]

Daw. It is true indeed, sir.

La-F. Yes, I assure you, sir.

Mor. What is true, gentlemen ? what doe you assure me ?

Daw. That we have knowne your bride, sir——

La-F. In good fashion. Shee was our mistris, or so——

Cle. Nay, you must be plaine, knights, as you were to me.

Ott. I, the question is, if you have *carnaliter*, or no ?

La-F. Carnaliter ! what else, sir ?

Ott. It is inough ; a plaine nullitie.

Epi. I am un-done, I am un-done !

Mor. O let me worship and adore you, gentlemen !

Epi. I am un-done ! [*Weeps.*

Mor. Yes, to my hand, I thanke these knights : Master parson, let me thanke you otherwise. [*Gives him money.*

Cen. And ha' they confess'd ?

Mav. Now, out upon 'hem, informers !

Tru. You see what creatures you may bestow your favours on, madames.

Hau. I would except against 'hem as beaten knights, wench, and not good witnesses in law.

Mrs. Ot. Poore gentlewoman, how shee takes it!

Hau. Be comforted, Morose, I love you the better for 't.

Cen. So doe I, I protest.

Cut. But gentlemen, you have not knowne her since *matrimonium?*

Daw. Not to-day, master doctor.

La-F. No, sir, not to-day.

Cut. Why, then I say, for any act before, the *matrimonium* is good and perfect; unlesse the worshipfull bride-groome did precisely, before witnesse, demand, if shee were *virgo ante nuptias.*

Epi. No, that he did not, I assure you, master doctor.

Cut. If he cannot prove that, it is *ratum conjugium*, notwithstanding the premises; and they doe no way *impedire.* And this is my sentence, this I pronounce.

Ott. I am of master doctors resolution too, sir; if you made not that demand *ante nuptias.*

Mor. O my heart! wilt thou breake? wilt thou breake? this is worst of all worst worsts that hell could have devis'd! Marry a whore, and so much noise!

Daup. Come, I see now plaine confederacie in this doctor and this parson, to abuse a gentleman. You studie his affliction. I pray' bee gone, companions.—And, gentlemen, I begin to suspect you for having parts with 'hem.—Sir, will it please you heare me?

Mor. O doe not talke to me; take not from mee the pleasure of dying in silence, nephew.[1]

Daup. Sir, I must speake to you. I have beene long your poore despis'd kins-man, and many a hard thought has strength'ned you against me: but now it shall appeare if either I love you or your peace, and preferre them to all the world beside. I will not bee long or grievous to you, sir. If I free you of this unhappy match absolutely and instantly, after all this trouble, and almost in your despaire, now——

Mor. [*aside.*] It cannot be.

[1] From Libanius.

Daup. Sir, that you bee never troubled with a murmure of it more, what shall I hope for, or deserve of you ?

Mor. O, what thou wilt, nephew ! thou shalt deserve mee, and have mee.

Daup. Shall I have your favour perfect to me, and love hereafter ?

Mor. That, and any thing beside. Make thine owne conditions. My whole estate is thine ; manage it, I will become thy ward.

Daup. Nay, sir, I will not be so un-reasonable.

Epi. Will Sir Dauphine be mine enemie too ?

Daup. You know I have been long a suter to you, uncle, that out of your estate, which is fifteen hundred a yeere, you would allow me but five hundred during life, and assure the rest upon me after ; to which I have often, by my selfe and friends, tendred you a writing to signe, which you would never consent or incline to. If you please but to effect it now——

Mor. Thou shalt have it, nephew ; I will doe it, and more.

Daup. If I quit you not presently, and for-ever, of this cumber, you shall have power instantly, afore all these, to revoke your act, and I will become whose slave you will give me to for-ever.

Mor. Where is the writing ? I will seale to it, that, or to a blanke, and write thine owne conditions.

Epi. O me, most unfortunate, wretched gentle-woman !

Hau. Will Sir Dauphine doe this ?

Epi. Good sir, have some compassion on me.

Mor. O, my nephew knowes you, belike ; away, crocodile !

Cen. He do's it not sure without good ground.

Daup. Here, sir. [*Gives him the parchments.*]

Mor. Come, nephew, give me the pen ; I will subscribe to any thing, and seale to what thou wilt for my deliverance. Thou art my restorer. Here I deliver it thee as my deed. If there bee a word in it lacking, or writ with false orthographie, I protest before [heaven] I will not take the advantage. [*Returns the writings.*]

Daup. Then here is your release, sir.—*He takes of* EPICŒNE's *perruke.*—You have married a boy, a gentlemans son that I have

brought up this halfe yeere at my great charges, and for this composition which I have now made with you. What say you, master doctor? This is *justum impedimentum* I hope, *error personæ?*

Ott. Yes, sir, *in primo gradu.*

Cut. In primo gradu.

Daup. I thanke you, good doctor Cutbeard, and parson Otter. —*He pulls of their beardes and disguise.*—You are beholden to 'hem sir, that have taken this paines for you; and my friend, Master True-wit, who enabled 'hem for the businesse. Now you may goe in and rest; be as private as you will, sir. [*Exit* MOROSE.] I'll not trouble you till you trouble me with your funerall, which I care not how soone it come.—Cutbeard, I'll make your lease good. Thanke mee not, but with your leg, Cutberd. And Tom Otter, your Princesse shall be reconcil'd to you.—How now, gentlemen, doe you looke at me?

Cler. A boy!

Daup. Yes, Mistris Epicœne.

Tru. Well, Dauphine, you have lurch'd your friends of the better halfe of the garland, by concealing this part of the plot; but much good doe it thee, thou deserv'st it, lad. And, Clerimont, for thy unexpected bringing in these two to confession, weare my part of it freely. Nay, Sir Daw and Sir La-Foole, you see the gentlewoman that has done you the favours! we are all thankefull to you, and so should the woman-kind here, specially for lying on her, though not with her! you meant so, I am sure. But that we have stuck it upon you to day, in your own imagin'd persons, and so lately, this Amazon, the champion of the sexe should beate you now thriftily, for the common slanders which ladies receive from such cuckowes as you are. You are they that, when no merit or fortune can make you hope to enjoy their bodies, will yet lie with their reputations, and make their fame suffer.[1] Away, you common moths of these, and all ladies honors. Goe, travaile to make legs and faces, and come home with some new matter to be laught at: you deserve to live in an aire as corrupted as that wherewith you feed rumor. [*Exeunt* DAW *and*

[1] From the *Ars. Am.* II. 633, G.

LA-FOOLE.] Madames, you are mute upon this new metamorphosis! But here stands shee that has vindicated your fames. Take heed of uch *insectæ* hereafter. And let it not trouble you, that you have iscover'd any mysteries to this young gentleman: he is (a'most) of eeres, and will make a good visitant within this twelve-month. n the meane time, wee'll all undertake for his secrecie, that can peak so well of his silence. [*Coming forward.*] Spectators, if you ke this comoedie, rise cheerefully, and now Morose is gone in, clap our hands. It may be that noyse will cure him, at least please him.

[*Exeunt.*]

THE END.

This Comoedie was firſt
acted, in the yeere
1609.

By the Children of her Maieſties
REVELLS.

The principall Comœdians were,

NAT. FIELD.	WILL. BARKSTED.
GIL. CARIE.	WILL. PEN.
HVG. ATTAWEL.	RIC. ALLIN.
IOH. SMITH.	IOH. BLANEY.

With the allowance of the Maſter of REVELLS.

Ben Jonson

THE ALCHEMIST

Edited with Critical Essay and Notes by George Arnold Smithson, Ph.D., Instructor in the University of California.

CRITICAL ESSAY

The Alchemist: Quality and Purpose of the Play.—Rooted in the comic by-play of the miracle cycles, trained and pruned by the revived discipline of Plautus and Terence, the strong timber of the most thoroughly English of dramas has grown—the realistic comedy of manners. Of this type the greatest play up to the time of the Restoration is *The Alchemist* (1610). Teeming with the noisy, vulgar business of everyday life, bustling with broad or even coarse language and action, portraying in minute detail the whims, the caprices, the follies, and the vices of its day, it remains in its whole tendency and effect thoroughly moral. It is a play which aims to show forth the common errors of life "in the most ridiculous sort that may be." That is, *The Alchemist* is critical, satirical, in contrast to the typical Shakespearian comedy, which is non-critical, bordering on the pathetic.

A successful critical comedy is a triumph, for the type is exacting. Satire to be poignant demands that emphasis be laid incisively upon the individual traits held up to ridicule. Thus the characters of *The Alchemist* are caricatures. Each person is dominated by a single, typical trait. Each presents a humour. Yet the author does not pass from the typical to the allegorical. Mammon is of the essence of sensual greed. But he remains always Mammon, a clear-cut personality; never becomes a mere personification. Nor, on the other hand, does the author rely for effect on personal invective. He weighs his characters in the balance and finds them wanting. And we pronounce judgment upon the participants in *Volpone*, *Sejanus*, and *Catiline* according to moral standards; upon those in *Every Man in his Humour*, *Bartholomew Fayre*, *Epicoene*, and *The Alchemist* according to intellectual standards. But concerning *The Alchemist* our decisions are in no way prejudiced by critical comment on the part of the author. Our judgment of the despicable

Mammon and his associates results from their actions in comic situations, not from Jonson's denunciation of them.

Again, to be comic, the satirical treatment of character demands that individuals be portrayed after their essential, dominating characteristics or humours have been stamped indelibly upon them, and that they be involved in a number of actions more or less distinct. Tribulation's humour is hypocrisy. He comes upon the stage a confirmed hypocrite. To represent him in the development of a hypocrite, the *becoming* rather than the *being*, would be in effect tragic, not comic. The plot, therefore, which involves Tribulation with the other characters is matured not by his development but by a series of distinct intrigues or incidents. Were it matured by a single prolonged action, the effect would be painful. Comic effect requires brief, sudden action. It results from the quick skirmishes of imperfect combatants, not from the prolonged and character-making battles of heroic champions.

Finally, comic effect demands consistently comic treatment. Jonson places the humour of each individual, vile as it may be in itself, in such a light that we laugh at its folly. We may reprobate its vice ; but we take sound delight in the comic discomfiture which it causes. What could be more amusing than the downfall of the lustful Mammon ? He is brought to the depths of despair by the chicanery of consummate tricksters who pretend that his lack of chastity has shattered the philosopher's stone. Then he pays over to them one hundred pounds as a donation to a home for the feeble-minded, hoping against hope that such atonement may avail to conserve some remnant of the marvellous power of the stone in at least a few of its fragments. From such scenes is woven the whole fabric of the plot. We have in *The Alchemist* not a serious love tale enveloped in the subtle, pleasant atmosphere of a Forest of Arden, or relieved here and there by a brilliant outburst of fun. We have a play which is intrinsically comic, every scene of it.

Much of this has been well said before.[1] To attempt the entirely new would involve the sheer fabrication of truths. Yet, in spite

[1] See especially Hathaway, *The Alchemist, Intro.*; Schelling, *Eastward Hoe* and *The Alchemist, Intro.*; Woodbridge, *Studies in Jonson's Comedy*; Swinburne, *A Study of Ben Jonson.*

of all that has been said about *The Alchemist*, the attitude of modern readers calls for a word of emphasis concerning the verisimilitude and the universality of its satire ; and the attitude of former students calls for a word of correction or supplement on the subject of its plot structure.

Modern readers tend to look upon *The Alchemist* as a picture of life that is fantastic. They tend to regard the characters as absurdities highly improbable even in the time of Elizabeth, utterly impossible in our enlightened age. They do not feel the full power of the trenchant satire because they know not how tricksters gulled the enlightened minds of the time of Elizabeth, and because, having eyes, they see not, all about them in the open day, their own public duped by swindling devices no less outrageous than those of *The Alchemist*. They forget that Queen Elizabeth herself, who was no fool, trusted so implicitly in the powers of alchemists that she became the patron of more than one of them. Indeed, less than eight years after *The Alchemist* was staged, one Sir Giles Mompesson was labouring under the delusion that he could manufacture gold lace from copper. He applied for a patent for this new alchemical process ; and the Chancellor of the Realm, Francis Bacon, approved the granting of it.

Alchemy was not the only device for ensnaring the unwary. Glance at some of the doings of John Dee, astronomer and mathematician of merit, associate of the leading scholars of the day. In Mary's time he was imprisoned for an alleged attempt to destroy the Queen by magic. Elizabeth engaged him to fix by astrology the most auspicious date for her coronation, to avert from her the dire consequences presaged by an awful portent,—there had been found a wax image of the Queen with a pin stuck in it—to cure her toothache, and to interpret the significance of a comet. John Dee held intercourse with spirits by means of a crystal globe which may be seen to this day in the British Museum.[1]

Greene, Dekker, and Nashe had exposed much of the trickery by which the general public was gulled. But they either believed in alchemy or dared not assail it. Following them, Jonson, too,

[1] For a more comprehensive study of this subject see Hathaway, *The Alchemist, Intro.*, pp. 15–90 and Muir, *The Story of Alchemy and the Beginnings of Chemistry*, N.Y., 1902.

exposed a number of forms of imposture; but he, more keen in intellect, more daring in mood, centred all about alchemy, the very acme of cozenage. So exact was his knowledge of the details of alchemy, so precise his use of the misty, grandiose terms of its exponents, and so in accord with actual practice his presentation of the subject that later alchemists might well have maintained that, a firm believer in their science, he satirized only cheating practitioners and their gullible victims.

After all, are the impostors and the victims of *The Alchemist* but shadowy phantoms of the past? Might not fortune-telling and spirit-walking, planchettes and magic glasses, star-gazing and slate-writing furnish material for rather poignant satire even to-day? There is still in existence *L'Association Alchimique de France* which claims secret knowledge of the hermetic mysteries. In Baltimore, in 1891, the same old trick of the alchemists netted Edward Pinter some $90,000. In July, 1898, there vanished from Boston the Reverend P. F. Jernegan, organizer of the *Electrolytic Marine Salts Company*. With him there vanished some $200,000, part of the profit of the hoax.[1] And for further evidence that *The Alchemist* is vital in our own time, as it was vital in the time of Elizabeth, one need but peruse the following from the San Francisco *Bulletin* of February 20th, 1909:—

Money Incubator Reverses Alchemy.—New York, Feb. 20.—Through an investigation in the Essex Market Police Court it has been disclosed that a band of swindlers have been victimizing ignorant men and women on the East Side by means of a mysterious machine which they asserted would increase money if placed therein. Joseph Rosenthal, a tailor, complained that he had placed $800 in the machine at the suggestion of Benjamin Bloom, a fellow tailor, and that after waiting feverishly for twenty-four hours as directed, had opened the contrivance to find that it contained only worthless paper. Bloom was held in $2000 bail for trial. Henry Lampkin of Brooklyn complained that he had lost $750 in the same manner, and inquiry by the police showed that an Italian had invested $7000 in the money breeder and had received not a cent in return.

Dramatic Construction.—The plot of *The Alchemist* reveals the hand of a master technician. The scene is practically the same throughout and the actions are consecutive. The play involves the

[1] See Hathaway, *Intro.*, pp. 88–89.

intrigues of three arch-plotters against six victims or sets of victims, the intrigue of one Surly against the arch-plotters, and the intrigue of the master of the house, aided by one of the plotters, against the others. The master of a London household hies him from town for fear of the plague. While he is away, his astute butler, aided by two accomplices, dupes the public outrageously by the profession of various forms of magic. By means of a purse provided at great expense by the Queen of the Fairies the three tricksters assure a would-be blood of unfailing luck in gaming. They impart to a brainless tobacconist marvellous information in respect of his lucky days and the arrangement of his shop. By mysterious rites they teach a wildly effervescent youth the art of quarrelling. And they employ the wild youth's sister, who is carried away by their magic powers, as a lure for other victims. But most important of all, they ensnare the greedy, sensual Mammon and two hypocritical Anabaptists by the trick of alchemy. Most vigorously all of them are gulled in spite of the unbelieving Surly, whose *exposé* of the fraud receives only the meed of a sound trouncing. Suddenly in the midst of its schemes the triumvirate of tricksters is brought to a halt. The master returns. But he dare not enter the house, for they announce that the place is infected with the plague. At the last, when there is no hope of escape, the witty butler confesses all and is forgiven. He and the master put the unrepentant impostors to flight, outface the clamouring victims, and enjoy the rich spoils of the game.

Each of the intrigues of the plot is a unit in itself: each has its complete action; each has its comic effect. The coherence between the scenes within the single intrigue is excellent. In I. iii, where the tricksters first gull Drugger, they order him to return in the afternoon for further information. Accordingly he returns in II. vi. Here is he sent to bring Kastril, a new victim, and some damask. He brings Kastril in III. iv, but not the damask. Again he is sent for this; and he returns with it in IV. vii. And so with all. One appearance of a victim invariably provides for his next, so that the element of chance is eliminated.

Then, while these intrigues remain distinct, as in *Every Man in his Humour*, the whole play has that impression of unity more easily felt than defined. The separate actions are related as parts of the

general plan of the intriguers against the victims. Similar motives actuate all. One comic tone pervades all. Each intrigue contributes its force to the idea of the whole. The suspense as to the general issue is constantly increasing. The effect is that which would be produced by a series of causally related tricks, piled up by a single intriguer upon a single victim. Moreover, although never welded into one, the intrigues are so linked together in certain scenes that their effect is cumulative. In II. i–iii, Mammon, the prince of victims, is grouped with Surly, the unique sceptic of the play. In III. iv, are grouped four of the victims ; in IV. vii, six of them.[1] Thus the close association of the gulls, each in the talons of the vulturous plotters, and the imminent danger of a concerted turning of captives upon captors lend to the whole the impression of a single complicated action.

The plot of *The Alchemist*, with its group of distinct actions, has been cited as an example of the radical difference in structure existing between the plot of comedy and that of the typical tragedy. It is true that we have here not the single tragic conflict of two strong opposing forces in action and reaction, rise and fall. Surly alone of all the victims shows anything that may be termed reaction against the victimizers. The resolution of the play is brought about by a force from without. Lovewit, the master of the house, returns to overthrow the plotters. But, after all, is this resolution in effect different from that of tragedy ?

In the structure of *The Alchemist* we have a rising action in which the arch-plotters act against their victims. This is followed by a falling action in which the arch-plotters are acted upon. The return of Lovewit is the turning point. In the first part of the play the intriguers meet no obstacle but Surly. They reach the height of their power when they overthrow him. But note their position. We feel that they are at the end of their resources. The combined demands of the victims are becoming too strong. The tense strain of action toward a single effect demands a sudden break or a reaction. As in tragedy we have the reaction. The fact that those who react in the second part of the play are not the victims of the first part does not make the logical structure essentially different from that of tragedy.

[1] See also V. iii, V. iv, V. v.

The essential point, the same in each case, is that the action of the first part necessitates the reaction of the second.

The difference between the plot of *The Alchemist* and the plot of tragedy is not a difference of logical structure. It is simply a difference of attitude toward life. Tragedy treats of characters and events seriously, under the inexorable domination of the law of fate, while comedy treats of characters and events humorously, under the exorable adjustment of social conventions. We may expect in mere adjustment a certain weakness and freedom unreconcilable with the idea of law. The resolution of *The Alchemist* is weak perhaps in introducing a force from without. But it is not so weak as is implied in the bare statement of this fact. Lovewit has not appeared in the first part of the play. His coming, however, has been well prepared for. Throughout the action has been lurking ever the danger of the return of the master. In fact the plotters are opposing him rather than their victims. They are expecting opposition in return from him rather than from their victims. And the resolution is conducted rather freely. It involves the shifting of Face from the side of the plotters to the side of Lovewit. It is unconventional in that Face is rewarded in the end, while the other plotters and their victims are punished. But we accept the success of Face without compunction—first, because Subtle and Doll are planning to desert him and make away with his share of the plunder; and second, because, like the tricky slave of Latin comedy, Face deserves a reward for the delight which he has afforded the audience by the cleverness of his humorous villainy.

Date.—*The Alchemist* was completed before October 3rd, 1610, since on that date it was entered in the *Stationers' Register*. And there is evidence which shows that it was not written before the year 1610, when it was first acted. In II. vi, 31, Drugger says that Dame Pliant is but nineteen at the most. Then in IV. iv, 29–30, Dame Pliant states:

> Never, sin eighty-eight could I abide 'hem,
> And that was some three yeere afore I was borne, in truth.

Born in 1591, she was nineteen in 1610. Jonson's care in matters of this kind justifies us in accepting 1610 as the date of composition.

Furthermore, the play was almost certainly written during the plague season. The first lines of the *Argument* indicate that the triumvirate of tricksters was formed in plague time. Face refers to the formation of the triumvirate as less than two months before the time of the play (III. iv, 46), and the words of Mammon show that operations have been going on for five weeks (V. v, 61). Then, Ananias speaks of the second day of the fourth week in the eighth month. This would be October 24, the date on which Jonson probably expected the play to be staged. October 24 would be nine days before the beginning of the Michaelmas term (November 2–November 25), the rich opportunities of which the conspirators are anxious not to lose (I. i, 139). Now the plague season in 1610 extended from July 12 to November 22. Hence, if Jonson placed the time of the action at October 24, he must have written the play after the beginning of the plague, July 12, 1610. That he did place the action at about October 24 is made more probable by the statement that the Magisterium will be perfected in about fifteen days, on the second day of the third week in the ninth month (III. ii, 129–132), or November 17—twenty-four days in fact. And that the play was written after the beginning of the plague, when the theatres were closed, is made more probable by—

> I'll undertake, withall, to fright the plague
> Out o' the kingdome, in three months.
> *Sur.* And I'll
> Be bound the players shall sing your praises, then,
> Without their poets. II. i, 69–72.

and by references to the plague as still existing at the end of the play (IV. vii, 115–117; V. v, 31–35). *The Alchemist* was, accordingly, composed before October 3 and in all probability after August 1, 1610.[1]

Sources.—Much in *The Alchemist* is reminiscent of events in the lives of John Dee, Simon Forman, and Edward Kelley—their doings in the fields of alchemy, astrology, and other sorts of magic. These men served to a certain extent as models for Subtle and Face. The

[1] For further details see Fleay, *Biog. Chron. Eng. Drama*, I, 375–376 and Hathaway, *The Alchemist, Intro.* 12–15.

literary web is enriched with classical allusions and with borrowings from English and Latin works on alchemy too frequent to be mentioned here.[1] The plot contains three scenes which may have been suggested by the *Mostellaria* and the *Poenulus* of Plautus. In the opening scene the quarrel of Subtle, Face, and Dol, which serves to impart information about the initial situation, savours of the device at the beginning of the *Mostellaria*, where the quarrel of the two slaves, Tranio and Grumio, serves the same function. The grounds and the words of the quarrels, however, have nothing in common. The return of Lovewit at the beginning of the fifth act of *The Alchemist* resembles the return of Theuropides in the *Mostellaria*. Theuropides is kept at bay by the salve Tranio, who states that the house is haunted. In two details the resemblance is close. The words of Face, "Nothing's more wretched, then a guiltie conscience" (V. ii, 47), correspond exactly to those of Tranio, "Nihil est miserius quam animus hominis conscius." And in each play, when those who are within the house make a noise, the plotter attributes it to a spirit and goes to the door to warn his fellows to be silent. But here again, while the general device and some of the details are the same, the subject-matter, the characters, and the lines have little in common. Finally, the device of having Surly speak a language which is not understood by the others is the same as that used by Plautus for the character of Hanno in the *Poenulus*, but the trick had become a stage property among the Elizabethans.[2]

A somewhat more definite source was claimed for *The Alchemist* a few years ago, by Clarence G. Child, in *Il Candelaio* of Giordano Bruno. According to Child's view, the two dupes of the Italian play, Bonifacio and Bartholomeo, who represent respectively greed for gold, and lust for pleasure, are unified by Jonson in Sir Epicure Mammon; and the two sharpers, Scaramuré, the magician, and Cencio the alchemist, are unified in Subtle. The arch-rascal Sanguino and the procuress Lucia are the prototypes of Face and Dol Common. One instance of the close relation between the two plays is the fact that in *Il Candelaio*, "Giovan Bernado, the painter, who represents intelligence and common sense, indicts Cencio, the

[1] See the notes in the editions of Hathaway and Schelling.
[2] See Hathaway, Intro. 90–103.

pretended alchemist, as fraudulent, just as Surly indicts Subtle in Jonson's play. When challenged to explain the transformation of other metals to gold, both make use of the same explanation in the same manner."[1] The resemblances are manifest. But the professed explanation of their method was commonplace among the alchemists; and the structure of Jonson's plot, the treatment of his characters and the introduction of intrigues bear no essential relation to the Italian.

Although the lives of certain magicians furnished Jonson with ideas, although the classics and the works on alchemy furnished allusions, although the comedies of Plautus furnished devices and a few details, and although the play of Bruno furnished suggestions for characters and for incidents of the plot, there is so much in *The Alchemist* which is Jonson's own that we cannot speak of a source of the play in the strict sense of that term.

The Present Text.—The first edition of *The Alchemist*, the quarto of 1612 (Q), gives a satisfactory text. It differs but little from the folio of 1616 (F1), which had the advantage of Jonson's supervision. The folio of 1640 (F2) modernizes the spelling, although not uniformly, and corrects a few evident errors of the folio of 1616; but on the whole the former is merely a careless reprint of the latter. The editions of 1692 and of 1717 are reprints of the folio of 1640. The texts of Whalley, 1756, and Gifford, 1816, which purport to be critical, are vitiated by the freedom of the editors in emending without comment and in failing to note variants. Most of the later editions slavishly reprinted Gifford's text. There was no scholarly edition of *The Alchemist* until 1903, when were published the critical texts of Hathaway and Schelling. But even these admirable editions admit a few errors which the present edition has endeavoured to correct.

In the preparation of the present text I have collated the copy of the folio of 1616 (F1) in the Sutro Library, San Francisco, with that of the folio of 1640 (F2) in the Library of the University of California. For variant readings of the quarto (Q) I have followed Hathaway and Schelling, since no copy of the imprint of 1612 is accessible to me. I have retained the punctuation, capitalizing, and

[1] *Nation*, vol. 79, no. 2039, July 28, 1904, pp. 74–75.

italicizing of the early editions only when that could be done without too much violence to modern usage. I have modernized the style of such letters as *i*, *j*, *u*, *v*, and *s*; and have followed the modern custom of beginning a new line with each change of speaker. The numbers in the margin and the metre show the lines of the first folio. The spelling throughout is that of F1; unimportant variations which do not affect the sense, such as the omission of final *e* and the changes from *ie* to *y*, from *o* to *oa*, etc., have not been noted. Some of the stage directions which were added by Gifford have been retained in square brackets.

Previous Editions, Translations and Adaptations.—The editions, translations, and adaptations of *The Alchemist* from the first imprint of 1612 up to the present time are as follows:—

The Alchemist. Written by Ben. Jonson. London, Printed by Thomas Snodham, for Walter Burre, . . . sold by John Stepneth. 1612.—The Workes of Benjamin Jonson. London. Printed for William Stansby. 1616.—The Workes of Benjamin Jonson. London. Printed by Richard Bishop, . . . sold by Andrew Crooke. 1640.—The Empiric. (An adaptation). Printed in Wits, or Sport upon Sport. London, 1672.—The Alchemist, a comedy . . . the author B. J. London, 1680 (?).—The Works of Ben Jonson. . . . To which is added A Comedy, called The New Inn. With additions never before Published. London, . . . 1692.—The Alchemist, London, 1709.—The Works of Ben. Jonson. Volume the Second. Containing, Sejanus his Fall. The Silent Woman. Volpone, or the Fox. The Alchymist. London, 1717. (This is Vol. II. of an edition in six volumes. The other volumes are dated 1716).—Ben Jonson's Plays. 2 vols. Dublin, 1729.—The Three Celebrated Plays of that Excellent Poet, Ben Jonson, The Fox, . . . the Alchymist, . . . and the Silent Woman. London, 1732.—O Rare Ben Jonson! or, the favourite and celebrated Comedies of that excellent Poet, viz., The Fox, the Alchymist, the Silent Woman, and Bartholomew Fair, London, 1740 (?)—The Workes of Ben. Jonson. In Seven Volumes. Collated with all the former Editions, and Corrected; with Notes Critical and Explanatory. By Peter Whalley . . . London . . . 1756.—The Alchemist with alterations, as performed at the theatres. London, 1763 (Garrick's acting version).—Plays, viz.: I, Volpone, . . . II, the Alchemist, . . . III, Epicoene, Glasgow, 1766.—The Tobacconist, a comedy of two acts (in prose) altered from (the Alchemist of) Ben Jonson (by F. Gentleman). London, 1771.—The Alchemist, a comedy . . . with alterations, Edinburgh, 1774.—The Alchemist, altered from Ben Jonson. (In Bell's British Theatre, vol. xvii),

London, 1777.—The Alchemist, ibid, vol. xvii. London, 1780.—The Alchemist, ibid, vol. i. London, 1791.—The Alchemist, ibid, vol. i. London, 1797.—The Alchemist. (In British Drama, ed. Sir Walter Scott, vol. iii) London, 1804.—The Dramatic Works of Ben Jonson, and Beaumont and Fletcher: The First Printed from the Text, And with the Notes of Peter Whalley, . . . In Four Volumes. Vol. I. London . . . 1811.—The Alchemist. (In The Modern British Drama, vol. iii). London, 1811.—The Tobacconist, a farce altered from Ben Jonson, by F. Gentleman. London, 1815.—The Works of Ben Jonson, in Nine Volumes. With Notes Critical and Explanatory, and a Biographical Memoir, By W. Gifford, Esq. . . . Volume the Fourth. Containing the Alchemist, Catiline, Bartholomew Fair. London . . . 1816.—The Tobacconist, a farce, Boston, 1823.—The Tobacconist. (In The London Stage, vol. ii.). London, 1824.—Der Alchemist (translated into German by W. Graf von Baudissin in his Ben Jonson und seine Schule, I.). Leipzig, 1836.—The Works of Ben Jonson with a memoir by Barry Cornwall (B. P. Procter). London, 1838.—The Works of Ben Jonson . . . by W. Gifford. (Reprint of ed. of 1816). London, 1846.—Ben Jonson traduit par E. Lafond, Paris, 1863.—The Works of Ben Jonson with a Memoir by William Gifford. London, 1869.—The Works of the British Dramatists, by J. S. Keltie, Edinburgh, 1870.—The Works of Ben Jonson with Notes Critical and Explanatoty and a Biographical Memoir by W. Gifford, Esq., with Introduction and Appendices by Lieut.-Col. F. Cunningham. In Nine Volumes. Vol. IV. London, 1871.—The Works of Ben Jonson . . . by W. Gifford and F. Cunningham. (Reprint of ed. of 1871). London, 1875. —Plays and Poems of Ben Jonson with an Introduction by H. Morley, London, 1885.—The Dramatic Works of Ben Jonson with an Essay, Biographical and Critical, by J. A. Symonds. London, 1886.—The Alchemist (In Best Elizabethan Plays), edited by W. R. Thayer, Boston, 1892.—The Alchemist. (In Best Plays of Ben Jonson edited by B. Nicholson. Mermaid Series, 3 vols., vol. III). London, 1894.—The Works of the British Dramatists, by J. S. Keltie (Same as 1870 above), New York, 1894. —The Alchemist by Ben Jonson. Edited with Introduction, Notes, and Glossary, by Charles M. Hathaway, Jr., Ph.D. (Yale Studies in English, vol. XVII), New York, 1903.—Eastward Hoe by Jonson, Chapman and Marston, and Jonson's The Alchemist, edited by Felix E. Schelling, Litt.D. (In the Belles-Lettres Series. Section III, The English Drama). Boston, 1903.—The Alchemist by Ben Jonson, newly edited by H. C. Hart. (In The King's Library, edited by Israel Gollancz. De La More Press Quartos, I.). London, 1903.—A Clarendon Press edition of Jonson's Works, by Herford and Simpson, is in preparation.

George Arnold Smithson.

THE ALCHEMIST.

A Comœdie.

Acted in the yeere 1610. By the
Kings MAIESTIES
Seruants.

The Author B. I.

LVCRET.

———*petere inde coronam,*
Vnde priùs nulli velarint tempora Mufæ.

LONDON,
Printed by WILLIAM STANSBY

M. DC. XVI.

TO THE LADY, MOST
DESERVING HER NAME,
AND Bloud:
Mary,[1]
La. Wroth.

MADAME,

In the age of sacrifices, the truth of religion was not in the greatnesse, and fat of the offrings, but in the devotion, and zeale of the sacrificers: else, what could a handfull of gummes have done in the sight of a heactombe?[2] *or, how might I appeare at this altar, except with those affections, that no lesse love the light and witnesse, then they have the conscience of your vertue? If what I offer beare an acceptable odour, and hold the first strength, it is your value of it, which remembers,*[3] *where, when, and to whom it was kindled. Otherwise, as the times are,*[4] *there comes rarely forth that thing, so full of authoritie, or example, but by assiduite*[5] *and custome, growes lesse, and looses. This, yet,*[6] *safe in your judgement (which is a* SIDNEYS*) is forbidden to speake more; lest it talke, or looke like one of the ambitious Faces of the time: who, the more they paint, are the lesse themselves.*

Your La:
true honorer,
BEN. JONSON.

[1] Q. to the lady, most aequall with vertue, and her blood: The Grace and Glory of women. Mary, etc.

[2] After *hecatombe* Q. "Or how, yet, might a gratefull minde be furnish'd against the iniquitie of Fortune; except, when she fail'd it, it had power to impart it selfe? A way found out, to overcome even those. whom Fortune hath enabled to returne most, since they, yet leave themselves more. In this assurance am I planted; and stand with those affections at this Altar, as shall no more avoide the light and witnesse, then they doe the conscience of your vertue. If what I offer," etc.

[3] Q. 'your valew, that remembers' etc.

[4] Q. 'in these times.'

[5] Q. 'daylinesse.'

[6] Q. 'But this.'

[1] [TO THE READER

If thou beest more, thou art an understander, and then I trust thee. If thou art one that tak'st up, and but a pretender, beware at what hands thou receiv'st thy commoditie; for thou wert never more fair in the way to be cos'ned then in this age, in poetry, especially in playes: wherein, now, the concupiscence of jigges, and daunces[2] so raigneth, as to runne away from nature, and be afraid of her, is the onely point of art that tickles the spectators. But how out of purpose, and place, doe I name art? when the professors are growne so obstinate contemners of it, and presumers on their owne naturalls, as they are deriders of all diligence that way, and, by simple mocking at the termes, when they understand not the things, thinke to get of wittily with their ignorance. Nay, they are esteem'd the more learned, and sufficient for this, by the multitude,[3] through their excellent vice of judgement. For they commend writers, as they doe fencers, or wrastlers; who if they come in robustuously, and put for it with a great deale of violence, are receiv'd for the braver fellowes: when many times their owne rudenesse is the cause of their disgrace, and a little touch of their adversary gives all that boisterous force the foyle. I deny not, but that these men, who alwaies seeke to doe more then inough, may some time happen on some thing that is good, and great; but very seldome: and when it comes it doth not recompence the rest of their ill. It sticks out perhaps, and is more eminent, because all is sordide, and vile about it: as lights are more discern'd in a thick darknesse, then a faint shadow. I speake not this, out of hope to doe good on any man, against his will; for I know, if it were put to the question of theirs, and mine, the worse would finde more suffrages: because the most favour common errors. But I give thee this warning, that there is a great difference betweene those, that (to gain the opinion of copie) utter all they can, how ever unfitly; and those that use election, and a meane. For it is onely the disease of the unskilfull, to thinke rude things greater then polish'd: or scatter'd more numerous then compos'd.]

[1] [*To the Reader.* Only in Q.

[2] *jigges, and daunces,* 'daunces, and antikes,' in some copies.

[3] Some copies read 'many.'

[1][TO MY FRIEND Mr BEN JONSON. UPON HIS ALCHEMIST.

A master, read in flatteries great skill,
Could not passe truth, though he would force his will,
By praising this too much, to get more praise
In his art, then you out of yours doe raise.
Nor can full truth be uttered of your worth,
Unlesse you your owne praises doe set forth :
None else can write so skilfully, to shew
Your praise : ages shall pay, yet still must owe.
All I dare say, is, you have written well ;
In what exceeding height, I dare not tell.

GEORGE LUCY.]

[1] [*To my friend.* Only in Q and F2, where it is printed with other laudatory verses at the beginning of the volume.

The Persons of the Play.[1]

SUBTLE, *The Alchemist.*
FACE, *The House-keeper.*
DOL-COMMON, *Their Colleague.*
DAPPER, *A Clarke.*
DRUGGER, *A Tobacco-man.*
LOVE-WIT, *Master of the house.*
EPICURE MAMMON, *A Knight.*
SURLEY, *A Gamster.*
TRIBULATION, *A Pastor of Amsterdam.*
ANANIAS, *A Deacon there.*
KASTRILL, *The Angry Boy.*
DA[ME] PLIANT, *His Sister: a Widdow.*

NEIGHBOURS.
OFFICERS.
MUTES.

THE SCENE

LONDON[2]

[1] Q. 'Comodie.'
[2] *The Scene London,* omitted in Q.

The Alchemist.

The Argument.

T he sicknesse hot, a master quit, for feare,
H is house in towne : and left one servant there.
E ase him corrupted, and gave meanes to know
A cheater, and his punque ; who, now brought low,
L eaving their narrow practise, were become
C os'ners at large : and, onely wanting some
H ouse to set up, with him they here contract,
E ach for a share, and all begin to act.
M uch company they draw, and much abuse,
I n casting figures, telling fortunes, newes,
S elling of flyes, flat bawdry, with the stone :[1]
T ill it, and they, and all in fume *are gone.*

[1] The crystal which was supposed to reflect the acts of persons who were out of sight

Prologue.[1]

Fortune, that favours fooles, these two short houres
We wish away; both for your sakes, and ours,
Judging Spectators: and desire in place,
To th' Author justice, to our selves but grace.
Our *scene* is *London*, 'cause we would made knowne,
No countries mirth is better then our owne.
No clime breeds better matter, for your whore,
Bawd, squire, imposter, many persons more,
Whose manners, now call'd humors, feed the stage:
And which have still beene subject, for[2] the rage
Or spleene of *comick*-writers. Though this pen
Did never aime to grieve but better men;
How e'er the age, he lives in, doth endure
The vices that shee breeds, above their cure.
But, when the wholsome remedies are sweet,
And, in their working, gaine, and profit meet,
He hopes to find no spirit so much diseas'd,
But will with such faire correctives be pleas'd.
For here, he doth not feare, who can apply.
If there be any, that will sit so nigh
Unto the streame, to looke what it doth run,
They shall find things, they'ld thinke, or wish, were done;
They are so naturall follies, but so showne,
As even the doers may see, and yet not owne.

[1] Q, 'The Prologue.'
[2] Q, 'to.'

Act I. Scene I.

[*A Room in* Love-wits *House.*

Enter] Face, [*in a captain's uniform*] Subtle, [*with a vial, quarrelling, and followed by*] Dol Common.

[*Face.*] Beleev't, I will.
Sub. Thy worst. I fart at thee.
Dol. Ha' you your wits? Why gentlemen! for love——
Fac. Sirrah, I'll strip you——
Sub. What to doe? Lick figs
Out at my——
Fac. Rogue, rogue, out of all your sleights.
Dol. Nay, looke yee! Soveraigne, Generall, are you mad-men?
Sub. O, let the wild sheepe loose. Ile gumme your silkes
With good strong water, an' you come.
Dol. Will you have
The neighbours heare you? Will you betray all?
Harke, I heare some body.
Fac. Sirrah[1]——
Sub. I shall marre
All that the taylor has made, if you approach.
Fac. You most notorious whelpe, you insolent slave.
Dare you doe this?
Sub. Yes faith, yes faith.
Fac. Why! who
Am I, my mungrill? Who am I?
Sub. I'll tell you,
Since you know not your selfe——

[1] Q, 'Sʳah.'

Fac. Speake lower, rogue.
Sub. Yes. You were once (time's not long past) the good,
Honest, plaine, livery-three-pound-thrum ;[1] that kept
Your masters worships house, here, in the Friers,
For the vacations——
Fac. Will you be so lowd ?
Sub. Since, by my meanes, translated suburb-Captayne.
Fac. By your meanes, Doctor dog ?
Sub. Within mans memorie,
All this, I speake of.
Fac. Why, I pray you, have I
Beene countenanc'd by you ? or you, by me ?
Doe but collect, sir,[2] where I met you first.
Sub. I doe not heare well.
Fac. Not of this, I thinke it.
But I shall put you in mind, sir, at Pie-corner,[3]
Taking your meale of steeme in, from cookes stalls,
Where, like the father of hunger, you did walke
Piteously costive, with your pinch'd-horne-nose,
And your complexion, of the Romane wash,[4]
Stuck full of black, and melancholique wormes,
Like poulder-cornes, shot, at th' Artillerie-yard.
Sub. I wish you could advance your voice, a little.
Fac. When you went pinn'd up, in the severall rags,
Yo' had rak'd, and pick'd from dung-hills, before day,
Your feet in mouldie slippers, for your kibes,
A felt of rugg, and a thin thredden cloake,
That scarce would cover your no-buttocks——
Sub. So, sir !
Fac. When all your alchemy, and your algebra,
Your mineralls, vegetalls, and animalls,
Your conjuring, cosning, and your dosen of trades,
Could you relieve your corps, with so much linnen

[1] *thrum*, the waste end of the weaver's warp. The expression means probably, not underpaid servant, as Schelling notes, but simply ordinary manservant.
[2] Q. 'Sr.'
[3] F 1 and F 2 have a period.
[4] a hair bleach.

Would you make you tinder, but to see a fire ;[1]
I ga' you count'nance, credit for your coales,
Your stills, your glasses, your materialls,
Built you a fornace, drew you customers,
Advanc'd all your black arts ; lent you, beside,
A house to practise in——
Sub. Your masters house ?
Fac. Where you have studied the more thriving skill
Of bawdrie, since.
Sub. Yes, in your masters house.
You, and the rats, here, kept possession.
Make it not strange. I know, yo' were one, could keepe
The buttry-hatch still lock'd, and save the chippings,
Sell the dole-beere to aqua-vitæ-men,[2]
The which, together with your Christ-masse vailes,
At post and paire,[3] your letting out of counters,
Made you a pretty stock, some twentie markes,
And gave you credit, to converse with cob-webs,
Here, since your mistris death hath broke up house.
Fac. You might talke softlier, raskall.
Sub. No, you scarabe,
I'll thunder you, in peeces. I will teach you
How to beware, to tempt a furie againe
That carries tempest in his hand, and voice.
Fac. The place has made you valiant.
Sub. No, your clothes.
Thou vermine, have I tane thee, out of dung,
So poore, so wretched, when no living thing
Would keepe[4] thee companie, but a spider, or worse ?
Rais'd thee from broomes, and dust, and watring pots ?
Sublim'd thee, and exalted thee, and fix'd thee
I' the third region, call'd our[5] state of grace ?

[1] tinder enough for a fire that could be seen.
[2] Great houses distributed a daily or weekly *dole* of bread (*chippings*) and beer to the poor.
[3] a game of cards.
[4] F 2, 'Would not keepe.'
[5] call'd our. Q, 'the high.'

Wrought thee to spirit, to quintessence, with paines
Would twise have won me the philosophers *worke?*
Put thee in words, and fashion? made thee fit
For more then ordinarie fellowships?
Giv'n thee thy othes, thy quarrelling dimensions?
Thy rules, to cheat at horse-race, cock-pit, cardes,
Dice, or what ever gallant tincture, else?
Made thee a second, in mine owne great art?
And have I this for thanke?[1] Doe you rebell?
Doe you flie out, i' the projection?[2]
Would you be gone, now?
Dol. Gentlemen, what meane you?
Will you marre all?
Sub. Slave, thou hadst had no name——
Dol. Will you un-doe your selves, with civill warre?
Sub. Never beene knowne, past *equi clibanum*,[3]
The heat of horse-dung, under ground, in cellars,
Or an ale-house, darker then deafe John's: beene lost
To all mankind, but laundresses, and tapsters,
Had not I beene.
Dol. Do' you know who heares you, Soveraigne?
Fac. Sirrah——
Dol. Nay, Generall, I thought you were civill——
Fac. I shall turne desperate, if you grow thus lowd.
Sub. And hang thy selfe, I care not.
Fac. Hang thee, colliar,[4]
And all thy pots, and pans, in picture I will,
Since thou hast mov'd me.——
Dol. (O, this'll ore-throw all.)
Fac. Write thee up bawd, in Paules; have all thy tricks
Of cosning with a hollow cole, dust, scrapings,
Searching for things lost, with a sive, and sheeres,
Erecting figures, in your rowes of houses,
And taking in of shaddowes, with a glasse,
Told in red letters: and a face, cut for thee

[1] F 2, 'thanks.'
[2] at the last moment.
[3] oven heated by horse dung.
[4] rogue.

Worse then Gamaliel Ratsey's.[1]
Dol. Are you sound ?
Ha' you your senses, masters ?
Fac. I will have
A booke, but barely reckoning thy impostures,
Shall prove a true philosophers stone, to printers.
Sub. Away, you trencher-raskall.
Fac. Out, you dog-leach,
The vomit of all prisons——
Dol. Will you be
Your owne destructions, gentlemen ?
Fac.[2] Still spew'd out
For lying too heavy o' the basket.[3]
Sub. Cheater.
Fac. Bawd.
Sub. Cow-herd.
Fac. Conjurer.
Sub. Cut-purse.
Fac. Witch.
Dol. O me !
We are ruin'd ! lost ! Ha' you no more regard
To your reputations ? Where's your judgement ? S'light,
Have yet, some care of me, o' your republique——
Fac. Away this brach.[4] I'll bring thee, rogue, within
The statute of sorcerie,[5] *tricesimo tertio*[6]
Of Harry the Eight : I, and (perhaps) thy necke
Within a nooze, for laundring[7] gold, and barbing[8] it.[9]
Dol. You'll bring your head within a cockscombe, will you ?
—*She catcheth out* FACE *his sword : and breakes* SUBTLES *glasse.*—[10]
And you, sir, with your menstrue,[11] gather it up.
S'death, you abominable paire of stinkards,
Leave off your barking, and grow one againe,

[1] a famous highwayman.
[2] Omitted in F 2.
[3] For eating too much of the broken provisions brought to the prisoners in baskets.
[4] bitch.
[5] Passed 1403, prohibiting alchemy.
[6] F1, period after *tertio*.
[7] washing in *aqua fortis*.
[8] clipping.
[9] Q, omits 'it.'
[10] Omitted in Q.
[11] solvent.

Or, by the light that shines, I'll cut your throats.
I'll not be made a prey unto the marshall,
For ne're a snarling dog-bolt[1] o' you both.
Ha' you together cossen'd all this while,
And all the world, and shall it now be said
Yo' have made most courteous shift, to cosen your selves?
You will accuse him? You will bring him in [*To* FACE.]
Within the *statute?* Who shall take your word?
A whore-sonne, upstart, apocryphall captayne,
Whom not a Puritane, in Black-friers, will trust
So much, as for a feather! And you, too, [*To* SUBTLE.]
Will give the cause forsooth? You will insult,
And claime a primacie, in the divisions?
You must be chiefe? as if you, onely, had
The poulder to project with? and the worke
Were not begun out of equalitie?
The venter tripartite? All things in common?
Without prioritie? S'death, you perpetuall curres,
Fall to your couples againe, and cossen kindly,
And heartily, and lovingly, as you should,
And loose[2] not the beginning of a terme,
Or, by this hand, I shall grow factious too,
And, take my part, and quit you.
Fac. 'Tis his fault,
He ever murmures, and objects his paines,
And sayes, the weight of all lyes upon him.
Sub. Why, so it do's.[3]
Dol.[4] How does it? Doe not we
Sustaine our parts?
Sub. Yes, but they are not equall.
Dol. Why, if your part exceed to day, I hope
Ours may, to morrow, match it.
Sub. I, they may.
Dol. May, murmuring mastiffe? I, and doe. Death on me![5]

[1] arrow with blunt head.
[2] F 2, 'lose.'
[3] F 2, 'does.'
[4] Q, '*Dal.*'
[5] Q, 'Gods will.'

Helpe me to thrattell him.

[*Seizes* SUBTLE *by the throat.*]

Sub. Dorothee, Mistris Dorothee,
O'ds precious, I'll doe any thing. What doe you meane ?
Dol. Because o' your fermentation and cibation ?[1]
Sub. Not I, by heaven——
Dol. Your Sol,[2] and Luna[3]——helpe me.
Sub. Would I were hang'd then. I'll conforme my selfe.
Dol. Will you, sir ? doe so then, and quickly : sweare.
Sub. What should I sweare ?
Dol. To leave your faction, sir,
And labour, kindly, in the commune worke.
Sub. Let me not breath,[4] if I meant ought, beside.
I onely us'd those speeches, as a spurre
To him.
Dol. I hope we need no spurres, sir. Doe we ?
Fac. 'Slid, prove to day, who shall sharke best.
Sub. Agreed.
Dol. Yes, and worke close, and friendly.
Sub. 'Slight, the knot
Shall grow the stronger, for[5] this breach, with me

[*They shake hands.*]

Dol. Why so, my good babounes ! Shall we goe make
A sort of sober, scirvy, precise neighbours,
(That scarce have smil'd twise, sin' the king came in)
A feast of laughter, at our follies ? raskalls,
Would runne themselves from breath, to see me ride,[6]
Or you t' have but a hole,[7] to thrust your heads in,
For which you should pay eare-rent ? No, agree.
And may Don Provost[8] ride a feasting,[9] long,
In his old velvet jerkin, and stayn'd scarfes,
(My noble Soveraigne, and worthy Generall,)

[1] furnishing of new substance to supply waste by evaporation.
[2] gold.
[3] silver.
[4] F 2, 'breathe.'
[5] F 2, 'fot.'
[6] carted as a bawd.
[7] pillory.
[8] Dol's name for the hangman.
[9] F 2, 'afeasting.

Ere we contribute a new crewell garter
To his most worsted worship.
Sub. Royall Dol!
Spoken like Claridiana,[1] and thy selfe!
Fac. For which, at supper, thou shalt sit in triumph,
And not be stil'd Dol Common, but Dol Proper,
Dol Singular: the longest cut, at night,
Shall draw thee for his Dol Particular.
[*Bell rings without.*]
Sub. Who's that? One rings. To the windo',[2] Dol. Pray heav'n,
The master doe not trouble us, this quarter.
Fac. O, feare not him. While there dyes one, a weeke,
O' the plague, hee's safe, from thinking toward London.
Beside, hee's busie at his hop-yards, now:
I had a letter from him. If he doe,
Hee'll send such word, for ayring o' the house
As you shall have sufficient time, to quit it:
Though we breake up a fortnight, 'tis no matter.
[DOL *returns from the window.*]
Sub. Who is it, Dol?
Dol. A fine young quodling.[3]
Fac. O,
My lawyers clarke, I lighted on, last night,
In Hol'bourne, at the Dagger. He would have
(I told you of him) a familiar,
To rifle[4] with, at horses, and winne cups.
Dol. O, let him in.
Sub. Stay. Who shall doo 't?
Fac. Get you
Your robes on. I will meet him, as going out.
Dol. And what shall I doe?
Fac. Not be seene, away. [*Exit* DOL.]
Seeme you very reserv'd.
Sub. Inough.

[1] a heroine of *The Mirrour of Princely Deedes and Knighthood.*
[2] F 2, 'wido'.'
[3] codling, an immature apple, a green youth. [4] gamble.

Fac. [*Aloud and retiring.*] God b' w' you, sir,
I pray you, let him know that I was here.
His name is Dapper. I would gladly have staid, but——

Act I. Scene II.

[*Enter*] DAPPER [*to*] FACE [*and*] SUBTLE, [*who has hastily put on his velvet cap and gown.*

Dapper.] Captaine, I am here.
Fac. Who's that? He's come, I think, Doctor.
Good faith, sir, I was going away.
Dap. In truth,
I'[1] am very sorry, Captaine.
Fac. But I thought
Sure, I should meet you.
Dap.[2] I, I'm[3] very glad.
I'[1] had a scirvy writ, or two, to make,
And I had lent my watch last night, to one
That dines, to-day, at the shrieffs :[4] and so was rob'd
Of my passe-time. Is this the cunning-man?
Fac. This is his worship.
Dap. Is he a doctor?
Fac. Yes.
Dap. And ha' you broke with him, Captain?
Fac. I.
Dap. And how?
Fac. Faith, he do's make the matter, sir, so daintie,
I know not what to say——
Dap. Not so, good Captaine.
Fac. Would I were fairely rid on't, beleeve me.
Dap. Nay, now you grieve me, sir. Why should you wish so?
I dare assure you. I'll not be ungratefull.

[1] Here Jonson has marked an intended elision.
[2] F 2 omits *Dap.* and gives speech to Face.
[3] 'I, I'm'; Q, 'I'm.'
[4] F 2, 'Sheriffes.'

Fac. I cannot thinke you will, sir. But the law
Is such a thing—And then, he sayes, Reade's[1] matter
Falling so lately——
Dap. Reade ? He was an asse,
And dealt, sir, with a foole.
Fac. It was a clarke, sir.
Dap. A clarke ?
Fac. Nay, heare me, sir, you know the law
Better, I thinke——
Dap. I should, sir, and the danger.
You know I shew'd the *statute* to you ?
Fac. You did so.
Dap. And will I tell, then ? By this hand, of flesh,
Would it might never wright good court-hand, more,
If I discover. What doe you thinke of me,
That I am a Chiause ?[2]
Fac. What's that ?
Dap. The Turke was, here——
As one would say, doe you thinke I am a Turke ?
Fac. I'll tell the Doctor so.
Dap. Doe, good sweet Captaine.
Fac. Come, noble Doctor, 'pray thee, let's prevaile;
This is the gentleman, and he is no Chiause.
Sub. Captaine, I have return'd you all my answere.
I would doe much, sir, for your love—But this
I neither may, nor can.
Fac. Tut, doe not say so.
You deale, now, with a noble fellow, Doctor,
One that will thanke you, richly, and h' is no Chiause.
Let that, sir, move you.
Sub. Pray you, forbeare——
Fac. He has
Foure angels, here——
Sub. You doe me wrong, good sir.

[1] Simon Reade indicted 1602 and 1608 for practising medicine without a license and for summoning wicked spirits to discover the name of a thief.
[2] a Turkish envoy. One had swindled the London merchants in 1609; hence, a cheat.

Fac. Doctor, wherein? To tempt you, with these spirits?
Sub. To tempt my art, and love, sir, to my perill.
'Fore heav'n, I scarce can thinke you are my friend,
That so would draw me to apparant danger.
Fac. I draw you? A horse draw you, and a halter,
You, and your flies together——
Dap. Nay, good Captayne.
Fac. That know no difference of men.
Sub. Good wordes, sir.
Fac. Good deeds, sir, Doctor dogs-meate.[1] 'Slight, I bring you
No cheating Clim-o'-the-Cloughs,[2] or Claribels,[3]
That looke as bigge as five-and-fiftie, and flush,[4]
And spit out secrets, like hot custard——
Dap. Captayne.
Fac. Nor any melancholike under-scribe,
Shall tell the Vicar: but, a speciall gentle,
That is the heire to fortie markes, a yeere,
Consorts with the small poets of the time,
Is the sole hope of his old grand-mother,
That knowes the law, and writes you sixe faire hands,
Is a fine clarke, and has his cyphring perfect,
Will take his oath, o' the Greeke Xenophon,[5]
If need be, in his pocket: and can court
His mistris, out of Ovid.
Dap. Nay, deare Captayne.
Fac. Did you not tell me so?
Dap. Yes, but I'ld ha' you
Use Master[6] Doctor, with some more respect.
Fac. Hang him, proud stagge,[7] with his broad velvet head.
But, for your sake, I'ld choake, ere I would change
An article of breath, with such a puck-fist[8]——
Come, let's be gone. [*Going.*]
Sub. Pray you, le' me speake with you.

[1] Q, 'dogges-mouth.'
[2] ballad heroes.
[3] heroes of romance.
[4] the highest hand in the game of primero.
[5] Q, 'Testament.'
[6] Q, 'Mr.'
[7] on account of Subtle's velvet cap.
[8] puff ball, a term of reproach.

Dap. His worship calls you, Captayne.
Fac. I am sorry,
I e'er imbarqu'd my selfe, in such a businesse.
Dap. Nay, good sir. He did call you.
Fac. Will he take, then ?
Sub. First, heare me——
Fac. Not a syllable, 'lesse you take.
Sub. Pray ye', sir——
Fac. Upon no termes, but an *assumpsit.*
Sub. Your humor must be law.—*He takes the money.*[1]—
Fac. Why now, sir, talke.
Now, I dare heare you with mine honour. Speake.
So may this gentleman too.
Sub. Why, sir—— [*Offering to whisper* FACE.]
Fac. No whispring.
Sub. 'Fore heav'n, you doe not apprehend the losse
You doe your selfe, in this.
Fac. Wherein ? For what ?
Sub. Mary, to be so' importunate for one,
That, when he has it, will un-doe you all :
He'll winne up all the money i' the towne.
Fac. How !
Sub. Yes. And blow up gamster, after gamster,
As they doe crackers, in a puppit-play.
If I doe give him a familiar,
Give you him all you play for ; never set[2] him :
For he will have it.
Fac. Y' are[3] mistaken, Doctor.
Why, he do's aske one but for cups, and horses,
A rifling[4] flye :[5] none o' your great familiars.
Dap. Yes, Captayne, I would have it, for all games.
Sub. I told you so.
Fac. [*Taking* DAPPER *aside.*] 'Slight, that's a new businesse !
I understood you, a tame bird, to flie

[1] Omitted in Q.
[2] play against.
[3] F 2, 'You are.'
[4] gambling.
[5] familiar spirit.

Twise in a terme, or so ; on Friday-nights,
When you had left the office : for a nagge,[1]
Of fortie, or fiftie shillings.
Dap. I, 'tis true, sir,
But I doe thinke, now, I shall leave the law,
And therefore——
Fac. Why, this changes quite the case !
Do' you thinke, that I dare move him ?
Dap. If you please, sir,
All's one to him, I see.
Fac. What ! for that money ?
I cannot with my conscience. Nor should you
Make the request, me thinkes.
Dap. No, sir, I meane
To adde consideration.
Fac. Why, then, sir,
I'll trie. [*Goes to* SUBTLE.] Say,[2] that it were for all games, Doctor ?
Sub. I say, then, not a mouth shall eate for him
At any ordinarie, but o' the score,
That is a gaming mouth, conceive me.
Fac. Indeed !
Sub. Hee'll draw you all the treasure of the realme,
If it be set him.
Fac. Speake you this from art ?
Sub. I, sir, and reason too : the ground of art.
H'is o' the onely best complexion,
The Queen of Fairy loves.
Fac. What ! is he !
Sub. Peace.
Hee'll over-heare you. Sir, should shee but see him——
Fac. What ?
Sub. Do not you tell him.
Fac. Will he win at cards too ?
Sub. The spirits of dead Holland,[3] living Isaac,[3]
You'ld sweare, were in him : such a vigorous luck
As cannot be resisted. 'Slight hee'll put

[1] cheat ? [2] F 1, F 2, and Q retain the comma. [3] an alchemist.

Sixe o' your gallants, to a cloke,[1] indeed.
Fac. A strange successe, that some man shall be borne too!
Sub. He heares you, man——
Dap. Sir, Ile not be ingratefull.
Fac. Faith, I have a[2] confidence in his good nature:
You heare, he sayes, he will not be ingratefull.
Sub. Why, as you please, my venture followes yours.
Fac. Troth, doe it, Doctor. Thinke him trustie, and make him.
He may make us both happy in an houre:
Win some five thousand pound, and send us two on't.[3]
Dap. Beleeve it, and I will, sir.
Fac. And you shall, sir. —FACE *takes him aside.*[4]—
You have heard all?
Dap. No, what was't? nothing, I sir.
Fac. Nothing?
Dap. A little, sir.
Fac. Well, a rare starre
Raign'd, at your birth.
Dap. At mine, sir? No.
Fac. The Doctor
Sweares that you are——
Sub. Nay, Captaine, yo'll tell all, now.
Fac. Allyed to the Queene of Faerie.
Dap. Who? that I am?
Beleeve it, no such matter——
Fac. Yes, and that
Yo' were borne with a caule o' your head.
Dap. Who saies so?
Fac. Come.
You know it well inough, though you dissemble it.
Dap. I-fac, I doe not. You are mistaken.
Fac. How!
Sweare by your fac? and in a thing so knowne
Unto the Doctor? How shall we, sir, trust you
I' the other matter? Can we ever thinke,

[1] the last thing to lose at play.
[2] Omitted in F 2.
[3] F 2, 'o' it.'
[4] Omitted in Q.

When you have wonne five, or sixe thousand pound,
You'll send us shares in't, by this rate?
Dap. By Jove,[1] sir,
I'll winne ten thousand pound, and send you halfe.
I-fac's[2] no oath.
Sub. No, no, he did but jest.
Fac. Goe too. Goe, thanke the Doctor. He's your friend
To take it so.
Dap. I thanke his worship.
Fac. So?
Another angell.
Dap. Must I?
Fac. Must you? 'Slight,
What else is thankes? Will you be triviall? Doctor,
[DAPPER *gives him the money.*]
When must he come, for his familiar?
Dap. Shall I not ha' it with me?
Sub. O, good sir!
There must be a world of ceremonies passe,
You must be bath'd, and fumigated, first;
Besides, the Queene of Faerie do's not rise,
Till it be noone.
Fac. Not, if she daunc'd, to night.
Sub. And she must blesse it.
Fac. Did you never see
Her royall Grace, yet?
Dap. Whom?
Fac.[3] Your aunt of Faerie?
Sub. Not, since she kist him, in the cradle, Captayne,
I can resolve you that.
Fac. Well, see her Grace,
What ere it cost you, for a thing that I know!
It will be somewhat hard to compasse: but,
How ever, see her. You are made, beleeve it,
If you can see her. Her Grace is a lone woman,
And very rich, and if she take a phant'sye,

[1] Q, 'Gad.' [2] Q, 'I fac is.' [3] Omitted in F 2.

She will doe strange things. See her, at any hand.
'Slid, she may hap to leave you all she has!
It is the Doctors feare.
Dap. How will't be done, then?
Fac. Let me alone, take you no thought. Doe you
But say to me, Captayne, I'll see her Grace.
Dap. Captain, I'll see her Grace.
Fac. Inough.
Sub. Who's there? —*One knocks without.*[1]—
Anone. [*Aside to* FACE.] (Conduct him forth, by the backe way.)
Sir, against one a clock,[2] prepare your selfe.
Till when you must be fasting; onely, take
Three drops of vinegar, in, at your nose;
Two at your mouth; and one, at either eare;
Then, bath your fingers endes; and wash your eyes;
To sharpen your five senses; and, cry *hum*,
Thrise; and then *buz*, as often; and then, come.
Fac. Can you remember this?
Dap. I warrant you.
Fac. Well, then, away. 'Tis, but your bestowing
Some twenty nobles, 'mong her Graces servants;
And, put on a cleane shirt: You doe not know
What grace her Grace may doe you in cleane linnen.
[*Exeunt* FACE *and* DAPPER.]

Act I. Scene III.

SUBTLE, [*later*] DRUGGER, [*and*] FACE.

[*Subtle.*] Come in. [*Enter* DRUGGER.] (Good wives, I pray you forbeare me, now.
Troth I can doe you no good, till after-noone.)[3]
What is your name, say you, Abel Drugger?
Dru. Yes, sir.

[1] Omitted in Q. [2] F 2, 'aclock.' [3] Q, omits the parentheses.

Sub. A seller of tabacco ?
Dru. Yes, sir.
Sub. 'Umh.
Free of the Grocers ?
Dru. I, and't[1] please you.
Sub. Well——
Your businesse, Abel ?
Dru. This, and't[1] please your worship,
I' am a yong beginner, and am building
Of a new shop, and't[1] like your worship ; just,
At a corner of a street : (Here's the plot on't.)
And I would know, by art, sir, of your worship,
Which way I should make my dore, by necromancie.[2]
And, where my shelves. And, which should be for boxes.
And, which for pots. I would be glad to thrive, sir.
And, I was wish'd to your worship, by a gentleman,
One Captaine Face, that say's you know mens planets,
And their good angels, and their bad.
Sub. I doe,
If I doe see 'hem——

[*Re-enter* FACE.]

Face.[3] What ! my honest Abel ?
Thou art well met, here !
Dru. Troth, sir, I was speaking,
Just, as your worship came here, of your worship.
I pray you, speake for me to Master[4] Doctor.
Fac. He shall doe any thing. Doctor, doe you heare ?
This is my friend, Abel, an honest fellow,
He lets me have good tabacco, and he do's not
Sophisticate it, with sack-lees, or oyle,
Nor washes it in muscadell, and graines,
Nor buries it, in gravell, under ground,
Wrap'd up in greasie leather, or piss'd clouts :
But keeps it in fine lilly-pots, that open'd,
Smell like conserve of roses, or French beanes.

[1] F 2, 'an 't.' [2] Q, necromantie. [3] F 2, *Fac.* [4] Q, 'Mr.'

He has his maple block, his silver tongs,
Winchester pipes, and fire of juniper.
A neate, spruce-honest-fellow, and no goldsmith.[1]
Sub. H' is a fortunate fellow, that I am sure on——
Fac. Alreadie, sir, ha' you found it? Lo'thee, Abel!
Sub. And, in right way to'ward riches——
Fac. Sir.
Sub. This summer,
He will be of the clothing of his companie:[2]
And, next spring, call'd to the scarlet.[3] Spend what he can.
Fac. What, and so little beard?
Sub. Sir, you must thinke,
He may have a receipt, to make haire come.
But hee'll be wise, preserve his youth, and fine for't:
His fortune lookes for him, another way.
Fac. 'Slid, Doctor, how canst thou know this so soone?
I' am amus'd, at that!
Sub. By a rule, Captaine,
In metaposcopie,[4] which I doe worke by,
A certaine starre i' the fore-head, which you see not.
Your chest-nut, or your olive-colour'd face
Do's never faile: and your long eare doth promise.
I knew't, by certaine spots too, in his teeth,
And on the naile of his mercurial finger.
Fac. Which finger's that?
Sub. His little finger. Looke.
Yo' were borne upon a Wensday?
Dru. Yes, indeed, sir.
Sub. The thumbe, in chiromantie, we give Venus;
The fore-finger to Jove; the midst, to Saturne;
The ring to Sol; the least, to Mercurie:
Who was the lord, sir, of his horoscope,
His house of life being Libra, which fore-shew'd,
He should be a merchant, and should trade with ballance.
Fac. Why, this is strange! Is't not, honest Nab?

[1] usurer.
[2] an officer of the guild.
[3] the gown of a sheriff.
[4] face-reading.

Sub. There is a ship now, comming from Ormus,
That shall yeeld him, such a commoditie
Of drugs—This is the west, and this the south ?
[*Pointing to the plan.*]
Dru. Yes, sir.
Sub. And those are your two sides ?
Dru. I, sir.
Sub. Make me your dore, then, south ; your broad side, west :
And, on the east-side of your shop, aloft,
Write *Mathlai*, *Tarmiel*, and *Baraborat ;*
Upon the north-part, *Rael*, *Velel*, *Thiel*.[1]
They are the names of those mercurial[2] spirits,
That doe fright flyes from boxes.
Dru. Yes, sir.
Sub. And
Beneath your threshold, bury me a load-stone
To draw in gallants, that weare spurres : the rest,
They'll seeme[3] to follow.
Fac. That's a secret, Nab !
Sub. And, on your stall, a puppet, with a vice,[4]
And a court-fucus,[5] to call city-dames.
You shall deale much, with mineralls.
Dru. Sir, I have,
At home, alreadie——
Sub. I, I know, you 'have arsnike,
Vitriol, sal-tartre, argaile, alkaly,
Cinoper : I know all. This fellow, Captaine,
Will come, in time, to be a great distiller,
And give a say[6] (I will not say directly,
But very faire) at the philosophers stone.
Fac. Why, how now, Abel ! is this true ?
Dru. Good Captaine,
What must I give ? [*Aside to* FACE.]

[1] the spirits governing Wednesday.
[2] Q, 'mercurian.'
[3] think it seemly.
[4] a mechanical doll.
[5] cosmetic.
[6] make an attempt.

Fac. Nay, Ile not counsell thee.
Thou hearst, what wealth (he sayes, spend what thou canst)[1]
Th'art like to come too.
Dru. I would gi' him a crowne.
Fac. A crowne! 'nd toward[2] such a fortune? Hart,
Thou shalt rather gi' him thy shop. No gold about thee?
Dru. Yes, I have a portague,[3] I ha' kept this halfe yeere.
Fac. Out on thee, Nab; 'slight, there was such an offer——
'Shalt keepe't no longer, I'll gi'it him for thee.
Doctor, Nab prayes your worship, to drinke this: and sweares
He will appeare more gratefull, as your skill
Do's raise him in the world.
Dru. I would intreat
Another favour of his worship.
Fac. What is't, Nab?
Dru. But, to looke over, sir, my almanack,
And crosse out my ill-dayes, that I may neither
Bargaine, nor trust upon them.
Fac. That he shall, Nab.
Leave it, it shall be done, 'gainst after-noone.
Sub. And a direction for his shelves.
Fac. Now, Nab?
Art thou well pleas'd, Nab?
Dru. Thanke, sir, both your worships.
Fac. Away. [*Exit* DRUGGER.]
Why, now, you smoky persecuter of nature!
Now, doe you see, that some-thing's to be done,
Beside your beech-coale, and your cor'sive waters,
Your crosse-lets,[4] crucibles, and cucurbites?[5]
You must have stuffe, brought home to you, to worke on?
And, yet, you thinke, I am at no expence,
In searching out these veines, then following 'hem,
Then trying 'hem out. 'Fore God, my intelligence

[1] Q, omits parentheses.
[2] Q and F 2, 'and toward.'
[3] gold coin worth £3 12s.
[4] crucibles.
[5] distilling vessels.

Costs[1] me more money, then my share oft comes too,
In these rare workes.
Sub. You' are pleasant, sir. How now?

Act I. Scene IIII.

FACE, [*enter*] DOL [*to*] SUBTLE.

[*Subtle.*] What say's, my[2] daintie Dolkin?
Dol. Yonder fish-wife
Will not away. And there's your giantesse,
The bawd of Lambeth.
Sub. Hart, I cannot speake with 'hem.
Dol. Not, afore night, I have told 'hem, in a voice,
Through the trunke,[3] like one of your familiars
But I have spied Sir Epicure Mammon——
Sub. Where?
Dol. Comming along, at far end of the lane,
Slow of his feet, but earnest of his tongue,
To one, that's with him.
Sub. Face, goe you, and shift. [*Exit* FACE.]
Dol, you must presently make readie, too——
Dol. Why, what's the matter?
Sub. O, I did looke for him
With the sunnes rising: 'marvaile, he could sleepe!
This is the day, I am to perfect for him
The *magisterium*, our great worke, the stone;
And yeeld it, made, into his hands: of which,
He has, this month, talk'd, as he were possess'd.[4]
And, now, hee's dealing peeces on't, away.
Me thinkes, I see him, entring ordinaries,
Dispensing for the poxe; and plaguy-houses,
Reaching his dose; walking More-fields for lepers;

[1] F 2, 'Cost.'
[2] F 2, 'sayes my.'
[3] tube, trumpet.
[4] Q, 'possess'd on't.'

And offring citizens-wives pomander-bracelets,
As his preservative, made of the elixir;
Searching the spittle,[1] to make old bawdes yong;
And the high-waies, for beggars, to make rich:
I see no end of his labours. He will make
Nature asham'd, of her long sleepe: when art,
Who's but a step-dame, shall doe more, then shee,
In her best love to man-kind, ever could.
If his dreame last, hee'll turne the age, to gold. [*Exeunt.*]

Act II. Scene I.

[*Enter*] MAMMON, SURLY.

[*Mammon.*] Come on, sir. Now, you set your foot on shore
In *novo orbe;* here's the rich Peru:
And there within, sir, are the golden mines,
Great Salomon's Ophir! He was sayling to't,
Three yeeres, but we have reach'd it in ten months.
This is the day, wherein, to all my friends,
I will pronounce the happy word, *be rich.*
This day, you shall be *spectatissimi.*
You shall no more deale with the hollow die,[2]
Or the fraile card. No more be at charge of keeping
The livery-punke, for the yong heire, that must
Seale,[3] at all houres, in his shirt. No more
If he denie, ha' him beaten to't, as he is
That brings him the commoditie. No more
Shall thirst of satten, or the covetous hunger
Of velvet entrailes, for a rude-spun cloke,
To be displaid at Madame Augusta's,[4] make
The sonnes of sword, and hazzard fall before
The golden calfe, and on their knees, whole nights,

[1] hospital. [2] loaded dice. [3] set seal to a bond for mortgage.
[4] Probably the same as *Madame Cæsarean.* See V. iv. 142.

Commit idolatrie with wine, and trumpets :
Or goe a feasting, after drum and ensigne.
No more of this. You shall start up yong viceroyes,
And have your punques and punquettees, my Surly.
And unto thee, I speake it first, *be rich.*
Where is my Subtle, there ? Within hough ?
[*Face.*]—*Within*—Sir,
Hee'll come to you, by and by.
Mam. That's his fire-drake,
His lungs, his Zephyrus, he that puffes his coales,
Till he firke[1] nature up, in her owne center.
You are not faithfull, sir. This night, I'll change
All, that is mettall, in my[2] house, to gold.
And, early in the morning, will I send
To all the plumbers, and the pewterers,
And buy their tin, and lead up : and to Lothbury,[3]
For all the copper.
Sur. What, and turne that too ?
Mam. Yes, and I'll purchase Devonshire, and Cornwaile,
And make them perfect Indies ! You admire now ?
Sur. No faith.
Mam. But when you see th'effects of the great med'cine !
Of which one part projected on a hundred
Of Mercurie,[4] or Venus,[5] or the Moone,[6]
Shall turne it, to as many of the Sunne ;[7]
Nay, to a thousand, so *ad infinitum :*
You will beleeve me.
Sur. Yes, when I see't, I will.
But, if my eyes do cossen me so (and I
Giving 'hem no occasion) sure, I'll have
A whore, shall piss 'hem out, next day.
Mam. Ha ! Why ?
Doe you thinke, I fable with you ? I assure you,
He that has once the flower of the sunne

[1] stir.
[2] F 1 and F 2, 'thy.'
[3] famous for copper foundries.
[4] quicksilver.
[5] copper
[6] silver.
[7] gold.

The perfect ruby, which we call elixir,
Not onely can doe that, but by it's vertue,
Can confer honour, love, respect, long life,
Give safetie, valure : yea, and victorie,
To whom he will. In eight, and twentie dayes,
I'll make an old man, of fourescore, a childe.

Sur. No doubt, hee's that alreadie.

Mam. Nay, I meane,
Restore his yeeres, renew him, like an eagle,
To the fifth age ; make him get sonnes, and daughters,
Yong giants ; as our philosophers have done,
(The ancient patriarkes afore the floud)
But taking, once a weeke, on a knives point,
The quantitie of a graine of mustard, of it :
Become stout Marses, and beget yong Cupids.

Sur. The decay'd vestalls[1] of Pickt-hatch[2] would thanke you,
That keepe the fire a-live, there.

Mam. 'Tis the secret
Of nature, naturiz'd 'gainst all infections,
Cures[3] all diseases, comming of all causes,
A month's griefe, in a day ; a yeeres, in twelve :
And, of what age soever, in a month.
Past all the doses, of your drugging doctors.
I'll undertake, withall, to fright the plague
Out o' the kingdome, in three months.

Sur. And I'll
Be bound, the players shall sing your praises, then,
Without their poets.[4]

Mam. Sir, I'll doo't. Meane time,
I'll give away so much, unto my man,
Shall serve th' whole citie, with preservative,
Weekly, each house his dose, and at the rate——

Sur. As he that built the water-worke, do's with water ?

Mam. You are incredulous.

[1] Q and F 1, 'vestall's.' [2] a house of ill-fame. [3] F 2, 'cure.'
[4] By law theatres were closed when the death rate reached forty per week.

Sur. Faith, I have a humor,
I would not willingly be gull'd. Your stone
Cannot transmute me.
Mam. Pertinax, Surly,
Will you beleeve antiquitie ? recordes ?
I'll shew you a booke, where Moses, and his sister,
And Salomon have written, of the art ;
I, and a treatise penn'd by Adam.[1]
Sur. How !
Mam. O' the philosophers stone, and in High-Dutch.
Sur. Did Adam write, sir, in High-Dutch ?
Mam. He did :
Which proves it was the primitive tongue.[2]
Sur. What paper ?
Mam. On cedar board.
Sur. O that, indeed (they say)
Will last 'gainst wormes.
Mam. 'Tis like your Irish wood,
'Gainst cob-webs. I have a piece of Jasons fleece, too,
Which was no other, then a booke of alchemie,
Writ in large sheepe-skin, a good fat ram-vellam.
Such was Pythagoras'[3] thigh, Pandora's tub ;
And, all that fable of Medeas charmes,
The manner of our worke : the bulls, our fornace,
Still breathing fire ; our *argent-vive*, the dragon :
The dragons teeth, mercury sublimate,
That keepes the whitenesse, hardnesse, and the biting ;
And they are gather'd, into Jason's helme,
(Th' alembeke) and then sow'd in Mars his field,
And, thence, sublim'd so often, till they are fix'd.
Both this, th' Hesperian garden, Cadmus storie,
Jove's shower, the boone of Midas, Argus eyes,

[1] Fabricius cites Moses, Miriam, Solomon, and Adam as writers on chemistry.
[2] One Becanus maintained that the Teutonic language was spoken in Paradise.
[3] Q, F 1 and F 2, 'Pythagora's.'

Boccace his Demogorgon,[1] thousands more,
All abstract riddles of our stone.
[*Enter* FACE *as a Servant.*]
How now ?

Act II. Scene II.

MAMMON, FACE, SURLY.

[*Mammon.*] Doe wee succeed ? Is our day come ? and hold's it ?
Fac. The evening will set red, upon you, sir ;
You have colour for it, crimson : the red ferment
Has done his office. Three houres hence, prepare you
To see projection.
Mam. Pertinax, my Surly,
Againe, I say to thee, aloud : *be rich.*
This day, thou shalt have ignots : and, to morrow,
Give lords th' affront. Is it, my Zephyrus, right ?
Blushes the bolts-head ?
Fac. Like a wench with child, sir,
That were, but now, discover'd to her master.
Mam. Excellent wittie Lungs ! My onely care is,
Where to get stuffe, inough now, to project on,
This towne will not halfe serve me.
Fac. No, sir ? Buy[2]
The covering of o' churches.
Mam. That's true.
Fac. Yes.
Let 'hem stand bare, as doe their auditorie.
Or cap 'hem, new, with shingles.
Mam. No, good thatch :
Thatch will lie light upo' the rafters, Lungs.
Lungs, I will manumit thee, from the fornace ;
I will restore thee thy complexion, Puffe,

[1] The grandsire of all the gods in Boccaccio's *Genealogia Deorum* ; a terrible name for conjuring.
[2] Q, 'Take.

Lost in the embers ; and repaire this braine,
Hurt wi'[1] the fume o' the mettalls.
Fac. I have blowne, sir,
Hard, for your worship ; throwne by many a coale,
When 'twas not beech ;[2] weigh'd those I put in, just,
To keepe your heat, still even ; these bleard-eyes
Have wak'd, to reade your severall colours, sir,
Of the pale citron, the greene lyon, the crow,
The peacocks taile, the plumed swan.[3]
Mam. And, lastly,
Thou hast descryed the flower, the *sanguis agni ?*[3]
Fac. Yes, sir.
Mam. Where's master ?
Fac. At's praiers, sir, he,
Good man, hee's doing his devotions,
For the successe.
Mam. Lungs, I will set a period,
To all thy labours : thou shalt be the master
Of my seraglia.
Fac. Good, sir.
Mam. But doe you heare ?
I'll geld you, Lungs.
Fac. Yes, sir.
Mam. For I doe meane
To have a list of wives, and concubines,
Equall with Salomon ; who had the stone
Alike, with me : and I will make me, a back
With the elixir, that shall be as tough
As Hercules, to encounter fiftie a night.
Th'art sure, thou saw'st it bloud ?
Fac. Both bloud, and spirit, sir.
Mam. I will have all my beds, blowne up ; not stuft :
Downe is too hard. And then, mine oval roome,
Fill'd with such pictures, as Tiberius tooke

[1] Q, 'with.'
[2] Alchemists used only beech coal.
[3] Alchemical terms to denote different effects of fermentation.

From Elephantis : and dull Aretine[1]
But coldly imitated. Then, my glasses,
Cut in more subtill angles, to disperse,
And multiply the figures, as I walke
Naked betweene my *succubæ*. My mists
I'le have the perfume, vapor'd 'bout the roome,
To lose our selves in ; and my baths, like pits
To fall into : from whence, we will come forth,
And rowle us drie in gossamour, and roses.
(Is it arrived at ruby ?)—Where I spie
A wealthy citizen, or rich lawyer,
Have a sublim'd pure wife, unto that fellow
I'll send a thousand pound, to be my cuckold.

Fac. And I shall carry it ?

Mam. No. I'll ha' no bawds,
But fathers, and mothers. They will doe it best.
Best of all others.[2] And, my flatterers
Shall be the pure,[3] and gravest of divines,
That I can get for money. My mere fooles,
Eloquent burgesses, and then my poets
The same that writ so subtly of the fart,
Whom I will entertaine, still, for that subject.
The few, that would give out themselves, to be
Court, and towne-stallions, and, each where, belye
Ladies, who are knowne most innocent, for them ;
Those will I begge, to make me eunuchs of :
And they shall fan me with ten estrich tailes
A piece, made in a plume, to gather wind.
We will be brave, Puffe, now we ha' the med'cine.
My meat, shall all come in, in Indian shells,
Dishes of agate, set in gold, and studded,
With emeralds, saphyres, hiacynths, and rubies.
The tongues of carpes, dormise, and camels heeles,

[1] Aretine wrote sonnets, like those of the poetess Elephantis, for a book of lewd engravings.
[2] Q omits 'They will doe . . . others.'
[3] Q 'best.'

Boil'd i' the spirit of Sol,[1] and dissolv'd pearle,
(Apicius diet,[2] 'gainst the epilepsie)
And I will eate these broaths, with spoones of amber,
Headed with diamant, and carbuncle.
My foot-boy shall eate phesants, calverd[3] salmons,
Knots,[4] godwits,[4] lamprey's:[5] I my selfe will have
The beards of barbels,[6] serv'd, in stead of sallades;
Oild mushromes; and the swelling unctuous paps
Of a fat pregnant sow, newly cut off,
Drest with an exquisite, and poynant sauce;
For which, Ile say unto my cooke, there's gold,
Goe forth, and be a knight.
Fac. Sir, I'll goe looke
A little, how it heightens. [*Exit.*]
Mam. Doe. My shirts
I'll have of taffata-sarsnet, soft, and light
As cob-webs; and for all my other rayment
It shall be such, as might provoke the Persian;
Were he to teach the world riot, a new.[7]
My gloves of fishes, and birds-skins, perfum'd
With gummes of paradise, and easterne aire——
Sur. And do' you thinke to have the stone, with this?
Mam. No, I doe thinke, t' have all this, with the stone.
Sur. Why, I have heard, he must be *homo frugi*,
A pious, holy, and religious man,
One free from mortall sinne, a very virgin.
Mam. That makes it, sir, he is so. But I buy it.
My venter brings it me. He, honest wretch,
A notable, superstitious, good soule,
Has worne his knees bare, and his slippers bald,
With prayer, and fasting for it: and, sir, let him
Do' it alone, for me, still. Here he comes,
Not a prophane word, afore him: 'tis poyson.

[1] gold.
[2] from the *Vita Heliogabali* of Lampridius.
[3] elaborately cooked.
[4] fowl of great delicacy.
[5] F 1 and F 2, 'lamprey's.'
[6] mullets.
[7] F 2, 'anew.'

Act II. Scene III.

MAMMON, SUBTLE [*enters*], SURLY; [*later*] FACE.

[*Mammon.*] Good morrow, father.
Sub. Gentle sonne, good morrow,
And, to your friend, there. What is he, is with you?
Mam. An heretique, that I did bring along,
I hope, sir, to convert him.
Sub. Sonne, I doubt
Yo' are covetous, that thus you meet your time
I' the just point: prevent your day, at morning.
This argues something, worthy of a feare
Of importune, and carnall appetite.
Take heed, you doe not cause the blessing leave you,
With your ungovern'd hast. I should be sorry,
To see my labours, now, e'ene at perfection,
Got by long watching, and large patience,
Not prosper, where my love, and zeale hath plac'd 'hem.
Which (heaven I call to witnesse, with your selfe,
To whom, I have pour'd my thoughts) in all my ends,
Have look'd no way, but unto publique good,
To pious uses, and deere charitie,
Now[1] growne a prodigie with men. Wherein
If you, my sonne, should now prevaricate,
And, to your owne particular lusts, employ
So great, and catholique a blisse: be sure,
A curse will follow, yea, and overtake
Your subtle, and most secret wayes.
Mam. I know, sir,
You shall not need to feare me. I but come,
To ha' you confute this gentleman.
Sur.[2] Who is,
Indeed, sir, somewhat caustive of beliefe
Toward your stone: would not be gull'd.

[1] F 1 and Q, 'No.'
[2] Q, '*Sub.*'

Sub. Well, sonne,
All that I can convince him in, is this,
The worke is done: bright Sol is in his robe.
We have a med'cine of the triple soule,[1]
The glorified spirit. Thankes be to heaven,
And make us worthy of it. Ulen Spiegel.[2]
Fac. [*within*]. Anone, sir.
Sub. Looke well to the register,
And let your heat, lessen by degrees,
To the aludels.[3]
Fac. [*within*]. Yes, sir.
Sub. Did you looke
O' the bolts-head[4] yet?
Fac. [*within*]. Which,[5] on D. sir?
Sub. I.
What's the complexion?
Fac. [*within*]. Whitish.
Sub. Infuse vinegar,
To draw his volatile substance, and his tincture:
And let the water in glasse E. be feltred,
And put into the gripes egge.[6] Lute[7] him well;
And leave him clos'd in *balneo*.
Fac. [*within*]. I will, sir.
Sur. What a brave language here is? next to canting?
Sub. I' have another worke; you never saw, sonne,
That, three dayes since, past the philosophers wheele,[8]
In the lent[9] heat of Athanor;[10] and's become
Sulphur o' nature.
Mam. But 'tis for me?
Sub. What need you?
You have inough, in that is, perfect.
Mam. O, but——

[1] spirit vital, natural, and animal.
[2] hero of an early German tale of vagabondage.; a rogue.
[3] subliming pots. [4] retort. [5] Q, F 1, and F 2 omit the comma.
[6] vessel in shape of griffon vulture's egg. [7] cover with clay.
[8] the changing of elements denoting a successful stage of the process.
[9] slow. [10] a furnace.

Sub. Why, this is covetise!
Mam. No, I assure you,
I shall employ it all, in pious uses,
Founding of colledges, and grammar schooles,
Marrying yong virgins, building hospitalls,
And now, and then, a church.

[*Re-enter* FACE.]

Sub. How now?
Fac. Sir, please you,
Shall I not change the feltre?
Sub. Mary, yes.
And bring me the complexion of glasse B. [*Exit* FACE.]
Mam. Ha' you another?
Sub. Yes, sonne, were I assur'd
Your pietie were firme, we would not want
The meanes to glorifie it. But I hope the best:
I meane to tinct C. in sand-heat, to morrow,
And give him imbibition.[1]
Mam. Of white oile?
Sub. No, sir, of red. F. is come over the helme[2] too,
I thanke my Maker, in S. Maries bath,[3]
And shewes *lac virginis*.[4] Blessed be heaven.
I sent you of his fæces[5] there, calcin'd.
Out of that calx,[6] I' h'a wonne the salt of mercury.
Mam. By powring on your rectified water?
Sub. Yes, and reverberating in Athanor.

[*Re-enter* FACE.]

How now? What colour saies it?
Fac. The ground black, sir.
Mam. That's your crowes-head?[7]
Sur. Your cocks-comb's, is't not?
Sub. No, 'tis not perfect, would it were the crow.
That worke wants some-thing.

[1] absorbing bath.
[2] retort.
[3] a still.
[4] an alchemistic distillation.
[5] sediment.
[6] oxide.
[7] term for a stage in the process.

Sur. (O, I look'd for this.
The hay is a pitching.)
Sub. Are you sure, you loos'd 'hem
I' their owne menstrue ?
Fac. Yes, sir, and then married 'hem,
And put 'hem in a bolts-head,[1] nipp'd to digestion,
According as you bad me ; when I set
The liquor of Mars[2] to circulation,
In the same heat.
Sub. The processe, then, was right.
Fac. Yes, by the token, sir, the retort brake,
And what was sav'd, was put into the pellicane,[3]
And sign'd with Hermes seale.[4]
Sub. I thinke 'twas so.
We should have a new amalgama.
(*Sur.* O, this ferret
Is ranke as any pole-cat.)
Sub. But I care not.
Let him e'ene die ; we have enough beside,
In embrion. H. ha's his white shirt on ?
Fac. Yes, sir.
Hee's ripe for inceration :[5] he stands warme,
In his ash-fire. I would not, you should let
Any die now, if I might counsell, sir,
For lucks sake to the rest. It is not good.
Mam. He saies right.
Sur. I, are you bolted ?[6]
Fac. Nay, I know't, sir,
I' have seene th' ill fortune. What is some three ounces
Of fresh materialls ?
Mam. Is't no more ?
Fac. No more, sir.
Of gold, t' amalgame, with some sixe of mercurie.
Mam. Away, here's money. What will serve ?

[1] retort.
[2] iron.
[3] pointed retort.
[4] made by twisting the neck.
[5] bringing to the consistency of wax.
[6] driven by the ferret.

Fac. Aske him, sir.
Mam. How much ?
Sub. Give him nine pound : you may gi' him ten.
Sur. Yes, twentie, and be cossend, doe.
Mam. There 'tis. [*Gives* FACE *the money.*]
Sub. This needs not. But that you will have it, so,
To see conclusions of all. For two
Of our inferiour workes, are at fixation.[1]
A third is in ascension. Goe your waies.
Ha' you set the oile of Luna[2] in kemia ?[3]
Fac. Yes, sir.
Sub. And the philosophers vinegar ?[4]
Fac. I. [*Exit.*]
Sur. We shall have a sallad.
Mam. When doe you make projection ?
Sub. Sonne, be not hastie, I exalt our med'cine,
By hanging him in *balneo vaporoso* ;[5]
And giving him solution ; then congeale him ;
And then dissolve him ; then againe congeale him ;
For looke, how oft I iterate the worke,
So many times, I adde unto his vertue.
As, if at first, one ounce convert a hundred,
After his second loose, hee'll turne a thousand ;
His third solution, ten ; his fourth, a hundred.
After his fifth, a thousand thousand ounces
Of any imperfect mettall, into pure
Silver, or gold, in all examinations,
As good, as any of the naturall mine.
Get you your stuffe here, against after-noone,
Your brasse, your pewter, and your andirons.
Mam. Not those of iron ?
Sub. Yes, you may bring them, too.
Wee'll change all mettalls[6]
Sur. I beleeve you, in that.

[1] a non-volatile state.
[2] silver.
[3] analysis.
[4] *lac virginis*, l. 62 above.
[5] vapor bath.
[6] Q and F 1, 'mettall's' ; F 2, 'metal's.'

Mam Then I may send my spits ?
Sub. Yes, and your racks.[1]
Sur. And dripping-pans, and pot-hangers, and hookes ? Shall he not ?
Sub. If he please.
Sur. To be an asse.
Sub. How, sir !
Mam. This gent'man, you must beare withall.
I told you, he had no faith.
Sur. And little hope, sir,
But, much lesse charitie, should I gull my selfe.
Sub. Why, what have you observ'd, sir, in our art, Seemes so impossible ?
Sur. But your whole worke, no more.
That you should hatch gold in a fornace, sir,
As they doe egges, in Egypt !
Sub. Sir, doe you
Beleeve that egges are hatch'd so ?
Sur. If I should ?
Sub. Why, I thinke that the greater miracle.
No egge, but differs from a chicken, more,
Then mettalls in themselves.
Sur. That cannot be.
The egg's ordain'd by nature, to that end :
And is a chicken *in potentia.*
Sub. The same we say of lead, and other mettalls,
Which would be gold if they had time.
Mam. And that
Our art doth furder.[2]
Sub. I, for 'twere absurd
To thinke that nature, in the earth, bred gold
Perfect, i' the instant. Something went before.
There must be remote matter.
Sur. I, what is that ?
Sub. Mary, we say——

[1] irons on which spits turn.
[2] F 2, 'further.'

Mam. I, now it heats: stand Father.
Pound him to dust——
Sub. It is, of the one part,
A humide exhalation, which we call
Materia liquida, or the unctuous water;
On th' other part, a certaine crasse, and viscous
Portion of earth; both which, concorporate,
Doe make the elementarie matter of gold:
Which is not, yet, *propria materia*,
But commune to all mettalls, and all stones.
For, where it is forsaken of that moysture,
And hath more drynesse, it becomes a stone;
Where it retaines more of the humid fatnesse,
It turnes to sulphur, or to quick-silver:
Who are the parents of all other mettalls.
Nor can this remote matter, sodainly,
Progresse so from extreme, unto extreme,
As to grow gold, and leape ore all the meanes.
Nature doth, first, beget th' imperfect; then
Proceedes shee to the perfect. Of that ayrie,
And oily water, mercury is engendered;
Sulphure o' the fat, and earthy part: the one,
(Which is the last), supplying the place of male,
The other of the female, in all mettalls.
Some doe beleeve hermaphrodeitie,
That both doe act, and suffer. But, these two
Make the rest ductile, malleable, extensive.
And, even in gold, they are; for we doe find
Seedes of them, by our fire, and gold in them:
And can produce the species of each mettall
More perfect thence, then nature doth in earth.
Beside, who doth not see, in daily practice,
Art can beget bees, hornets, beetles, waspes,
Out of the carcasses, and dung of creatures;
Yea, scorpions, of an herbe, being ritely plac'd:
And these are living creatures, far more perfect,
And excellent, then mettalls.

Mam. Well said, father!
Nay, if he take you in hand, sir, with an argument,
Hee'll bray you in a morter.
Sur. 'Pray you, sir, stay.
Rather, then I'll be brai'd, sir, I'll beleeve,
That Alchemie is a pretty kind of game,
Somewhat like tricks o' the cards, to cheat a man,
With charming.
Sub. Sir?
Sur. What else are all your termes,
Whereon no one o' your writers grees with other?
Of your elixir, your *lac virginis*,[1]
Your stone, your med'cine, and your chrysosperme,
Your sal, your sulphur, and your mercurie,
Your oyle of height, your tree of life, your bloud,
Your marchesite, your tutie, your magnesia,
Your toade, your crow, your dragon, and your panthar,
Your sunne, your moone, your firmament, your adrop,
Your lato, azoch, zernich, chibrit, heautarit,
And then your red man, and your white woman,
With all your broths, your menstrues, and materialls,
Of pisse, and egge-shells, womens termes, mans bloud,
Haire o' the head, burnt clouts, chalke, merds,[2] and clay,
Poulder of bones, scalings of iron, glasse,
And worlds of other strange ingredients,
Would burst a man to name?
Sub. And all these, nam'd,
Intending but one thing: which art our writers
Us'd to obscure their art.
Mam. Sir, so I told him,
Because the simple idiot should not learne it,
And make it vulgar.
Sub. Was not all the knowledge
Of the Egyptians writ in mystick symboles?
Speake not the Scriptures, oft, in parables?

[1] For these absurd terms, which abound in works on alchemy, see notes and glossary in Hathaway.
[2] excrement.

Are not the choicest fables of the poets,
That were the fountaines, and first springs of wisedome,
Wrapt in perplexed allegories ?
Mam. I urg'd that,
And clear'd to him, that Sisiphus was damn'd
To roule the ceaselesse stone, onely, because
He would have made[1] ours common. —DOL *is seene* [*at the door.*][2]
Who is this ?
Sub.[3] God's precious—What doe you meane ? Goe in, good lady,
Let me intreat you. [DOL *retires.*] Where's this varlet ?

[*Re-enter* FACE.]

Fac. Sir ?
Sub. You very knave ! doe you use me, thus ?
Fac. Wherein, sir ?
Sub. Goe in, and see, you traitor. Goe. [*Exit* FACE.]
Mam. Who is it, sir ?
Sub. Nothing, sir. Nothing.
Mam. What's the matter ? good,[4] sir !
I have not seene you thus distemp'red. Who is't ?
Sub. All arts have still had, sir, their adversaries,
But ours the most ignorant. What now ? —FACE *returnes.*—[5]
Fac. 'Twas not my fault, sir, shee would speake with you.
Sub. Would she, sir ? Follow me. [*Exit* SUBTLE.]
Mam. [*stopping* FACE]. Stay, Lungs.
Fac. I dare not, sir.[6]
Mam. How ! 'Pray thee stay ?
Fac. She's mad, sir, and sent hether——
Mam. Stay, man, what is shee ?
Fac. A lords sister, sir.
(Hee'll be mad too.
Mam. I warrant thee.) Why sent hether ?

[1] F 2 omits 'made.' [2] Omitted in Q. [3] F 2 omits *Sub.*, printing this as part of speech of Mammon. [4] Q, 'God.' [5] Omitted in Q.
[6] The succeeding lines in Q are :

Mam. How ? 'Pray thee stay ? *Fac.* She's mad Sir,
and sent hether——
(He'll be mad too. *Mam.* I warrant thee.) Why
sent hether ? *Fac.* Sir, to be cur'd.

Fac. Sir, to be cur'd.
Sub. [*within*]. Why, raskall!
Fac. Loe you. Here, sir. —*He goes out.*—[1]
Mam. 'Fore-god, a Bradamante,[2] a brave piece.
Sur. Hart, this is a bawdy-house! I'll be burnt else.
Mam. O, by this light, no. Doe not wrong him. H' is
Too scrupulous, that way. It is his vice.
No, h' is a rare physitian, doe him right.
An excellent Paracelsian![3] and has done
Strange cures with minerall physicke. He deales all
With spirits, he. He will not heare a word
Of Galen, or his tedious recipes.[4] —FACE *againe.*—[5]
How now, Lungs!
Fac. Softly, sir, speake softly. I meant
To ha' told your worship all. This must not heare.
Mam. No, he will not be gull'd; let him alone.
Fac. Y' are very right, sir, shee is a most rare schollar;
And is gone mad, with studying Braughtons[6] workes.
If you but name a word, touching the Hebrew,
Shee falls into her fit, and will discourse
So learnedly of genealogies,
As you would runne mad, too, to heare her, sir.
Mam. How might one doe t' have conference with her, Lungs?
Fac. O, divers have runne mad upon the conference.
I doe not know, sir: I am sent in hast,
To fetch a violl.
Sur. Be not gull'd, Sir Mammon.
Mam. Wherein? 'Pray yee, be patient.
Sur. Yes, as you are.
And trust confederate knaves, and bawdes, and whores.
Mam. You are too foule, beleeve it. Come here, Ulen.[7]
One word.
Fac. I dare not, in good faith. [*Going*].

[1] Omitted in Q.
[2] A famous amazon in Ariosto's *Orlando Furioso*.
[3] Paracelsus, d. 1541, was the famous German alchemist.
[4] Q, F 1 and F 2, 'recipe's.'
[5] Omitted in Q.
[6] Braughton was a rabbinical scholar of notorious obscurity and conceit.
[7] Q, 'Zephyrus.'

Mam. Stay, knave.
Fac. H' is extreme angrie, that you saw her, sir.
Mam. Drinke that. [*Gives him money.*]
What is shee, when shee's out of her fit ?
Fac. O, the most affablest creature, sir ! so merry !
So pleasant ! shee'll mount you up, like quick-silver,
Over the helme ;[1] and circulate, like oyle,
A very vegetall.[2] discourse of state,
Of mathematiques, bawdry, any thing——
Mam. Is shee no way accessible ? no meanes,
No trick, to give a man a taste of her—wit—
Or so ?—Ulen.[3]
Fac. I'll come to you againe, sir, [*Exit.*]
Mam. Surly, I did not thinke, one o' your breeding
Would traduce personages of worth.
Sur. Sir Epicure,
Your friend to use : yet, still, loth to be gull'd.
I doe not like your philosophicall bawdes.
Their stone is lecherie inough, to pay for,
Without this bait.
Mam. 'Hart, you abuse your selfe.
I know the lady, and her friends, and meanes,
The originall of this disaster. Her brother
H'as told me all.
Sur. And yet, you ne're saw her
Till now ?
Mam. O, yes, but I forgot. I have (beleeve it)
One o' the treacherou'st memories, I doe thinke,
Of all mankind.
Sur.[4] What call you her brother ?
Mam. My Lord——
He wi'not have his name knowne, now I thinke on't.
Sur. A very treacherous memorie !
Mam. O' my faith——

[1] retort.
[2] animated person.
[3] Q begins l. 260 : 'Wit ? or so ?' and omits 'Ulen.'
[4] F 1 and F 2 misprint : '*Sub.* What call you her, brother ?'

Sur. Tut, if you ha' it not about you, passe it,
Till wee meet next.
Mam. Nay, by this hand, 'tis true.
Hee's one I honour, and my noble friend,
And I respect his house.
Sur. Hart! can it be,
That a grave sir, a rich, that has no need,
A wise sir, too, at other times, should thus
With his owne oathes, and arguments, make hard meanes
To gull himselfe? And, this be your elixir,
Your *lapis mineralis*, and your lunarie,[1]
Give me your honest trick, yet, at primero,[2]
Or gleeke;[2] and take your *lutum sapientis*,[3]
Your *menstruum simplex*:[4] I'll have gold, before you,
And, with lesse danger[5] of the quick-silver;
Or the hot sulphur.

[*Re-enter* FACE.]

Fac. Here's one from Captaine Face, sir, *To* SURLY.
Desires you meet him i' the Temple-church,
Some halfe houre hence, and upon earnest businesse.
Sir, if you please to quit us, now; and come,
—*He whispers* MAMMON.—[6]
Againe, within two houres: you shall have
My master busie examining o' the workes;
And I will steale you in, unto the partie,
That you may see her converse. Sir, shall I say,
You'll meet the Captaines worship?
Sur. Sir, I will. [*Walks aside.*]
But, by attorney, and to a second purpose.
Now, I am sure, it is a bawdy-house;
I'll sweare it, were the Marshall here, to thanke me:
The naming this Commander, doth confirme it.
Don Face! why, h' is the most autentique[7] dealer
I' these commodities! The Superintendent

[1] a medicinal plant. [2] a card game. [3] philosopher's clay. [4] simple dissolvent. [5] *danger* of being salivated or of catching the diseases which these chemicals were supposed to cure. [6] Omitted in Q. [7] F 2, 'authentique.

To all the queinter traffiquers, in towne
He is their visiter, and do's appoint
Who lyes with whom ; and at what houre ; what price ;
Which gowne ; and in what smock ; what fall ;[1] what tyre.[2]
Him, will I prove, by a third person, to find
The subtilties of this darke labyrinth :
Which, if I doe discover, deare sir Mammon,
You'll give your poore friend leave, though no philosopher,
To laugh : for you that are, 'tis thought, shall weepe.
Fac. Sir, he do's pray, you'll not forget.
Sur. I will not, sir.
Sir Epicure, I shall leave you ? [*Exit.*]
Mam. I follow you, streight.
Fac. But doe so, good sir, to avoid suspicion.
This gent'man has a par'lous head.
Mam. But wilt thou, Ulen,[3]
Be constant to thy promise ?
Fac. As my life, sir.
Mam. And wilt thou insinuate what I am ? and praise me ?
And say I am a noble fellow ?
Fac. O, what else, sir ?
And, that you'll make her royall, with the stone,
An empresse ; and your selfe King of Bantam.[4]
Mam. Wilt thou doe this ?
Fac. Will I, sir ?
Mam. Lungs, my Lungs !
I love thee.
Fac. Send your stuffe, sir, that my master
May busie himselfe, about projection.
Mam. Th' hast witch'd me, rogue : take, goe.
[*Gives him money.*]
Fac. Your jack, &[5] all, sir.
Mam. Thou art a villaine—I will send my jack ;
And the weights too. Slave, I could bite thine eare.
Away, thou dost not care for me.

[1] ruff. [2] head-dress. [3] Q omits [4] Ulen.
[4] A city in Java. [5] F 2, 'and.'

Fac. Not I, sir ?
Mam. Come, I was borne to make thee, my good weasell ;
Set thee on a bench : and ha' thee twirle a chaine
With the best lords vermine of 'hem all.
Fac. Away, sir.
Mam. A count, nay, a count-palatine——
Fac. Good sir, goe.
Mam. Shall not advance thee, better : no, nor faster. [*Exit.*]

Act II. Scene IIII.

[*Enter*] SUBTLE, [*to*] FACE, [*with*] DOL.

[*Subtle.*] Has he bit ? Has he bit ?
Fac. And swallow'd too, my Subtle.
I ha' giv'n him line, and now he playes, i' faith.[1]
Sub. And shall we twitch him ?
Fac. Thorough both the gills.
A wench is a rare bait, with which a man
No sooner 's taken, but he straight firkes mad.
Sub. Dol, my Lord Wha'ts'hums[2] sister, you must now
Beare your selfe *statelich*.
Dol. O, let me alone.
Ill not forget my race, I warrant you.
I'll keepe my distance, laugh, and talke aloud ;
H'ave all the tricks of a proud scirvy ladie,
And be as rude' as her woman.
Fac. Wel sa id, sa nguine.
Sub. Butlwill he send his andirons ?
Fac. His jack too ;
And 's iron shooing-horne : I ha' spoke[3] to him. Well,
I must not loose my wary gamster, yonder.
Sub. O, Monsieur Caution, that will not be gull'd ?
Fac. I, if I can strike a fine hooke into him, now,

[1] F 2, 'yfaith. [2] Q, 'Whachums.' [3] F 2, 'spoken.'

The Temple-church, there I have cast mine angle.
Well, pray for me. I'll about it.
Sub. What, more gudgeons! —*One knocks.*—[1]
Dol, scout, scout; [DOL *goes to the window.*] stay, Face, you must goe to the dore:
'Pray God, it be my Anabaptist. Who is't, Dol?
Dol. I know him not. He lookes like a gold-end-man.[2]
Sub. Gods so! 'tis he, he said he would send. What call you him?
The sanctified Elder, that should deale
For Mammons jack, and andirons! Let him in.
Stay, helpe me of, first, with my gowne. Away, [*Exit* FACE.]
Ma-dame, to your with-drawing chamber. [*Exit* DOL.] Now,
In a new tune, new gesture, but old language.
This fellow is sent, from one negotiates with me
About the stone, too; for the holy Brethren
Of Amsterdam, the exil'd saints: that hope
To raise their discipline, by it. I must use him
In some strange fashion, now, to make him admire me.

Act II. Scene V.

[*To*] SUBTLE, [*enter*] FACE, [*and*] ANANIAS.

[*Subtle, aloud.*] Where is my drudge?
Fac. Sir.
Sub. Take away the recipient,[3]
And rectifie your menstrue, from the phlegma.[4]
Then powre it, o' the Sol,[5] in the cucurbite,[6]
And let 'hem macerate, together.
Fac. Yes, sir.
And save the ground?
Sub. No: *terra damnata*
Must not have entrance, in the worke. Who are you?
Ana. A faithfull Brother, if it please you.

[1] Omitted in Q. [2] one who buys broken gold. [3] receiver.
[4] water of distillation. [5] gold. [6] still.

Sub. What's that ?
A Lullianist ?[1] a Ripley ?[2] *Filius artis ?*
Can you sublime, and dulcifie ? calcine ?
Know you the sapor pontick ? sapor stiptick ?[3]
Or, what is homogene, or heterogene ?[4]
Ana. I understand no heathen language, truely.
Sub. Heathen, you Knipper-doling ?[5] Is *Ars sacra,*
Or chrysopœia, or spagirica,[6]
Or the pamphysick, or panarchick knowledge,
A heathen language ?
Ana. Heathen Greeke, I take it.
Sub. How ? heathen Greeke ?
Ana. All's heathen, but the Hebrew.
Sub. Sirah,[7] my varlet, stand you forth, and speake to him
Like a philosopher : answer i' the language.
Name the vexations, and the martyrizations
Of mettalls, in the worke.
Fac. Sir, putrefaction,
Solution, ablution, sublimation,
Cohobation, calcination, ceration, and
Fixation.
Sub. This is heathen Greeke to you, now ?
And when comes vivification ?
Fac. After mortification.
Sub. What's cohobation ?
Fac. 'Tis the powring on
Your *aqua regis,* and then drawing him off,
To the trine circle of the seven spheares.
Sub. What's the proper passion of mettalls ?
Fac. Malleation.
Sub. What's your *ultimum supplicium auri ?*

[1] Lully, a Spanish philosopher.
[2] A famous alchemist.
[3] F 1 'stipstick.'
[4] For these alchemical terms see glossaries of Hathaway and Schelling.
[5] An Anabaptist fanatic of Münster.
[6] For the alchemical jargon of ll. 13–35, see Schelling and Hathaway.
[7] Q, 'S'rah.'

Fac. Antimonium.
Sub. This's heathen Greeke, to you? And, what's your mercury?
Fac. A very fugitive, he will be gone, sir.
Sub. How know you him?
Fac. By his viscositie,
His oleositie, and his suscitabilitie.
Sub. How doe you sublime him?
Fac. With the calce of egge-shels,
White marble,[1] talck.[2]
Sub. Your magisterium, now?
What's that?
Fac. Shifting, sir, your elements,
Drie into cold, cold into moist, moist into hot, hot into drie.
Sub. This's heathen Greeke to you, still?
Your *lapis philosophicus?*
Fac. 'Tis a stone, and not
A stone; a spirit, a soule, and a body:
Which if you doe dissolve, it is dissolv'd;
If you coagulate, it is coagulated,
If you make it to flye, it flyeth,
Sub. Inough.
This's heathen Greeke to you? What are you, sir?
Ana. Please you, a servant of the exil'd Brethren,
That deale with widdowes, and with orphanes goods;
And make a just account, unto the saints:
A deacon.
Sub. O, you are sent from Master[2] Wholsome,
Your teacher?
Ana. From Tribulation Wholsome,
Our very zealous pastor.
Sub. Good. I have
Some orphanes goods to come here.
Ana. Of what kind, sir?
Sub. Pewter, and brasse, andirons, and kitchin ware,
Mettalls, that we must use our med'cine on:

[1] F 2, 'marblec.' [2] F 2, 'halke.'
[2] Q, 'Mr.'

Wherein the Brethren may have a penn'orth,
For readie money.
Ana. Were the orphanes parents
Sincere professors ?
Sub. Why doe you aske ?
Ana. Because
We then are to deale justly, and give (in truth)
Their utmost valew.
Sub. 'Slid, you'ld cossen, else,
And, if their parents were not of the faithfull ?
I will not trust you, now I thinke on't,
Till I ha' talk'd with your pastor. Ha' you brought money
To buy more coales ?
Ana. No, surely.
Sub. No ? How so ?
Ana. The Brethren bid me say unto you, sir,
Surely, they will not venter any more,
Till they may see projection.[1]
Sub. How !
Ana. Yo' have had,
For the instruments, as bricks, and lome, and glasses,
Allreadie thirtie pound ; and, for materialls,
They say, some ninetie more : and, they have heard, since,
That one, at Heidelberg, made it, of an egge,
And a small paper of pin-dust.
Sub. What's your name ?
Ana. My name is Ananias.
Sub. Out, the varlet
That cossend the Apostles ! Hence, away,
Flee mischiefe ; had your holy consistorie
No name to send me, of another sound ;
Then wicked Ananias ? Send your elders,
Either, to make atonement for you, quickly.
And gi' me satisfaction ; or out-goes
The fire : and downe th' alembekes,[2] and the fornace.
Liger Henricus,[3] or what not. Thou wretch,

[1] the act of transmuting metals. [2] stills. [3] a furnace.

Both *sericon*,[1] and *bufo*[2] shall be lost,
Tell 'hem. All hope of rooting out the bishops,
Or th' antichristian hierarchie shall perish,
If they stay threescore minutes : the aqueitie,
Terreitie, and sulphureitie[3]
Shall runne together againe, and all be annull'd,[4]
Thou wicked Ananias. [*Exit* ANANIAS.] This will fetch 'hem,
And make 'hem hast towards their gulling more.
A man must deale like a rough nurse, and fright
Those, that are froward, to an appetite.

Act II. Scene VI.

[*Enter*] FACE [*in his uniform, to*] SUBTLE, [*with*] DRUGGER.

[*Face.*] H' is busie with his spirits, but wee'll upon him.
Sub. How now ! What mates ? What Baiards[5] ha' wee here ?
Fac. I told you, he would be furious. Sir, here's Nab,
Has brought yo' another piece of gold, to looke on :
(We must appease him. Give it me) and prayes you,
You would devise (what is it, Nab ?)
Dru. A signe, sir.
Fac. I, a good lucky one, a thriving signe, Doctor.
Sub. I was devising now.
Fac. ('Slight, doe not say so,
He will repent he ga' you any more.)[6]
What say you to his constellation, Doctor ?
The Ballance ?
Sub. No, that way is stale, and common.
A townes-man, borne in Taurus, gives the bull ;
Or the bulls-head : in Aries, the ram.

[1] black tincture. [2] red tincture. [3] See Hathaway.
[4] F 1, F 2, and Q omit the comma.
[5] Bayard, the horse which Charlemagne gave to the sons of Aymon. The term was applied both to a chivalrous person and to an old, blind horse.
[6] Q omits parentheses.

A poore device. No, I will have his name
Form'd in some mystick character ; whose *radii*,
Striking the senses of the passers by,
Shall, by a virtuall influence, breed affections,
That may result upon the partie ownes it :
As thus——
Fac. Nab !
Sub. He first shall have *a bell*, that's *Abel ;*
And, by it, standing one, whose name is *Dee*,[1]
In a *rugg* gowne ; there's *D.* and *rug*, that's *Drug :*
And, right anenst him, a dog snarling *er ;*[2]
There's *Drugger*, *Abel Drugger*. That's his signe.
And here's now mysterie, and hieroglyphick !
Fac. Abel, thou art made.
Dru. Sir, I doe thanke his worship.
Fac. Sixe o' thy legs[3] more, will not doe it, Nab.
He has brought you a pipe of tabacco, Doctor.
Dru. Yes, sir :
I have another thing, I would impart——
Fac. Out with it, Nab.
Dru. Sir, there is lodg'd, hard by me,
A rich yong widdow——
Fac. Good ! a *bona roba ?*[4]
Dru. But nineteene, at the most.
Fac. Very good, Abel.
Dru. Mary, sh' is not in fashion, yet ; shee weares
A hood : but 't stands a cop.[5]
Fac. No matter, Abel.
Dru. And, I doe, now and then give her a fucus[6]—
Fac. What ! dost thou deale, Nab ?
Sub. I did tell you, Captaine.
Dru. And physick too sometime, sir : for which shee trusts me
With all her mind. Shee's come up here, of purpose
To learne the fashion.

[1] Reference to a picture of John Dee in his astrological gown of *rugg* or coarse cloth.
[2] '*R* is the dog's letter, and *hurreth* in the sound.' Jonson, *English Grammar*.
[3] bows. [4] fine girl. [5] F 2, 'acop.' On top, crested. [6] cosmetic.

Fac. Good (his match too !)[1] on, Nab.
Dru. And shee do's strangely long to know her fortune.
Fac. Gods lid, Nab, send her to the Doctor, hether.
Dru. Yes, I have spoke to her of his worship, alreadie :
But shee's afraid, it will be blowne abroad
And hurt her marriage.
Fac. Hurt it ? 'Tis the way
To heale it, if 'twere hurt ; to make it more
Follow'd, and sought : Nab, thou shalt tell her this.
Shee'll be more knowne, more talk'd of, and your widdowes
Are ne'er of any price till they be famous ;
Their honour is their multitude of sutors :
Send her, it may be thy good fortune. What ?
Thou dost not know.
Dru. No, sir, shee'll never marry
Under a knight. Her brother has made a vow.
Fac. What, and dost thou despaire, my little Nab,
Knowing, what the Doctor has set downe for thee,
And, seeing so many, o' the citie, dub'd ?
One glasse o' thy water, with a Madame, I know,
Will have it done, Nab. What's her brother ? a knight ?
Dru. No, sir, a gentleman, newly warme in' his land, sir,
Scarse cold in his one and twentie ; that do's governe
His sister, here : and is a man himselfe
Of some three thousand a yeere, and is come up
To learne to quarrell, and to live by his wits,
And will goe downe againe, and dye i' the countrey.
Fac. How ! to quarrell ?
Dru. Yes, sir, to carry quarrells,
As gallants doe, and manage 'hem, by line.
Fac. 'Slid, Nab ! The Doctor is the onely man
In Christendome for him. He has made a table,
With mathematicall demonstrations,
Touching the art of quarrells. He will give him
An instrument to quarrell by. Goe, bring 'hem, both :
Him, and his sister. And, for thee, with her

[1] Q omits parentheses.

The Doctor happ'ly may perswade. Goe to.
'Shalt give his worship, a new damaske suite
Upon the premisses.
Sub. O, good Captaine.
Fac. He shall,
He is the honestest fellow, Doctor. Stay[1] not,
No offers, bring the damaske, and the parties.
Dru. I'll trie my power, sir.
Fac. And thy will, too, Nab.
Sub. 'Tis good tabacco this! What is't an ounce?
Fac. He'll send you a pound, Doctor.
Sub. O, no.
Fac. He will do't.
It is the gooddest soule. Abel, about it.
(Thou shalt know more anone. Away, be gone.) [*Exit* ABEL.]
A miserable rogue, and lives with cheese,
And has the wormes. That was the cause indeed
Why he came now. He dealt with me, in private,
To get a med'cine for 'hem.
Sub. And shall, sir. This workes.
Fac. A wife, a wife, for one on 'us, my deare Subtle:
Wee'll eene draw lots, and he, that failes, shall have
The more in goods, the other has in taile.
Sub. Rather the lesse. For shee may be so light
Shee may want graines.
Fac. I, or be such a burden,
A man would scarce endure her, for the whole.
Sub. Faith, best let's see her first, and then determine.
Fac. Content. But Dol must ha' no breath on't.
Sub. Mum.
Away, you to your Surly yonder, catch him.
Fac. 'Pray God, I ha' not stai'd too long.
Sub. I feare it. [*Exeunt.*]

Act III. Scene I.

[*Enter*] TRIBULATION, [*and*] ANANIAS.

[*Tribulation.*] These chastisements are common to the Saints,
And such rebukes we of the Separation
Must beare, with willing shoulders, as the trialls
Sent forth, to tempt our frailties.[1]
Ana. In pure zeale,
I doe not like the man: he is a heathen.
And speakes the language of Canaan, truely.
Tri. I thinke him a prophane person, indeed.
Ana. He beares
The visible marke of the beast,[2] in his fore-head
And for his stone, it is a worke of darknesse,
And, with philosophie, blinds the eyes of man.
Tri. Good brother, we must bend unto all meanes,
That may give furtherance, to the holy cause.
Ana. Which his cannot: the sanctified cause
Should have a sanctified course.
Tri. Not alwaies necessary.
The children of perdition are oft-times,
Made instruments even of the greatest workes.
Beside, we should give somewhat to mans nature,
The place he lives in, still about the fire,
And fume of mettalls, that intoxicate
The braine of man, and make him prone to passion.
Where have you greater atheists, then your cookes?
Or more prophane, or cholerick then your glasse-men?
More antichristian, then your bell-founders?
What makes the Devill so devillish, I would aske you,

[1] For ll. 3–5, Q reads:

> And such rebukes th' elect must beare, with patience;
> They are the exercises of the spirit,
> And sent to tempt our frayities.

[2] See *Rev.* xvi, 2; xix, 20. Subtle's cap resembles the tiara of the Pope, commonly identified with *the beast*.

Sathan, our common enemie, but his being
Perpetually about the fire, and boyling
Brimstone, and arsnike? We must give, I say.
Unto the motives, and the stirrers up
Of humours in the bloud. It may be so.
When as the worke is done, the stone is made,
This heate of his may turne into a zeale,
And stand up for the beauteous discipline,
Against the menstruous cloth, and ragg of Rome.
We must await his calling, and the comming
Of the good spirit. You did fault, t' upbraid him
With the Brethrens blessing of Heidelberg, waighing
What need we have, to hasten on the worke,
For the restoring of the silenc'd Saints,
Which ne'er will be, but by the philosophers stone.
And, so a learned elder, one of Scotland,
Assur'd me; *aurum potabile*[1] being
The onely med'cine, for the civill magistrate,
T' incline him to a feeling of the cause:
And must be daily us'd, in the disease.
Ana. I have not edified more, truely, by man;
Not, since the beautifull light, first, shone on me:
And I am sad, my zeale hath so offended.
Tri. Let us call on him, then.
Ana. The motion's good,
And of the spirit; I will knock first: [*knocks.*] Peace be within.

Act III. Scene II.

[*Enter*] SUBTLE, [*to*] TRIBULATION, ANANIAS.

[*Subtle*]. O, are you come? 'Twas time. Your threescore minutes
Were at the[2] last thred, you see; and downe had gone

[1] drinkable gold; sarcastically applied to bribery.
[2] F 2 omits 'the.'

Furnus acediæ,[1] *turris circulatorius*[2]
Lembeke,[3] bolt's-head,[3] retort, and pellicane[3]
Had all beene cinders. Wicked Ananias!
Art thou return'd? Nay then, it goes downe, yet.
Tri. Sir, be appeased, he is come to humble
Himselfe in spirit, and to aske your patience,
If too much zeale hath carried him, aside,
From the due path.
Sub. Why, this doth qualifie!
Tri. The Brethren had no purpose, verely,
To give you the least grievance: but are ready
To lend their willing hands, to any project
The spirit, and you direct.
Sub. This qualifies more!
Tri. And, for the orphanes goods, let them be valew'd,
Or what is needfull, else, to the holy worke,
It shall be numbred: here, by me, the Saints
Throw downe their purse before you.
Sub. This qualifies, most!
Why, thus it should be, now you understand.
Have I discours'd so unto you, of our stone?
And, of the good that it shall bring your cause?
Shew'd you, (beside the mayne of hiring forces
Abroad, drawing the Hollanders, your friends,
From th' Indies, to serve you, with all their fleete)
That even the med'cinall use shall make you a faction,
And party in the realme? As, put the case,
That some great man in state, he have the gout,
Why, you but send three droppes of your elixir,
You helpe him straight: there you have made a friend.
Another has the palsey, or the dropsie,
He takes of your incombustible stuffe,
Hee's yong againe: there you have made a friend.
A Lady, that is past the feate of body,

[1] a slow furnace, requiring no care.
[2] glass mixing vessel.
[3] different kinds of stills.

Though not of minde, and hath her face decay'd
Beyond all cure of paintings,[1] you restore
With the oyle of talck ;[2] there you have made a friend :
And all her friends. A Lord, that is a leper,
A knight, that has the bone-ache, or a squire
That hath both these, you make 'hem smooth, and sound,
With a bare fricace[3] of your med'cine : still,
You increase your friends.

Tri. I, 'tis very pregnant.

Sub. And, then, the turning of this lawyers pewter
To plate, at Christ-masse——

Ana. Christ-tide,[4] I pray you.

Sub. Yet, Ananias ?

Ana. I have done.

Sub. Or changing
His parcell guilt, to massie gold. You cannot
But raise you[5] friends. With all,[6] to be of power
To pay an armie, in the field, to buy
The king of France, out of his realmes ; or Spaine,
Out of his Indies : what can you not doe,
Against lords spirituall, or temporall,
That shall oppone you ?

Tri. Verily, 'tis true.
We may be temporall lords, our selves, I take it.

Sub. You may be anything, and leave off to make
Long-winded exercises : or suck up,
Your *ha*, and *hum*,[7] in a tune. I not denie,
But such as are not graced, in a state,
May, for their ends, be adverse in religion,
And get a tune, to call the flock together :
For (to say sooth) a tune do's much, with women,
And other phlegmatick people, it is your bell.

Ana. Bells are prophane : a tune may be religious.

[1] Q, 'painting.' [2] F 1 and F 2, 'talck.' [3] rubbing.
[4] Avoiding the Popish word *masse*. [5] F 2, 'your.' [6] Q, F 2, Withal.
[7] With reference to the unprofessional singing in Puritan churches.

Sub. No warning with you ? Then, farewell my patience.
'Slight, it shall downe : I will not be thus tortur'd.
Tri. I pray you, sir.
Sub. All shall perish. I have spoke it.
Tri. Let me find grace, sir, in your eyes ; the man
He stands corrected : neither did his zeale
(But as your selfe) allow a tune, some-where.
Which, now, being to'ard the stone, we shall not need.
Sub. No, nor your holy vizard, to winne widdowes
To give you legacies ; or make zealous wives
To rob their husbands, for the common cause :
Nor take the start of bonds,[1] broke but one day,
And say, they were forfeited, by providence.
Nor shall you need, ore-night to eate huge meales,
To celebrate your next daies fast the better :
The whilst the Brethren, and the Sisters, humbled,
Abate the stiffenesse of the flesh. Nor cast
Before your hungrie hearers, scrupulous bones,
As whether a Christian may hawke, or hunt ;
Or whether, matrons, of the holy assembly,
May lay their haire out, or weare doublets :
Or have that idoll starch, about their linnen.
Ana. It is, indeed, an idoll.
Tri. Mind him not, sir.
I doe command thee, spirit (of zeale, but trouble)
To peace within him. Pray you, sir, goe on.
Sub. Nor shall you need to libell 'gainst the prelates,
And shorten so your eares,[2] against the hearing
Of the next wire-drawne grace. Nor, of necessitie,
Raile against playes, to please the alderman,
Whose daily custard you devoure. Nor lie
With zealous rage, till you are hoarse. Not one
Of these so singular arts. Nor call your selves,
By names of Tribulation, Persecution,
Restraint, Long-patience, and such like, affected
By the whole family, or wood[3] of you,

[1] Q, 'bandes.' [2] Ears were lopped in punishment for libel. [3] material, stock.

Onely for glorie, and to catch the eare
Of the disciple.
Tri. Truely, sir, they are
Wayes, that the godly Brethren have invented,
For propagation of the glorious[1] cause,
As very notable meanes, and whereby, also,
Themselves grow soone, and profitably famous.
Sub. O, but the stone, all's idle to' it! nothing!
The art of Angels, Nature's miracle,
The divine secret, that doth flye in clouds,
From east to west: and whose tradition
Is not from men, but spirits.
Ana. I hate traditions:
I do not trust them[2]——
Tri. Peace.
Ana. They are Popish, all.
I will not peace. I will not——
Tri. Ananias.
Ana. Please the prophane, to grieve the godly: I may not.
Sub. Well, Ananias, thou shalt over-come.
Tri. It is an ignorant zeale, that haunts him, sir,
But truely, else, a very faithfull Brother,
A botcher: [3] and a man, by revelation,
That hath a competent knowledge of the truth.
Sub. Has he a competent summe, there, i' the bagg,
To buy the goods, within? I am made guardian,
And must, for charitie, and conscience sake,
Now, see the most be made, for my poore orphane:
Though I desire the Brethren, too, good gayners.
There, they are, within. When you have view'd, and[4] bought 'hem,
And tane the inventorie of what they are,
They are[5] readie for projection;[6] there's no more
To doe: cast on the med'cine, so much silver
As there is tinne there, so much gold as brasse,
I'll gi' it you in, by waight.

[1] Q, 'holy.' [2] Q, ''hem.' [3] mender.
[4] F 1, Q, '&.' [5] Q, 'They'are. [6] transmutation.

Tri. But how long time,
Sir, must the Saints expect, yet ?
Sub. Let me see,
How's the moone, now ? Eight, nine, ten dayes hence
He will be silver potate ;[1] then, three dayes,
Before he citronise :[2] some fifteene dayes,
The magisterium[3] will be perfected.
Ana. About the second day, of the third weeke,
In the ninth month ?
Sub. Yes, my good Ananias.
Tri. What will the orphanes goods arise to, thinke you ?
Sub. Some hundred markes ; as much as fill'd three carres,
Unladed now : you'll[4] make sixe millions of 'hem.
But I must ha' more coales laid in.
Tri. How !
Sub. Another load,
And then we ha' finish'd. We must now encrease
Our fire to *ignis ardens*,[5] we are past
Fimus equinus, balnei, cineris,
And all those lenter heats. If the holy purse
Should, with this draught, fall low, and that the Saints
Doe need a present summe, I have a[6] trick
To melt the pewter, you shall buy now, instantly,
And, with a tincture, make you as good Dutch dollers,
As any are in Holland.
Tri. Can you so ?
Sub. I, and shall bide the third examination.
Ana. It will be joyfull tidings to the Brethren.
Sub. But you must carry it, secret.
Tri. I, but stay,
This act of coyning, is it lawfull ?
Ana. Lawfull ?
We know no magistrate. Or, if we did,
This's forraine coyne.

[1] liquefied. [2] become yellow. [3] process. [4] Q, 'you shall.'
[5] the hottest fire,—in contrast to the slower (*lenter*) heats of horsedung, baths, and ashes. [6] Q and F 1 omit 'a.'

Sub. It is no coyning, sir.
It is but casting.
Tri. Ha ? you distinguish well.
Casting of money may be lawfull.
Ana. 'Tis, sir.
Tri. Truely, I take it so.
Sub. There is no scruple,
Sir, to be made of it ; beleeve Ananias :
This case of conscience he is studied in.
Tri. I'll make a question of it, to the Brethren,
Ana. The Brethren shall approve it lawfull, doubt not.
Where shall't be done ?
Sub. For that wee'll talke, anone. *Knock without.*[1]
There's some to speake with me. Goe in, I pray you,
And view the parcells. That's the inventorie.
I'll come to you straight.
[*Exeunt* TRIBULATION *and* ANANIAS.]
Who is it ? Face ! Appeare.

Act III. Scene III.

SUBTLE, FACE [*in his uniform ; later*], DOL.

[*Subtle.*] How now ? Good prise ?
Fac. Good poxe ! Yond' caustive cheater
Never came on.
Sub. How then ?
Fac. I ha' walk'd the round,
Till now, and no such thing.
Sub. And ha' you quit him ?
Fac. Quit him ? and hell[2] would quit him too, he were happy.
'Slight would you have me stalke like a mill-jade,
All day, for one, that will not yeeld us graines ?[3]
I know him of old.

[1] Omitted in Q. [2] F 2, 'an' hell.' [3] mites.

Sub. O, but to ha' gull'd him
Had beene a maistry.
Fac. Let him goe, black boy,[1]
And turne thee, that some fresh newes may possesse thee.
A noble count, a don of Spaine (my deare
Delicious compeere, and my partie-bawd)
Who is come hether, private, for his conscience,
And brought munition with him, sixe great slopps,[2]
Bigger then three Dutch hoighs,[3] beside round trunkes,
Furnish'd with pistolets, and pieces of eight,
Will straight be here, my rogue, to have thy bath
(That is the colour,)[4] and to make his battry
Upon our Dol, our castle, our *Cinque*-Port,[5]
Our Dover pire, our what thou wilt. Where is shee?
Shee must prepare perfumes, delicate linnen,
The bath in chiefe, a banquet, and her wit,
For shee must milke[6] his Epididimis.[7]
Where is the doxie?
Sub. I'll send her to thee:
And but dispatch my brace of little John Leydens,[8]
And come againe my selfe.
Fac. Are they within then?
Sub. Numbring the summe.
Fac. How much?
Sub. A hundred marks, boy. [*Exit.*]
Fac. Why, this's a lucky day! Ten pounds of Mammon!
Three o' my clarke! A portague[9] o' my grocer!
This o' the Brethren! beside reversions,
And states, to come i' the widdow, and my count!
My share, to day, will not be bought for fortie——

[*Enter* DOL.]

Dol. What?
Fac. Pounds, daintie Dorothee! art thou so neere?

[1] rogue. [2] garments covering the legs. [3] vessels, lighters. [4] Q omits parentheses. [5] The English strongholds against France. [6] Q, 'feele.' [7] loosely used for *membrum virile*. [8] Leyden was a famous Anabaptist preacher. [9] gold coin.

Dol. Yes, say lord[1] Generall, how fares our campe ?
Fac. As, with the few, that had entrench'd themselves
Safe, by their discipline, against a world, Dol :
And laugh'd, within those trenches, and grew fat
With thinking on the booties, Dol, brought in
Daily, by their small parties. This deare houre,
A doughty don is taken, with my Dol ;
And thou maist make his ransome, what thou wilt,
My Dousabell :[2] he shall be brought here, fetter'd
With thy faire lookes, before he see's thee ; and throwne
In a downe-bed, as darke as any dungeon ;
Where thou shalt keepe him waking, with thy drum ;
Thy drum, my Dol ; thy drum ; till he be tame
As the poore black-birds were i' the great frost,[3]
Or bees are with a bason :[4] and so hive him
I' the swan-skin coverlid, and cambrick sheets,
Till he worke honey, and waxe, my little Gods-guift.
Dol. What is he, Generall ?
Fac. An *adalantado*,[5]
A *grande*[e], girle. Was not my Dapper here, yet ?
Dol. No.
Fac. Nor my Drugger ?
Dol. Neither.
Fac. A poxe on 'hem,
They are so long a furnishing ! Such stinkards
Would not be seene, upon these festivall dayes.

[*Re-enter* SUBTLE.]

How now ! ha' you done ?
Sub. Done. They are gone. The summe
Is here in banque, my Face. I would, we knew
Another chapman, now, would buy 'hem outright.
Fac. 'Slid, Nab shall doo't, against he ha' the widdow,
To furnish household.

[1] Q, 'Lo.' [2] sweetheart. [3] of 1608.
[4] Beating on a metal basin was supposed to attract bees. [5] lord deputy.

Sub. Excellent, well thought on,
Pray God, he come!
Fac. I pray, he keepe away
Till our new businesse be o're-past.
Sub. But, Face,
How cam'st thou, by this secret don?
Fac.[1] A spirit
Brought me th' intelligence, in a paper, here,
As I was conjuring, yonder, in my circle
For Surly: I ha' my flies abroad. Your bath
Is famous, Subtle, by my meanes. Sweet Dol,
You must goe tune your virginall, no loosing
O' the least time. And, doe you heare? good action.
Firke,[2] like a flounder; kisse, like a scallop, close:
And tickle him with thy mother-tongue. His great
Verdugo[3]-ship has not a jot of language:
So much the easier to be cossin'd, my Dolly.[4]
He will come here, in a hir'd coach, obscure,
And our owne coach-man, whom I have sent, as guide,
No creature else. Who's that? —*One knocks.*—[5]

[DOL *peeps through the window.*]

Sub. It i'[6] not he?
Fac. O no, not yet this houre.
Sub. Who is't?
Dol. Dapper,
Your clarke.
Fac. Gods will, then, Queene of Faerie,
On with your tyre; [*exit* DOL] and, Doctor, with your robes.
Lett's[7] dispatch him, for Gods sake.
Sub. 'Twill be long.
Fac. I warrant you, take but the cues[8] I give you,
It shall be briefe inough. [*Goes to the window.*] 'Slight, here are more!
Abel, and I thinke, the angrie boy, the heire,
That faine would quarrell.

[1] F 1 omits *Fac.* [2] move briskly. [3] hangman. [4] F 1 omits the perod.
[5] Omitted in Q. [6] F 2, 'It is.' [7] Q, 'Lett's us,' [8] Q, 'QQ^s.'

Sub. And the widdow ?
Fac. No,
Not that I see. Away. [*Exit* SUBTLE.]
[*Enter* DAPPER.]
O sir, you are welcome.

Act III. Scene IIII.

FACE, DAPPER; [*enter*] DRUGGER, [*and*] KASTRIL.

[*Face.*] The Doctor is within, a moving for you;
(I have had the most adoe to winne him to it)[1]
He sweares, you'll be the dearling o' the dice:
He never heard her Highnesse dote, till now (he sayes.)[2]
Your aunt has giv'n you the most gracious words,
That can be thought on.
Dap. Shall I see her Grace ?
Fac. See her, and kisse her, too.

[*Enter* ABEL, *followed by* KASTRIL.]

What ? honest Nab !
Ha'st brought the damaske ?
Nab.[3] No, sir, here's tabacco.
Fac. 'Tis well done, Nab:[4] thou'lt bring the damaske too ?
Dru. Yes, here's the gentleman, Captaine, Master[5] Kastril,
I have brought to see the Doctor.
Fac. Where's the widdow ?
Dru. Sir, as he likes, his sister (he sayes) shall come.
Fac. O, is it so ? 'good[6] time. Is your name Kastril, sir ?
Kas. I, and the best o' the Kastrils, I'lld be sorry else
By fifteene hundred, a yeere.[7] Where is this Doctor ?
My mad tabacco-boy, here, tells me of one,
That can doe things. Has he any skill ?
Fac. Wherein, sir ?

[1] Q omits parentheses. [2] Q omits (*he sayes*). [3] a slip for the usual *Dru.*
[4] Q omits *Nab.* [5] Q, 'Mr.' [6] Q, 'Good.' [7] F 2, 'a yeare.'

Kas. To carry a businesse, manage a quarrell, fairely,
Upon fit termes.
Fac. It seemes, sir, yo' are but yong
About the towne, that can make that a question!
Kas. Sir, not so yong, but I have heard some speech
Of the angrie boyes, and seene 'hem take tabacco;
And in his shop: and I can take it too.
And I would faine be one of 'hem, and goe downe
And practise i' the countrey.
Fac. Sir, for the *duello*,
The Doctor, I assure you, shall informe you,
To the least shaddow of a haire: and shew you,
An instrument he has, of his owne making,
Where-with, no sooner shall you make report
Of any quarrell, but he will take the height on't,
Most instantly; and tell in what degree,
Of saf'ty it lies in, or mortalitie.
And, how it may be borne, whether in a right line,
Or a halfe-circle; or may, else, be cast
Into an angle blunt, if not acute:
All this he will demonstrate. And then, rules,
To give, and take the lie, by.
Kas. How? to take it?
Fac. Yes, in oblique, hee'll shew you; or in circle:
But never in diameter.[1] The whole towne
Studie his theoremes, and dispute them, ordinarily,
At the eating academies.
Kas. But, do's he teach
Living, by the wits, too?
Fac. Any thing, what ever.
You cannot thinke that subtletie, but he reades it.
He made me a Captaine. I was a starke pimpe,
Just o' your standing, 'fore I met with him:
It i' not two months since. I'll tell you his method.
First, he will enter you, at some ordinarie.
Kas. No, I'll not come there. You shall pardon me.

[1] *i.e.* the lie direct.

Fac. For why, sir ?
Kas. There's gaming there, and tricks.
Fac. Why, would you be
A gallant, and not game ?
Kas. I, 'twill spend a man.
Fac. Spend you ? It will repaire you, when you are spent.
How doe they live by their wits, there, that have vented
Sixe times your fortunes ?
Kas. What, three thousand a yeere !
Fac. I, fortie thousand.
Kas. Are there such ?
Fac. I, sir,
And gallants, yet. Here's a yong gentleman,
Is borne to nothing, [*points to* Dapper] fortie markes a yeere,
Which I count nothing. H' is[1] to be initiated,
And have a flye[2] o' the Doctor. He will winne you
By unresistable lucke, within this fortnight,
Inough to buy a baronie. They will set him
Upmost, at the groome-porters,[3] all the Christmasse !
And, for the whole yeere through, at everie place
Where there is play, present him with the chaire ;
The best attendance, the best drinke, sometimes
Two glasses of canarie, and pay nothing ;
The purest linnen, and the sharpest knife,
The partrich next his trencher : and, somewhere,
The daintie bed, in private, with the daintie.
You shall ha' your ordinaries bid for him,
As play-houses for a poet ; and the master
Pray him, aloud, to name what dish he affects,
Which must be butterd shrimps : and those that drinke
To no mouth else, will drinke to his, as being
The goodly, president mouth of all the boord.
Kas. Doe you not gull one ?
Fac. 'Od's[4] my life ! Do you thinke it ?
You shall have a cast commander, (can but get

[1] F 2, 'He is.' [2] spirit. [3] officers of the Court who had charge of all matters concerning gaming. [4] Q, 'God's.'

In credit with a glover, or a spurrier,
For some two paire, of eithers ware, afore-hand)[1]
Will, by most swift posts, dealing with him,
Arrive at competent meanes, to keepe himselfe,
His punke, and naked boy, in excellent fashion.
And be admir'd for't.
Kas. Will the Doctor teach this ?
Fac. He will doe more, sir, when your land is gone,
(As men of spirit hate to keepe earth long)
In a vacation,[2] when small monie is stirring,
And ordinaries suspended till the tearme,
Hee'll shew a perspective, where on one side
You shall behold the faces, and the persons
Of all sufficient yong heires, in towne,
Whose bonds are currant for commoditie ;[3]
On th' other side, the marchants formes, and others,
[4]That, without helpe of any second broker,
(Who would expect a share) will trust such parcels :
In the third square, the verie street, and signe
Where the commoditie dwels, and do's but wait
To be deliver'd, be it pepper, sope,
Hops, or tabacco, oat-meale, woad, or cheeses.
All which you may so handle, to enjoy,
To your owne use, and never stand oblig'd.
Kas. I' faith ! Is he such a fellow ?
Fac. Why, Nab here knowes him.
And then for making matches, for rich widdowes,
Yong gentlewomen, heyres, the fortunat'st man !
Hee's sent too, farre, and neere, all over England,
To have his counsell, and to know their fortunes.
Kas. Gods will, my suster shall see him.
Fac. I'll tell you, sir,
What he did tell me of Nab. It's a strange thing !
(By the way you must eate no cheese, Nab, it breeds melancholy :

[1] Q omits parentheses. [2] When Court is not sitting.
[3] By the common *commodity* swindle the borrower took part or all of the loan in rather unsaleable goods. [4] F 1 misprints '(' before 'That.'

And that same melancholy breeds wormes) but passe it,
He told me, honest Nab, here, was ne'er at taverne,
But once in 's life!
Dru. Truth, and no more I was not.
Fac. And, then he was so sick——
Dru. Could he tell you that, too?
Fac. How should I know it?
Dru. In troth we had beene a shooting,
And had a peece of fat ram-mutton, to supper,
That lay so heavy o' my stomack——
Fac. And he has no head
To beare any wine; for, what with the noise o' the fiddlers,
And care of his shop, for he dares keepe no servants——
Dru. My head did so ake——
Fac. As he was faine to be brought home,
The Doctor told me. And then, a good old woman——
Dru. (Yes faith, shee dwells in Sea-coale-lane) did cure me,
With sodden ale, and pellitorie o' the wall:
Cost me but two pence. I had another sicknesse,
Was worse then that.
Fac. I, that was with the griefe
Thou took'st for being sess'd at eighteene pence,
For the water-worke.
Dru. In truth, and it was like
T' have cost me almost my life.
Fac. Thy haire went off?
Dru. Yes, sir, 'twas done for spight.
Fac. Nay, so sayes the Doctor.
Kas. Pray thee, tabacco-boy, goe fetch my suster,
I'll see this learned boy, before I goe:
And so shall shee.
Fac. Sir, he is busie now:
But, if you have a sister to fetch hither,
Perhaps, your owne paines may command her sooner;
And he, by that time, will be free.
Kas. I goe.[1] [*Exit*]

[1] Q, 'goe, Sir.'

Fac. Drugger, shee's thine: the damaske. [*Exit* ABEL.] (Subtle, and I
Must wrastle for her.)[1] Come on, Master[2] Dapper.
You see, how I turne clients, here, away,
To give your cause dispatch. Ha' you perform'd
The ceremonies were injoyn'd you?
Dap. Yes, o' the vinegar,
And the cleane shirt.
Fac. 'Tis well: that shirt may doe you
More worship then you thinke. Your aunt's a fire[3]
But that shee will not shew it, t' have a sight on you.
Ha' you provided for her Graces servants?
Dap. Yes, here are sixe-score Edward shillings.
Fac. Good.
Dap. And an old Harry's soveraigne.
Fac. Very good.
Dap. And three James shillings, and an Elizabeth groat,
Just twentie nobles.
Fac. O, you are too just.
I would you had had the other noble in Maries.
Dap. I have some Philip, and Maries.
Fac. I, those same
Are best of all. Where are they? Harke, the Doctor.

Act III. Scene V.

SUBTLE, FACE, DAPPER, [*later*] DOL.

—Subtle disguised like a Priest of Faery.—[4]

[*Subtle.*] Is yet her Graces cossen come?
Face. He is come.
Sub. And is he fasting?
Fac. Yes.
Sub. And hath cry'd *hum?*

[1] Q omits parentheses. [2] Q, 'Mr.' [3] F 2, 'afire.' [4] Omitted in Q.

Fac. Thrise, you must answer.
Dapper. Thrise.
Sub. And as oft *buz?*
Fac. If you have, say.
Dap. I have.
Sub. Then, to her cuz,
Hoping, that he hath vinegard his senses,
As he was bid, the Faery Queene dispenses,
By me, this robe, the petticote of Fortune;
Which that he straight put on, shee doth importune.
And though to Fortune neere be her petticote,
Yet, neerer is her smock, the Queene doth note:
And, therefore, even of that a piece shee hath sent,
Which, being a child, to wrap him in, was rent;
And prayes him, for a scarfe, he now will weare it
(With as much love, as then her Grace did teare it)
About his eyes, to shew, he is fortunate.

—They blind him with a rag.—[1]

And, trusting unto her to make his state,
Hee'll throw away all worldly pelfe, about him;
Which that he will performe, shee doth not doubt him.
Fac. Shee need not doubt him, sir. Alas, he has nothing,
But what he will part withall, as willingly,
Upon her Graces word (throw away your purse)
As shee would aske it: (hand-kerchiefes, and all)
Shee cannot bid that thing, but hee'll obay.
(If you have a ring about you, cast it off,
Or a silver seale, at your wrist,—*Hee throwes away, as they bid him.*-
her Grace will send
Her Faeries here to search you, therefore deale
Directly with her Highnesse. If they find
That you conceale a mite, you are un-done.)[2]
Dap. Truely, there's all.
Fac. All what?
Dap. My money, truly.

[1] Omitted in Q. [2] Q omits parentheses.

Fac. Keepe nothing, that is transitorie, about you.
(Bid Dol play musique.)[1]—DOL *enters with a citterne: they pinch him.*—[2] Looke, the elves are come
To pinch you, if you tell not truth. Advise you.
Dap. O, I have a paper with a spur-ryall[3] in't.
Fac. Ti, ti,
They knew't, they say.
Sub. Ti, ti, ti, ti, he has more yet. [*Aside to* FACE.]
Fac. Ti, ti-ti-ti. I' the tother pocket? [*Aside to* SUBTLE.]
Sub. Titi, titi, titi, titi.[4]
They must pinch him, or he will never confesse, they say.
[*They pinch him again.*]
Dap. O, Ô.
Fac. Nay, 'pray you hold. He is her Graces nephew.
Ti, ti, ti? What care you? Good faith, you shall care.
Deale plainely, sir, and shame the Faeries. Shew
You are an innocent.
Dap. By this good light, I ha' nothing.
Sub. Titi, tititota. He do's equivocate, shee sayes:
Ti, tidoti, titido, tida. And sweares by the light, when he is blinded.
Dap. By this good darke, I ha' nothing but a halfe-crowne
Of gold, about my wrist, that my love gave me;
And a leaden heart I wore, sin' shee forsooke me.
Fac. I thought, 'twas something. And, would you incurre
Your aunts displeasure for these trifles? Come,
I had rather you had throwne away twentie halfe-crownes. [*Takes the half-crown off.*]
You may weare your leaden heart still.
[DOL *turns from the window*]
How now?
Sub. What newes, Dol?
Dol. Yonder's your knight, Sir Mammon.
Fac. Gods lid, we never thought of him, till now.
Where is he?
Dol. Here, hard by. H' is at the doore.

[1] Q omits parentheses.
[2] Omitted in Q.
[3] gold coin.
[4] F 2, 'Titi, titi, titi, titi, titi.'

Sub. And, you are not readie, now ? Dol, get his suit.
[*Exit* Dol.]
He must not be sent back.
Fac. O, by no meanes.
What shall we doe with this same puffin,[1] here,
Now hee's o' the spit ?
Sub. Why, lay him back a while,
With some device.
[*Re-enter* Dol *with* Face's *clothes.*]
Ti, titi, tititi. Would her Grace speake with me ?
I come. Helpe, Dol !
Fac. Who's there ?—*He speakes through the keyhole, the other knocking.*—[2] Sir Epicure ;
My master's i' the way. Please you to walke
Three or foure turnes, but till his back be turn'd,
And I am for you. Quickly, Dol.
Sub. Her Grace
Commends her kindly to you, Master[3] Dapper.
Dap. I long to see her Grace.
Sub. Shee, now, is set
At dinner, in her bed ; and shee[4] has sent you,
From her owne private trencher, a dead mouse,
And a piece of ginger-bread, to be merry withall,
And stay your stomack, lest you faint with fasting :
Yet, if you could hold out, till shee saw you (shee sayes)[5]
It would be better for you.
Fac. Sir, he shall
Hold out, and 'twere this two houres, for her Highnesse ;
I can assure you that. We will not loose
All we ha' done——
Sub. He must not see, nor speake
To any body, till then.
Fac. For that, wee'll put, sir,
A stay in 'is mouth.
Sub. Of what ?

[1] fool. [2] Omitted in Q. [3] Q, 'Mr.'
[4] Omitted in F 2. [5] Q omits parentheses.

Fac. Of ginger bread.
Make you it fit. He that hath pleas'd her Grace,
Thus farre, shall not now crinckle, for a little.
Gape sir, and let him fit you.

[*They thrust a gag of gingerbread into his mouth.*]

Sub. Where shall we now
Bestow him ?
Dol. I' the privie.
Sub. Come along, sir,
I now must shew you Fortunes privy lodgings.
Fac. Are they perfum'd ? and his bath readie ?
Sub. All.
Onely the fumigation's somewhat strong.
Fac. [*speaking through the key-hole.*] Sir Epicure, I am yours, sir,
by and by. [*Exeunt with* DAPPER.]

Act IV. Scene I.

[*Enter*] FACE, MAMMON, [*later*] DOL.

[*Face.*] O, sir, yo' are come i' the onely, finest time——
Mam. Where's master ?
Fac. Now preparing for projection,[1] sir.
Your stuffe will b' all chang'd shortly.
Mam. Into gold ?
Fac. To gold, and silver, sir.
Mam. Silver, I care not for.
Fac. Yes, sir, a little to give beggars.
Mam. Where's the lady ?
Fac. At hand, here. I ha' told her such brave things, o' you,[2]
Touching your bountie and your noble spirit——
Mam. Hast thou ?
Fac. As shee is almost in her fit to see you.
But, good sir, no divinitie i' your conference,
For feare of putting her in rage——
Mam. I warrant thee.

[1] transmutation. [2] Q, 'on you.'

Fac. Sixe men will not hold her downe. And, then
If the old man should heare, or see you——
Mam. Feare not.
Fac. The very house, sir, would runne mad. You know it
How scrupulous he is, and violent,
'Gainst the least act of sinne. Physick, or mathematiques,
Poetrie, state, or bawdry (as I told you)
Shee will endure, and never startle: but
No word of controversie.
Mam. I am school'd, good Ulen.[1]
Fac. And you must praise her house, remember that,
And her nobilitie.
Mam. Let me, alone:
No herald, no nor antiquarie, Lungs,
Shall doe it better. Goe.
Fac. Why, this is yet
A kind of moderne[2] happinesse to have
Dol Common for a great lady. [*Aside, and exit.*]
Mam. Now, Epicure,
Heighten thy selfe, talke to her, all in gold;
Raine her as many showers, as Jove did drops
Unto his Danae: shew the god a miser,
Compar'd with Mammon. What? the stone will do't.
Shee shall feele gold, tast gold, heare gold, sleepe gold:
Nay, we will *concumbere* gold. I will be puissant,
And mightie in my talke to her!

[*Re-enter* Face, *with* Dol *richly dressed.*]

Here shee comes.
Fac. To him, Dol, suckle him. This is the noble knight,
I told your Ladiship——
Mam. Madame, with your pardon,
I kisse your vesture.
Dol. Sir, I were un-civil!
If I would suffer that, my lip to you, sir.
Mam. I hope, my Lord your brother be in health, Lady.

[1] Q, 'Lungs.' [2] common.

Dol. My Lord, my brother is, though I no Ladie, sir.
Fac. (Well said my guiny-bird.[1])[2]
Mam. Right noble Madame——
Fac. (O, we shall have most fierce idolatrie !)
Mam. 'Tis your prerogative.
Dol. Rather your courtesie.
Mam. Were there naught else t' inlarge your vertues, to me,
These answeres speake your breeding, and your bloud.
Dol. Bloud we boast none, sir, a poore baron's daughter.
Mam. Poore ! and gat you ? Prophane not. Had your father
Slept all the happy remnant of his life
After that act, lyen but there still, and panted,
H' had done inough, to make himselfe, his issue,
And his posteritie noble.
Dol. Sir, although
We may be said to want the guilt, and trappings,
The dresse of honor ; yet we strive to keepe
The seedes, and the materialls.
Mam. I doe see
The old ingredient, vertue, was not lost,
Nor the drug,[3] money, us'd to make your compound.
There is a strange nobilitie, i' your eye,
This lip, that chin ! Me thinks you doe resemble
One o' the Austriack princes.
Fac. [*aside*]. Very like,
Her father was an Irish costar-monger.
Mam. The house of Valois, just, had such a nose.
And such a fore-head, yet, the Medici
Of Florence boast.
Dol. Troth, and I have beene lik'ned
To all these princes.
Fac. [*aside*]. I'll be sworne, I heard it.
Mam. I know not how ! It is not any one,
But e'en the very choise of all their features.
Fac. I'll in, and laugh. [*Aside, and exit.*]
Mam. A certaine touch, or aire,

[1] Slang for prostitute. [2] Q omits parentheses. [3] F 1 and F 2 omit the comma.

That sparkles a divinitie, beyond
An earthly beautie !
Dol. O, you play the courtier.
Mam. Good Lady, gi' me leave——
Dol. In faith, I may not,
To mock me, sir.
Mam. To burne i' the sweet flame :
The Phœnix never knew a nobler death.
Dol. Nay, now you court the courtier : and destroy
What you would build. This art, sir, i' your words,
Calls your whole faith in question.
Mam. By my soule——
Dol. Nay, oathes are made o' the same aire, sir.
Mam. Nature
Never bestow'd upon mortalitie,
A more unblam'd, a more harmonious feature :
Shee play'd the step-dame in all faces, else.
Sweet madame, le' me be particular——
Dol. Particular, sir ? I pray you, know your distance.
Mam. In no ill sense, sweet Lady, but to aske
How your faire graces passe the houres ? I see
Yo'are lodged, here, i' the house of a rare man,
An excellent artist : but, what's that to you ?
Dol. Yes, sir. I studie here the mathematiques,[1]
And distillation.[2]
Mam. O, I crie your pardon.
H' is a divine instructer ! can extract
The soules of all things, by his art ; call all
The vertues, and the miracles of the sunne,
Into a temperate fornace : teach dull nature
What her owne forces are. A man, the emp'rour
Has courted, above Kelley :[3] sent his medalls,
And chaines, t' invite him.
Dol. I, and for his physick, sir——
Mam. Above the art of Æsculapius,

[1] astrology. [2] chemistry.
[3] 16th century alchemist patronized by Rudolph II of Germany.

That drew the envy of the Thunderer !
I know all this, and more.
Dol. Troth, I am taken, sir,
Whole, with these studies, that contemplate nature :
Mam. It is a noble humour. But, this forme
Was not intended to so darke a use !
Had you beene crooked, foule, of some course mould,
A cloyster had done well : but, such a feature,
That might stand up the glorie of a kingdome,
To live recluse ! is a mere solæcisme,
Though in a nunnery. It must not be.
I muse, my lord your brother will permit it !
You should spend halfe my land first, were I hee.
Do's not this diamant better, on my finger,
Then i' the quarrie ?
Dol. Yes.
Mam. Why, you are like it.
You were created, Lady, for the[1] light !
Heare, you shall weare it ; take it, the first pledge
Of what I speake : to binde you, to beleeve me.
Dol. In[2] chaines of adamant ?
Mam. Yes, the strongest bands.
And take a secret, too. Here, by your side,
Doth stand, this houre, the happiest man, in Europe.
Dol. You are contented, sir ?
Mam. Nay, in true being :
The envy of princes, and[3] the feare of states.
Dol. Say you so, Sir Epicure !
Mam. Yes, and thou shalt prove it,
Daughter of honor. I have cast mine eye
Upon thy forme, and I will reare this beautie,
Above all stiles.
Dol. You meane no treason, sir !
Mam. No, I will take away that jealousie.
I am the Lord of the philosophers stone,
And thou the Lady.

[1] Omitted in Q. [2] Q, 'Of.' [3] F 1, '&.'

Dol. How sir! Ha' you that?
Mam. I am the master of the maistrie.[1]
This day, the good old wretch, here, o' the house
Has made it for us. Now, hee's at projection.[2]
Thinke therefore, thy first wish, now; let me heare it:
And it shall raine into thy lap, no shower,
But flouds of gold, whole cataracts, a deluge,
To get a nation on thee!
Dol. You are pleas'd, sir,
To worke on the ambition of our sexe.
Mam. I' am pleas'd, the glorie of her sexe should know,
This nooke, here, of the Friers,[3] is no climate
For her, to live obscurely in, to learne
Physick, and surgery, for the constables wife
Of some odde hundred in Essex; but come forth,
And tast the aire of palaces; eate, drinke
The toyles of emp'ricks, and their boasted practice;
Tincture of pearle, and corrall, gold, and amber;
Be seene at feasts, and triumphs; have it ask'd,
What miracle shee is? Set all the eyes
Of court a-fire, like a burning glasse,
And worke 'hem into cinders; when the jewells
Of twentie states adorne thee; and the light
Strikes out the starres; that, when thy name is mention'd,
Queenes may looke pale: and we but shewing our love,
Nero's Poppæa may be lost in storie!
Thus, will we have it.
Dol. I could well consent, sir.
But, in a monarchy, how will this be?
The prince will soone take notice; and both seize
You, and your stone: it being a wealth unfit
For any private subject.
Mam. If he knew it.
Dol. Your selfe doe boast it, sir.
Mam. To thee, my life.

[1] the great work of discovering the stone. [2] the last process in alchemy.
[3] Blackfriars was the scene of the play.

Dol. O, but beware, sir! You may come to end
The remnant of your daies, in a loath'd prison,
By speaking of it.
Mam. 'Tis no idle feare!
Wee'll therefore goe with all, my girle, and live
In a free state; where we will eate our mullets,
Sous'd in high-countrey wines, sup phesants egges,
And have our cockles, boild in silver shells,
Our shrimps to swim againe, as when they liv'd,
In a rare butter, made of dolphins milke,
Whose creame do's looke like opalls: and, with these
Delicate meats, set our selves high for pleasure,
And take us downe againe, and then renew
Our youth, and strength, with drinking the elixir,
And so enjoy a perpetuitie
Of life, and lust. And, thou shalt ha' thy wardrobe,
Richer then natures, still, to change thy selfe,
And vary oftner, for thy pride, then shee:
Or art, her wise, and almost-equall servant.

[*Re-enter* FACE.]

Fac. Sir, you are too loud. I heare you, every word,
Into the labaratory. Some fitter place.
The garden, or great chamber above. How like you her?
Mam. Excellent! Lungs. There's for thee. [*Gives him money.*]
Fac. But, doe you heare?
Good sir, beware, no mention of the rabbines.
Mam. We think not on 'hem.
Fac. O, it is well, sir. [*Exeunt* MAMMON *and* DOL.] Subtle!

Act IIII. Scene II.

FACE; [*enter*] SUBTLE, [*later*] KASTRIL, DAME PLIANT.

[*Face.*] Dost thou not laugh?
Sub. Yes. Are they gone?
Fac. All's cleare.

Sub. The widdow is come.
Fac. And your quarrelling disciple ?
Sub. I.
Fac. I must to my captaine-ship againe, then.
Sub. Stay, bring 'hem in, first.
Fac. So I meant. What is shee ?
A bony-bell ?[1]
Sub. I know not.
Fac. Wee'll draw lots,
You'll stand to that ?
Sub. What else ?
Fac. O, for a suite,
To fall now, like a cortine :[2] flap.
Sub. To th' dore, man.
Fac. You'll ha' the first kisse, 'cause I am not readie.
[FACE *goes to the door.*]
Sub. Yes, and perhaps hit you through both the nostrils.
Fac. [*at the door.*] Who would you speak with ?
Kastril. Vher's the Captaine ?
Fac. Gone, sir.
About some businesse.
Kas. Gone ?
Fac. Hee'll returne straight.
But Master[3] Doctor, his lieutenant, is here.

[*Enter* KASTRIL, *followed by* DAME PLIANT.]

Sub. Come neere, my worshipfull boy, my *terræ fili*,[4]
That is, my boy of land ; make thy approches :
Welcome, I know thy lusts,[5] and thy desires,
And I will serve, and satisfie 'hem. Beginne,
Charge me from thence, or thence, or in this line ;
Here is my center : ground thy quarrell.
Kas. You lie.
Sub. How, child of wrath, and anger ! the loud lie ?
For what, my sodaine boy ?

[1] pretty girl. [2] curtain. [3] Q, 'Mr.'
[4] signifies also a person of low birth. [5] F 2, 'lust.'

Kas. Nay, that looke you too,
I am afore-hand.
Sub. O, this's no true grammar,
And as ill logick! You must render causes,[1] child,
Your first, and second intentions, know your canons,
And your divisions, moodes, degrees, and differences,
Your prædicaments, substance, and accident,
Series externe, and interne, with their causes
Efficient, materiall, formall, finall,
And ha' your elements perfect——
Kas. What is this!
The angrie tongue he talkes in?
Sub. That false precept,
Of being afore-hand, has deceiv'd a number;
And made 'hem enter quarrels, often-times,
Before they were aware: and, afterward,
Against their wills.
Kas. How must I doe then, sir?
Sub. I crie this Lady mercy. Shee should, first,
Have beene saluted. I doe call you Lady,
Because you are to be one, ere 't be long,
My soft, and buxome widdow.—*He kisses her.*—[2]
Kas. Is she, i-faith?
Sub.[3] Yes, or my art is an egregious lyar.
Kas. How know you?
Sub. By inspection, on her fore-head,
And subtletie of her lip, which must be tasted
Often, to make judgement.—*He kisses her againe.*—'Slight, shee melts
Like a myrobolane![4] Here is, yet, a line,
In *rivo frontis*,[5] tells me, he is no knight.
Pli. What is he then, sir?
Sub. Let me see your hand.
O, your *linea Fortunæ*[6] makes it plaine;
And *stella*, here, *in monte Veneris*:

[1] 22–28, technical terms of scholastic logic and philosophy.
[2] Omitted in Q.
[3] F 2, 'Sur.'
[4] a sweetmeat.
[5] a term in chiromancy.
[6] 45–48, terms in chiromancy from Cardan's Metoposcopy.

But, most of all, *junctura annularis.*
He is a souldier, or a man of art, Lady:
But shall have some great honour, shortly
Pli. Brother,
Hee's a rare man, beleeve me!
Kas. Hold your peace.

[*Re-enter* FACE *in his uniform.*]

Here comes the tother rare man. 'Save you Captaine.
Fac. Good Master[1] Kastril. Is this your sister?
Kas. I, sir.
Please you to kusse her, and be proud to know her.
Fac. I shall be proud to know you, Ladie. [*Kisses her.*]
Pli. Brother,
He calls me Ladie, too.
Kas. I, peace. I heard it.
Fac. The count is come.
Sub. Where is he?
Fac. At the dore.
Sub. Why, you must entertaine him.
Fac. What'll you doe
With these the while?
Sub. Why, have 'hem up, and shew 'hem
Some fustian[2] booke, or the darke glasse.
Fac. 'Fore God,
Shee is a delicate dab-chick![3] I must have her. [*Exit* FACE.]
Sub. Must you? I, if your fortune will, you must.
Come sir, the Captaine will come to us presently.
I'll ha' you to my chamber of demonstrations,
Where I'll shew you both the grammar, and logick,
And rhetorick of quarrelling; my whole method,
Drawne out in tables: and my instrument,
That hath severall scale upon't, shall make you
Able to quarrell, at a strawes breadth, by moone-light.
And, Lady, I'll have you looke in a glasse,

[1] Q, 'Mr.' [2] bombastic, technical, incomprehensible. [3] young grebe.

Some halfe an houre, but to cleare your eyesight,
Against you see your fortune : which is greater,
Then I may judge upon the sodaine, trust me.
[*Exit, followed by* KASTRIL *and* DAME PLIANT.]

Act IIII. Scene III.

FACE, SUBTLE, SURLY.

[*Face.*] Where are you, Doctor ?
Sub. [*within*]. I'll come to you presently.
Fac. I will ha' this same widdow, now I ha' seene her,
On any composition.
[*Enter* SUBTLE.]
Sub. What doe you say ?
Fac. Ha' you dispos'd of them ?
Sub. I ha' sent[1] 'hem up.
Fac. Subtle, in troth, I needs must have this widdow.
Sub. Is that the matter ?
Fac. Nay, but heare me.
Sub. Goe to,
If you rebell once, Dol shall know it all.
Therefore, be quiet, and obey your chance.
Fac. Nay, thou art so violent now—Doe but conceive :
Thou art old, and canst not serve——
Sub. Who, cannot I ?
'Slight,[2] I will serve her with thee, for a——
Fac. Nay,
But understand : I'll gi' you composition.
Sub. I will not treat with thee : what, sell my fortune ?
'Tis better then my birth-right. Doe not murmure.
Winne her, and carrie her. If you grumble, Dol
Knowes it directly.
Fac. Well sir, I am silent.
Will you goe helpe, to fetch in Don, in state ?

[1] F 2, 'h'sent.' [2] Q, ''Sblood.'

Sub. I follow you, sir : [*exit* FACE] we must keepe Face in awe,
Or he will over-looke us like a tyranne.
Braine of a taylor ! Who comes here ?—[*Re-enter* FACE *with*] SURLY
like a Spaniard.—[1] Don Jon ![2]
Sur. Sennores, besolas[3] *manos, à vuestras mercedes.*
Sub. Would you had stoup'd a little, and kist our *anos*.
Fac. Peace, Subtle.
Sub. Stab me ; I shall never hold, man.
He lookes in that deepe ruffe, like a head in a platter,
Serv'd in by a short cloake upon two tressils !
Fac. Or, what doe you say to a collar of brawne, cut downe
Beneath the souse, and wriggled with a knife ?
Sub. 'Slud, he do's looke too fat to be a Spaniard.
Fac. Perhaps some Fleming, or some Hollander got him
In D'Alva's[4] time : Count Egmonts[5] bastard.
Sub. Don,
Your scirvy, yellow, Madrid[6] face is welcome.
Sur. Gratia.[7]
Sub. He speakes, out of a fortification.
'Pray God, he ha' no squibs in those deepe sets.
Sur. Por dios, Sennores, muy linda casa ![8]
Sub. What sayes he ?
Fac. Praises the house, I thinke,
I know no more but 's action.
Sub. Yes, the *casa*,
My precious Diego, will prove faire inough,
To cossen you in. Doe you marke ? You shall
Be cossened, Diego.
Fac. Cossened, doe you see ?
My worthy Donzel, cossened.
Sur. Entiendo.[9]

[1] Omitted in Q.
[2] Commander of Christian forces at Lepanto, a popular hero of the day.
[3] Q, 'beso las.' The Spanish was probably intentionally incorrect. The meaning is, 'Gentlemen, I kiss your hands.'
[4] Governor of the Netherlands, 1567–1573.
[5] Egmont, a patriot executed by D'Alva.
[6] Q, 'Madril.'
[7] thanks.
[8] 'Indeed, Sirs, a very pretty house.'
[9] 'I understand.'

Sub. Doe you intend it ? So doe we, deare Don.—*He feeles his pockets.*—[1]
Have you brought pistolets ?[2] or portagues ?[7]
My solemne Don ? Dost thou feele any ?
Fac. Full.
Sub. You shall be emptied, Don ; pumped, and drawne,
Drie, as they say.
Fac. Milked, in troth, sweet Don.
Sub.[3] See all the monsters ; the great lyon of all, Don.
Sur. Con licencia, se puede ver à esta Sennorà ?[4]
Sub. What talkes he now ?
Fac. O' the *Sennora.*
Sub. O, Don,
That is the lyonesse, which you shall see
Also, my Don.
Fac. 'Slid, Subtle, how shall we doe ?
Sub. For what ?
Fac. Why Dol's emploi'd, you know.
Sub. That's true !
'Fore heav'n I know not : he must stay, that's all.
Fac. Stay ? That he must not by no meanes.
Sub. No, why ?
Fac. Unlesse you'll marre all. 'Slight, hee'll suspect it.
And then he will not pay, not halfe so well.
This is a travell'd punque-master, and do's know
All the delayes : a notable hot raskall,
And lookes, already, rampant.
Sub. 'Sdeath, and Mammon
Must not be troubled.
Fac. Mammon, in no case !
Sub. What shall we doe then ?
Fac. Thinke : you must be sodaine.
Sur. Entiendo, que la Sennora es tan hermosa, que codìcio tan à ver la, como la bien aventurança de mi vida.[5]

[1] Omitted in Q. [2] coins. [3] F 2, '*Swb.*'
[4] 'If you please, may I see the lady ?' F 2, 'Sennora.'
[5] 'I understand that the lady is so beautiful that I am as anxious about seeing her as about the good fortune in my life ?'

Fac. Mi vida? 'Slid, Subtle, he puts me in minde o' the widow.
What dost thou say to draw her to't? Ha?
And tell her, it is her fortune. All our venter
Now lies upon't. It is but one man more,
Which on's chance to have her: and, beside,
There is no maiden-head, to be fear'd, or lost.
What dost thou thinke on't, Subtle?
Sub. Who, I? Why——
Fac. The credit of our house too is engag'd.
Sub. You made me an offer for my share e're while.
What wilt thou gi' me, i-faith?
Fac. O, by that light,
Ile not buy now. You know your doome to me.
E'en take your lot, obey your chance, sir; winne her,
And weare her, out for me.
Sub. 'Slight. I'll not worke her then.
Fac. It is the common cause, therefore bethinke you.
Dol, else must know it, as you said
Sub. I care not.
Sur. Sennores, por que se tarda tanta?[1]
Sub. Faith, I am not fit, I am old.
Fac. That's now no reason, sir.
Sur. Puede ser, de hazer burla de mi amor.[2]
Fac. You heare the Don, too? By this ayre, I call.
And loose the hinges, [*he calls*] Dol.
Sub. A plague of hell——
Fac. Will you then doe?
Sub. Yo' are a terrible rogue,
Ile thinke of this: will you, sir, call the widow?[3]
Fac. Yes, and Ile take her too, with all her faults,
Now I doe thinke on't better.
Sub. With all my heart, sir,[4]
Am I discharg'd o' the lot?
Fac. As you please.
Sub. Hands. [*They shake hands.*]

[1] Q, tànta. 'Why, sirs, this long delay?'
[2] 'Perhaps you are making sport of my love?'
[3] F 2, 'Widodw.'
[4] Q has period.

Fac. Remember now, that upon any change,
You never claime her.
Sub. Much good joy, and health to you, sir.
Marry a whore? Fate, let me wed a witch first.
Sur. Por estas honrada's barbas——
Sub. He sweares by his beard.
Dispatch, and call the brother too. [*Exit* FACE.]
Sur. Tiengo dùda, Sennores,
Que no me hágan alguna traycion.[1]
Sub. How, issue on? Yes, *præsto Sennor.* Please you
Enthratha the *chambratha*, worthy Don;
Where if it please the Fates, in your *bathada*,
You shall be sok'd, and strok'd, and tub'd, and rub'd:
And scrub'd, and fub'd, deare Don, before you goe.
You shall, in faith, my scirvie babioun Don:
Be curried, claw'd, and flaw'd, and taw'd, indeed.
I will the heartilier goe about it now,
And make the widdow a punke, so much the sooner,
To be reveng'd on this impetuous Face:
The quickly doing of it is the grace.
[*Exeunt* SUBTLE *and* SURLY.]

Act IIII. Scene IIII.

[*Enter*] FACE, KASTRIL, DA. [ME] PLIANT, [*later*] SUBTLE, SURLY.

[*Face.*] Come Ladie: I knew, the Doctor would not leave,
Till he had found the very nick of her fortune.
Kas. To be a countesse, say you?
[*Fac.*][2] A Spanish countesse, sir.
Pli. Why? is that better then an English countesse?
Fac. Better? 'Slight, make you that a question, ladie?
Kas. Nay, shee is a foole, Captaine, you must pardon her.
Fac. Aske from your courtier, to your Innes of Court-man,

[1] 'I fear, sirs, that you are playing me a foul trick.'
[2] Omitted in F 1, and F 2.

To your mere millaner : they will tell you all,
Your Spanish jennet is the best horse. Your Spanish
Stoupe[1] is the best garbe.[2] Your Spanish beard
Is the best cut. Your Spanish ruffes are the best
Weare. Your Spanish pavin the best daunce.
Your Spanish titillation[3] in a glove
The best perfume. And, for your Spanish pike,
And Spanish blade, let your poore Captaine speake.
Here comes the Doctor.

[*Enter* Subtle, *with a paper.*]

Sub. My most honor'd Ladie,
(For so I am now to stile you, having found
By this my scheme, you are to under-goe
An honorable fortune, very shortly.)[4]
What will you say now, if some——
Fac. I ha' told her all, sir.
And her right worshipfull brother, here, that shee shall be,
A countesse : doe not delay 'hem, sir. A Spanish countesse.
Sub. Still, my scarce worshipfull Captaine, you can keepe
No secret. Well, since he has told you, Madame,
Doe you forgive him, and I doe.
Kas. Shee shall doe that, sir.
I'le look to't, 'tis my charge.
Sub. Well then. Nought rests
But that shee fit her love, now, to her fortune.
Pli. Truely, I shall never brooke a Spaniard.
Sub. No ?
Pli. Never, sin' eighty-eight[5] could I abide 'hem,
And that was some three yeere afore I was borne, in truth.
Sub. Come, you must love him, or be miserable :
Choose, which you will.
Fac. By this good rush,[6] perswade her,
Shee will crie straw-berries[7] else, within this twelve-month.

[1] mode of bodily carriage. [2] manner. [3] tickles.
[4] Q omits parentheses. [5] the year of the Armada.
[6] the rushes which covered the floors. [7] become a market vendor.

Sub. Nay, shads, and mackrell, which is worse.
Fac. Indeed, sir ?
Kas. Gods lid, you shall love him, or Ile kick you.
Pli. Why ?
Ile doe as you will ha' me, brother.
Kas. Doe,
Or by this hand, I'll maull you.
Fad. Nay, good sir,
Be not so fierce.
Sub. No, my enraged child,
Shee will be rul'd. What, when shee comes to tast
The pleasures of a countesse ! to be courted——
Fac. And kist, and ruffled !
Sub. I, behind the hangings.
Fac. And then come forth in pompe !
Sub.[1] And know her state !
Fac. Of keeping all th' idolaters o' the chamber
Barer to her, then at their prayers !
Sub.[1] Is serv'd
Upon the knee !
Fac. And has her pages, huishers,[2]
Foot-men, and coaches——
Sub. Her sixe mares——
Fac. Nay, eight !
Sub. To hurry her through London, to th' Exchange,[3]
Bet'lem,[3] the China-houses[4]——
Fac. Yes, and have
The citizens gape at her, and praise her tyres ![5]
And my-lords goose-turd[6] bands, that rides with her !
Kas. Most brave ! By this hand, you are not my suster,
If you refuse.
Pli. I will not refuse, brother.

[1] F 2, '*Sur.*'
[2] F 2, 'ushers.'
[3] famous places of resort.
[4] F 2, 'china-house.' Places where East Indian wares were sold were utilized as houses of assignation.
[5] head-dresses.
[6] a shade of green.

[*Enter* SURLY.]

Sur.[1] *Que es esto, Sennores, que non se venga ?*
Esta tardanza me mata ![2]
Fac. It is the Count come !
The Doctor knew he would be here, by his art.
Sub. En gallanta Madama, Don ! gallantissima ![3]
Sur. Por tódos los dioses, la mas acabada
Hermosura,[4] *que he visto en mi vìda !*[5]
Fac. Is't not a gallant language, that they speake ?
Kas. An admirable language ! Is't not French ?
Fac. No, Spanish, sir.
Kas. It goes like law-French.[6]
And that, they say, is the court-liest language.
Fac. List, sir.
Sur. El Sol ha perdido su lumbre, con el
Resplandor, que tràe esta dama. Valga me dios ![7]
Fac. He' admires your sister.
Kas. Must not shee make curtsie ?
Sub. 'Ods will, shee must goe to him, man ; and kisse him !
It is the Spanish fashion, for the women
To make first court.
Fac. 'Tis true he tells you, sir :
His art knowes all.
Sur. Por que no se acùde ?[8]
Kas. He speakes to her, I thinke.
Fac. That he do's, sir.
Sur. Por el amor de dios, que es esto, que se tàrda ?[9]
Kas. Nay, see : shee will not understand him ! Gull.
Noddy.
Pli. What say you brother ?
Kas. Asse, my suster,

[1] F 2, '*Sub.*' [2] 'Why is it, sirs, that they don't come ? This delay kills me.'
[3] Subtle's gibberish. [4] Q, 'Hermosùra.'
[5] 'By all the gods, the most perfect beauty that I have seen in my life !'
[6] The language of the courts for a long time after the conquest.
[7] 'The sun has lost its light in comparison with the splendor which this lady bears, so help me God !' [8] 'Why doesn't she draw near ?'
[9] 'For the love of God, why is it that she delays ?'

Goe kusse him, as the cunning man would ha' you ;
I'll thrust a pinne i' your buttocks else.
Fac. O, no sir.
Sur. Sennora mia, mi persona muy indigna està
Alle gar à tànta Hermosura.[1]
Fac. Do's he not use her bravely ?
Kas. Bravely, i-faith !
Fac. Nay, he will use her better.
Kas. Doe you thinke so ?
Sur. Sennora, si sera servida, entremus.[2]
[*Exit with* DAME PLIANT.]
Kas. Where do's he carry her ?
Fac. Into the garden, sir ;
Take you no thought : I must interpret for her.
Sub. Give Dol the word. [*Aside to* FACE, *who goes out.*] Come, my fierce child, advance,
Wee'll to our quarrelling lesson againe.
Kas. Agreed.
I love a Spanish boy, with all my heart.
Sub. Nay, and by this meanes, sir, you shall be brother
To a great count.
Kas. I, I knew that, at first.
This match will advance the house of the Kastrils.
Sub. 'Pray God, your sister prove but pliant.
Kas. Why,
Her name is so : by her other husband.
Sub. How ?
Kas. The widdow Pliant. Knew you not that ?
Sub. No faith, sir.
Yet, by erection of her figure,[3] I gest it.
Come. let's goe practice.
Kas. Yes, but doe you thinke, Doctor,
I e'er shall quarrell well ?
Sub. I warrant you. [*Exeuut.*]

[1] 'My lady, I am very unworthy of approaching such beauty.'
[2] 'Madam, if you please, let us go in.'
[3] her horoscope and her looks.

Act IIII. Scene V.

[*Enter*] DOL, [*followed by*] MAMMON; [*later*] FACE, SUBTLE.

[*Dol.*] For, after Alexanders death—— *In her fit of talking.*[1]
Mam. Good lady——
Dol. That Perdiccas, and Antigonus were slaine,
The two that stood, Seleuc' and Ptolomee——
Mam. Madame.
Dol. Make up the two legs, and the fourth beast.
That was Gog-north, and Egypt-south: which after
Was call'd Gog Iron-leg, and South Iron-leg——
Mam. Lady——
Dol. And then Gog-horned. So was Egypt, too.
Then Egypt clay-leg, and Gog clay-leg——
Mam. Sweet madame——
Dol. And last Gog-dust, and Egypt-dust, which fall
In the last linke of the fourth chaine.[2] And these
Be starres in story, which none see, or looke at——
Mam. What shall I doe?
Dol. For, as he[3] sayes, except
We call the Rabbines, and the heathen Greekes——
Mam. Deare lady——
Dol. To come from Salem,[4] and from Athens,
And teach the people of Great Britaine——

[*Enter* FACE, *hastily, in his servant's dress.*]

Fac. What's the matter, sir?
Dol. To speake the tongue of Eber,[5] and Javan[6]——
Mam. O,
Sh' is in her fit.

[1] Omitted in Q. [2] The four chains were periods of time.
[3] Broughton, in whose interpretation of the Bible the empire of Alexander played an important part. [4] Jerusalem. [5] Hebrew. [6] Greek.

Dol. We shall know nothing——
Fac. Death, sir,
We are un-done.
Dol. Where, then, a learned linguist
Shall see the antient us'd communion
Of vowels, and consonants——
Fac. My master will heare!
Dol. A wisedome, which Pythagoras held most high——
Mam. Sweet honorable lady!
Dol. To comprise
All sounds of voyces, in few markes of letters——
Fac. Nay, you must never hope to lay her now.

—They speake together.—[1]

Dol. And so we may arrive by Talmud skill,
And profane Greeke, to raise the building up
Of Helens house, against the Ismaelite,
King of Thogarma,[2] and his habergions[3]
Brimstony, blew, and fiery; and the force
Of King Abaddon, and the beast of Cittim:[4]
Which Rabbi David Kimchi,[5] Onkelos,[6]
And Aben-Ezra[7] doe interpret Rome.
Fac. How did you put her into 't?
Mam.[8] Alas I talk'd
Of a fift monarchy[9] I would erect,
With[10] the philosophers stone (by chance) and shee
Fals on the other foure, straight.
Fac. Out of Broughton![11]
I told you so. 'Slid, stop her mouth.
Mam.[8] Is't best?
Fac. She'll never leave else.
If the old man heare her,
We are but *fæces*,[12] ashes.
Sub. [*within*]. What's to doe there?
Fac. O, we are lost. Now she heares him, she is quiet.[13]

—Upon SUBTLES *entry they disperse.—*[1]

Mam. Where shall I hide me?
Sub. How! What sight is here!
Close deeds of darknesse, and that shunne the light!

[1] Omitted in Q. [2] Ezekiel, xxxviii. 6. [3] coats of mail, soldiers. [4] Italy, according to Broughton. [5] a Jewish exegete. [6] one who translated the Hebrew Bible into Chaldee. [7] a scholar, poet, and critic of the 12th century. [8] F 1, *Man.* [9] The others were Assyria, Persia, Greece, and Rome. [10] Q, 'Which.' [11] The preceding lines have their source in his *Concent of Scripture*, 1590. [12] dead matter. [13] In F, 2 ll. 25–40 are printed in the ordinary way, Dol's speech first.

Bring him againe. Who is he? What, my sonne!
O, I have liv'd too long.
Mam. Nay good, deare father,
There was no' unchast purpose.
Sub. Not? and flee me,
When I come in?
Mam. That was my error.
Sub. Error?
Guilt, guilt, my sonne. Give it the right name. No marvaile,
If I found check in our great worke within,
When such affaires as these were managing!
Mam. Why, have you so?
Sub. It has stood still[1] this halfe houre:
And all the rest of our lesse workes gone back.[2]
Where is the instrument of wickednesse,
My lewd false drudge?
Mam. Nay, good sir, blame not him.
Beleeve me, 'twas against his will, or knowledge.
I saw her by chance.
Sub. Will you commit more sinne,
T' excuse a varlet?
Mam. By my hope, 'tis true, sir.
Sub. Nay, then I wonder lesse, if you, for whom
The blessing was prepar'd, would so tempt heaven:
And loose your fortunes.
Mam. Why, sir?
Sub. This'll retard[3]
The worke, a month at least.
Mam. Why, if it doe,
What remedie? but thinke it not, good father:
Our purposes were honest.
Sub. As they were,
So the reward will prove.—*A great crack and noise within.*—[2]How now! Aye me.
God, and all Saints be good to us. What's that?

[1] Q, 'gone back. [2] Q, 'stand still.' [3] Q, 'This will hinder.'

[*Re-enter* FACE.]

Fac. O sir, we are defeated! All the workes
Are flowne *in fumo:* every glasse is burst.
Fornace, and all rent downe! as if a bolt
Of thunder had beene driven through the house.
Retorts, receivers, pellicanes,[1] bolt-heads,[1]
All strooke in shivers! Helpe, good sir!—SUBTLE *falls downe as in a swoune.*—[2]Alas,
Coldnesse, and death invades him. Nay, Sir Mammon,
Doe the faire offices of a man! You stand,
As you were readier to depart, then he.

—*One knocks.*—[2]

Who's there? My lord her brother is come.
Mam. Ha, Lungs?
Fac. His coach is at the dore. Avoid his sight,
For hee's as furious, as his sister is mad.
Mam. Alas!
Fac. My braine is quite un-done with the fume, sir,
I ne'er must hope to be mine owne man againe.
Mam. Is all lost, Lungs? Will nothing be preserv'd
Of all our cost?
Fac. Faith, very little, sir.
A peck of coales, or so, which is cold comfort, sir.
Mam. O my voluptuous mind! I am justly punish'd.
Fac. And so am I, sir.
Mam. Cast from all my hopes——
Fac. Nay, certainties, sir.
Mam. By mine owne base affections.

—SUBTLE *seemes come to himselfe.*—[2]

Sub. O, the curst fruits of vice, and lust!
Mam. Good father,
It was my sinne. Forgive it.
Sub. Hangs my roofe
Over us still, and will not fall, Ô justice,
Upon us, for this wicked man!

[1] stills. [2] Omitted in Q.

Fac. Nay, looke, sir,
You grieve him, now, with staying in his sight :
Good, sir, the noble man will come too, and take you,
And that may breed a tragœdie.
Mam. I'll goe.
Fac. I, and repent at home, sir. It may be,
For some good penance, you may ha' it, yet,
A hundred pound to the boxe at Bet'lem[1]——
Mam. Yes.
Fac. For the restoring such as ha' their wits.
Mam. I'll do't.
Fac. Ile send one to you to receive it.
Mam. Doe.
Is no projection[2] left ?
Fac. All flowne, or stinks, sir.
Mam. Will nought be sav'd, that's good for med'cine, think'st thou ?
Fac. I cannot tell, sir. There will be, perhaps,
Something, about the scrapings of the shardes,
Will cure the itch : though not your itch of mind, sir.
It shall be sav'd for you, and sent home. Good, sir,
This way : for feare the lord should meet you. [*Exit* MAMMON.]
Sub. [*raising his head*]. Face.
Fac. I.
Sub. Is he gone ?
Fac. Yes, and as heavily
As all the gold he hop'd for, were in his bloud.
Let us be light, though.
Sub. [*leaping up*]. I, as balls, and bound
And hit our heads against the roofe for joy :
There's so much of our care now cast away.
Fac. Now to our Don.
Sub. Yes, your yong widdow, by this time
Is made a countesse, Face : sh' has beene in travaile
Of a yong heire for you.
Fac. Good, sir.

[1] Hospital for the insane. [2] result.

Sub. Off with your case,
And greet her kindly, as a bride-groome should,
After these common hazards.
Fac. Very well, sir.
Will you goe fetch Don Diego[1] off, the while ?
Sub. And fetch him over too, if you'll be pleas'd, sir :
Would Dol were in her place, to pick his pockets now.
Fac. Why, you can doe it as well, if you would set to't.
I pray you prove your vertue.
Sub. For your sake, sir. [*Exeunt.*]

Act IIII. Scene VI.

[*Enter*] SURLY, DA. [ME] PLIANT, [*later*] SUBTLE, FACE.

[*Surly.*] Lady, you see into what hands you are falne ;
Mongst what a nest of villaines ! and how neere
Your honor was t' have catch'd a certaine clap
(Through your credulitie) had I but beene
So punctually forward, as place, time,
And other circumstance[2] would ha' made a man :
For yo' are a handsome woman : would yo' were wise, too.
I am a gentleman, come here disguis'd,
Onely to find the knaveries of this citadell,
And where I might have wrong'd your honor, and have not,
I claime some interest in your love. You are,
They say, a widdow, rich : and I am a batcheler,
Worth nought : your fortunes may make me a man,
As mine ha' preserv'd you a woman. Thinke upon it,
And whether, I have deserv'd you, or no.
Pli. I will, sir.
Sur.[3] And for these household-rogues, let me alone,
To treat with them.

[1] Q, 'Deigo.' F 2, 'circumstances.' [3] F 1, '*Sub.*'

[*Enter* Subtle.]

Sub. How doth my noble Diego ?
And my deare Madame, Countesse ? Hath the Count
Beene courteous, Lady ? liberall ? and open ?
Donzell,[1] me thinkes you looke melancholike,
After your *coitum*, and scurvy ! True-ly,
I doe not like the dulnesse of your eye :
It hath a heavy cast, 'tis upsee Dutch,[2]
And say's you are a lumpish whore-master.
Be lighter, I will make your pockets so.

—*He falls to picking of them.*—[3]

Sur. [*Throws open his cloak.*] Will you, Don bawd, and pick-purse ?
[*Strikes him down.*] How now ? Reele you ?
Stand up, sir, you shall finde since I am so heavy,
I'll gi' you equall weight.
Sub. Helpe, murder !
Sur. No, sir.
There's no such thing intended. A good cart,
And a cleane whip shall ease you of that feare.
I am the Spanish Don, that should be cossened,
Doe you see ? cossened ? Where's your Captayne Face ?
That parcell-broker, and whole-bawd, all raskall.

[*Enter* Face *in his uniform.*]

Fac. How, Surly !
Sur. O, make your approach, good Captaine.
I' have found from whence your copper rings, and spoones
Come, now, wherewith you cheate abroad in tavernes.
'Twas here, you learn'd t' anoint your boot with brimstone,
Then rub mens gold on 't, for a kind of touch,
And say 'twas naught, when you had chang'd the colour,
That you might ha' it for nothing ? And this Doctor,

[1] squire, page. Donzello del Phebo, a hero of the *Mirror for Knighthood*. Probably used here as a familiar diminutive of *don*.

[2] *op zijn Dutch*, in the Dutch manner. The term always connotes the strong, heady beer of the Low Countries.

[3] Omitted in Q.

Your sooty, smoakie-bearded compeere, he
Will close you so much gold, in a bolts-head,
And, on a turne, convay (i' the stead) another
With sublim'd mercurie, that shall burst i' the heate,
And flye out all *in fumo?* Then weepes Mammon:
Then swounes his worship. Or, [FACE *slips out.*] he is the Faustus,
That casteth figures, and can conjure, cures
Plagues, piles, and poxe, by the ephemerides,[1]
And holds intelligence with all the bawdes,
And midwives of three shires? while you send in——
Captaine, (what is he gone?) dam'sells with child,
Wives, that are barren, or, the waiting-maide
With the greene-sicknesse? [*Seizes* SUBTLE *as he is retiring.*]
Nay, sir, you must tarrie
Though he be scap't; and answere, by the eares, sir.

Act IIII. Scene VII.

[*Enter*] FACE, [*with*] KASTRIL, [*to*] SURLY, [*and*] SUBTLE, [*enter later*] DRUGGER, [*and*] ANANIAS, DA. PLIANT, [*still later*] DOL.

[*Face.*] Why, now's the time, if ever you will quarrell
Well (as they say) and be a true-borne child.
The Doctor, and your sister both are abus'd.
Kas. Where is he? Which is he? He is a slave
What ere he is, and the sonne of a whore. Are you
The man, sir, I would know?
Sur. I should be loth, sir,
To confesse so much.
Kas. Then you lie, i' your throate.
Sur. How?
Fac. [*to* KASTRIL]. A very errant rogue, sir, and a cheater,
Employd here, by another conjurer,
That dos not love the Doctor, and would crosse him
If he knew how——

[1] an almanac showing the positions of the planets.

Sur. Sir, you are abus'd.
Kas. You lie :
And 'tis no matter.
Fac. Well said, sir. He is
The impudent'st raskall——
Sur. You are indeed. Will you heare me, sir ?
Fac. By no meanes : bid him be gone.
Kas. Be gone, sir, quickly.
Sur. This's strange ! Lady, doe you informe your brother.
Fac. There is not such a foyst,[1] in all the towne,
The Doctor had him, presently : and findes, yet,
The Spanish Count will come, here. Beare up, Subtle. [*Aside.*]
Sub. Yes, sir, he must appeare, within this houre.
Fac. And yet this rogue, would come, in a disguise,
By the temptation of another spirit,
To trouble our art, though he could not hurt it.
Kas. I,
I know—Away, [*to his sister*] you talke like a foolish mauther.[2]
Sur. Sir, all is truth, she saies.
Fac. Doe not beleeve him, sir :
He is the lying'st swabber ! [3] Come your wayes, sir.
Sur. You are valiant, out of companie.
Kas. Yes, how then, sir ?

[*Enter* DRUGGER, *with a piece of damask.*]

Fac. Nay, here's an honest fellow too, that knowes him,
And all his tricks. (Make good what I say, Abel,)[4]
This cheater would ha' cossen'd thee o' the widdow.
He owes this honest Drugger, here, seven pound,
He has had on him, in two-penny'orths of tabacco.
Dru. Yes, sir. And h' has[5] damn'd himselfe, three termes, to pay mee.
Fac. And what do's he owe for lotium ?
Dru. Thirtie shillings, sir :
And for sixe syringes.

[1] cheat, rogue. [2] rustic. [3] base fellow.
[4] Q omits parentheses. [5] Q, 'he hath.'

Sur. Hydra of villainie !
Fac. Nay, sir, you must quarrell him out o' the house.
[*To* KASTRIL.]
Kas. I will.
Sir, if you get not out o' dores, you lie :
And you are a pimpe.
Sur. Why, this is madnesse, sir,
Not valure in you : I must laugh at this.
Kas. It is my humour : you are a pimpe, and a trig,[1]
And an Amadis de Gaule,[2] or a Don Quixote.
Dru. Or a knight o' the curious cox-combe. Doe you see ?

[*Enter* ANANIAS.]

Ananias. Peace to the household.
Kas. Ile keepe peace, for no man.
Ana. Casting of dollers is concluded lawfull.
Kas. Is he the constable ?
Sub. Peace, Ananias.
Fac. No, sir.
Kas. Then you are an otter, and a shad, a whit,
A very tim.[3]
Sur. You'll heare me, sir ?
Kas. I will not.
Ana. What is the motive !
Sub. Zeale, in the yong gentleman,
Against his Spanish slops——[4]
Ana. They are prophane.
Leud, superstitious, and idolatrous breeches.
Sur. New raskals !
Kas. Will you be gone, sir ?
Ana. Avoid Sathan,
Thou art not of the light. That ruffe of pride,

[1] coxcomb.
[2] Hero of a cycle of romances of chivalry.
[3] terms of abuse. The otter was hated and commonly hunted with hounds because it destroyed fish. The Thames shad was coarse and insipid. *Whit* signifies insignificant fool. *Tim* is an Irish word for a puny, absurd person.
[4] garments covering the legs.

About thy neck, betrayes thee : 'and is the same
With that, which the uncleane birds, in seventy-seven,
Were seene to pranke it with, on divers coasts.[1]
Thou look'st like Antichrist, in that leud hat.
Sur. I must give way.
Kas. Be gone, sir.
Sur. But Ile take
A course with you——
(*Ana.* Depart, proud Spanish fiend.)[2]
Sur. Captain, and [3] Doctor.
Ana. Child of perdition.
Kas. Hence, sir. [*Exit* SURLY.]
Did I not quarrell bravely ?
Fac. Yes, indeed, sir.
Kas. Nay, and I give my mind to't, I shall do't.
Fac. O, you must follow, sir, and threaten him tame.
Hee'll turne againe else.
Kas. I'll re-turne him, then.
[*Exit* KASTRIL ; SUBTLE *takes* ANANIAS *aside.*]
Fac. Drugger, this rogue prevented[4] us, for thee :
We' had determin'd, that thou shouldst ha' come,
In a Spanish sute, and ha' carried her so ; and he
A brokerly slave, goes, puts it on himselfe.
Hast brought the damaske ?
Dru. Yes sir.
Fac. Thou must borrow,
A Spanish suite. Hast thou no credit with the players ?
Dru. Yes, sir, did you never see me play the foole ?
Fac. I know not, Nab : thou shalt, if I can helpe it.—SUBTLE *hath whispered with him this while.*—[5]
Hieronymo's[6] old cloake, ruffe, and hat will serve,
Ile tell thee more, when thou bringst 'hem. [*Exit* DRUGGER.]
Ana. Sir, I know
The Spaniard hates the Brethren, and hath spies

[1] The allusion might be to D'Alva's invasion of the Netherlands, 1567, if we could alter the text. [2] Q and F 2, omit the parentheses. [3] F 1, '&.' [4] anticipated. [5] Omitted in Q. [6] Hieronymo, hero of Kyd's *Spanish Tragedy.*

Upon their actions : and that this was one
I make no scruple. But the holy synode
Have beene in prayer, and meditation, for it.
And 'tis reveal'd, no lesse, to them, then me,
That casting of money is most lawfull.
Sub. True.
But here, I cannot doe it ; if the house
Should chance to be suspected, all would out,
And we be lock'd up, in the Tower, for ever,
To make gold there (for th' state) : never come out
And, then, are you defeated.
Ana. I will tell
This to the Elders, and the weaker Brethren,
That the whole companie of the Separation
May joyne in humble prayer againe.
(*Sub.* And fasting.)
Ana. Yea, for some fitter place. The peace of mind
Rest with these walls.
Sub. Thanks, courteous Ananias. [*Exit* ANANIAS.]
Fac. What did he come for ?
Sub. About casting dollers,
Presently, out of hand. And so, I told him,
A Spanish minister came here to spie,
Against the faithfull——
Fac. I conceive. Come Subtle,
Thou art so downe upon the least disaster !
How wouldst tho' ha' done, if I had not helpt thee out ?
Sub. I thanke thee Face, for the angrie boy, i-faith.
Fac. Who would ha' lookt, it should ha' beene that raskall ?
Surly ? He had dy'd his beard, and all. Well, sir,
Here's damaske come, to make you a suit.
Sub. Where's Drugger ?
Fac. He is gone to borrow me a Spanish habite,
Ile be the count, now.
Sub. But where's the widdow ?
Fac. Within, with my lords sister : Madame Dol
Is entertayning her.

Sub.[1] By your favour, Face,
Now shee is honest, I will stand againe.
Fac. You will not offer it ?
Sub. Why ?
Fac. Stand to your word,
Or—here comes Dol. She knowes——
Sub. Yo' are tyrannous still.

[*Enter* DOL, *hastily.*]

Fac. Strict for my right. How now, Dol ! Hast' told her,
The Spanish Count will come ?
Dol. Yes, but another is come,
You little look'd for !
Fac. Who's that ?
Dol. Your master :
The master of the house.
Sub. How, Dol !
Fac. Shee lies.
This is some trick. Come, leave your quiblins, Dorothee.
Dol. Looke out, and see. [FACE *goes to the window.*]
Sub. Art thou in earnest ?
Dol. 'Slight,
Fortie o' the neighbours are about him, talking.
Fac. 'Tis he, by this good day.
Dol. 'Twill prove ill day,
For some on us.
Fac. We are undone, and taken.
Dol. Lost, I'm[2] afraid.
Sub. You said he would not come,
While there dyed one a weeke, within the liberties.[3]
Fac. No : 'twas within the walls.
Sub. Was't so ? Cry' you mercy :
I thought the liberties. What shall we doe now, Face ?
Fac. Be silent : not a word, if he call, or knock.
I'll into mine old shape again, and meet him,
Of Jeremie, the butler. I' the meane time,

[1] F 1, and F 2, misprint '*Sur.*' [2] Q, 'I am.' [3] outlying districts.

Doe you two pack up all the goods, and purchase,
That we can carry i' the two trunkes. I'll keepe him
Off for to day, if I cannot longer : and then
At night, Ile ship you both away to Ratcliffe,
Where wee'll meet to morrow, and there[1] wee'll share.
Let Mammon's brasse, and pewter keepe the cellar :
Wee'll have another time for that. But, Dol,
'Pray [2] thee, goe heate a little water, quickly,
Subtle must shave me. All my Captaines beard
Must off, to make me appeare smooth Jeremie.
You'll do't ?

Sub. Yes, Ile shave you, as well as I can.

Fac. And not cut my throte, but trim me ?

Sub. You shall see, sir. [*Exeunt.*]

Act V. Scene I.

[*Enter*] LOVE-WIT, [*with several of the*] *Neighbours.*

[*Lovewit.*] Has there beene such resort, say you ?

Nei. 1. Daily, sir.

Nei. 2. And nightly, too.

Nei. 3. I, some as brave as lords.

Nei. 4. Ladies, and gentlewomen.

Nei. 5. Citizens wives.

Nei 1. And knights.

Nei. 6. In coches.

Nei. 2. Yes, & oyster-women.

Nei. 1. Beside other gallants

Nei. 3. Sailors wives.

Nei. 4. Tabacco-men.

Nei. 5. Another Pimlico ![3]

Lov. What should my knave advance,

[1] Q, 'then.' [2] F 2, ''Pr'y.'

[3] A summer resort near Hogsden, famous for cakes, custards, and ale.

To draw this companie? He hung out no banners
Of a strange calfe, with five legs, to be seene?
Or a huge lobster, with sixe clawes?
Nei. 6. No, sir.
Nei. 3. We had gone in then, sir.
Lov He has no guift
Of teaching i' the nose,[1] that ere I knew of!
You saw no bills set up, that promis'd cure
Of agues, or the tooth-ach?
Nei. 2. No such thing, sir.
Lov. Nor heard a drum strooke,[2] for babiouns,[3] or puppets?[5]
Nei. 5. Neither, sir.
Lov. What device should he bring forth now!
I love a teeming wit, as I love my nourishment.
'Pray God he ha' not kept such open house,
That he hath sold my hangings, and my bedding:
I left him nothing else. If he have eate 'hem,
A plague o' the moath, say I. Sure he has got
Some bawdy pictures, to call all this ging;[6]
The frier, and the nun; or the new motion
Of the knights courser, covering the parsons mare;
The boy of sixe yeere old, with the great thing:[7]
Or 't may be, he has the fleas that runne at tilt,
Upon a table, or some dog to daunce?
When saw you him?
Nei. 1. Who sir, Jeremie?
Nei. 2. Jeremie butler?
We saw him not this month.[8]
Lov. How!
Nei. 4. Nor these five weeks, sir.
Nei. 6.[9] These six weeks, at the least.
Lov. Yo' amaze me, neighbours!

[1] Referring to the nasal delivery of Puritan preachers or to ventriloquism.
[2] F 2, 'strook.' [3] Q, 'Babouns.' [4] F 2, 'ot. [5] puppet plays. [6] gang.
[7] All of these were actually exhibited in London. [8] F 1 and Q, 'mont'h.'
[9] F 1 and Q omit '6.' F 2 and later editions seems to have printed '6' arbitrarily.

Nei. 5. Sure, if your worship know not where he is,
Hee's slipt away.
Nei. 6. Pray God, he be not made away!
Lov. Ha? It's no time to question, then.—*He knocks.*—[1]
Nei. 6. About
Some three weekes since, I heard a dolefull cry,
As I sate up, a mending my wives stockings.
Lov. This's strange! that none will answere! Didst thou heare
A cry, saist thou?
Nei. 6. Yes, sir, like unto a man
That had beene strangled an houre, and could not speake.
Nei 2. I heard it too, just this day three weekes, at two a clock
Next morning.
Lov. These be miracles, or you make 'hem so!
A man an houre strangled, and could not speake,
And both you heard him cry?
Nei. 3. Yes, downeward, sir.
Lov. Thou art a wise fellow: give me thy hand I pray thee.
What trade art thou on?
Nei. 3. A smith, and't please your worship.
Lov. A smith? Then, lend me thy helpe, to get this dore open.
Nei 3. That I will presently, sir, but fetch my tooles—— [*Exit.*]
Nei. 1. Sir, best to knock againe, afore you breake it.

Act V. Scene II.

LOVE-WIT, FACE, NEIGHBOURS.

[*Lovewit.*] I will [*Knocks again.*]

[*Enter* FACE, *in his butler's livery.*]

Fac. What meane you, sir?
Nei. 1. 2. 4. O, here's Jeremie!
Fac. Good sir, come from the dore.

[1] Omitted in Q.

Lov. Why! what's the matter?
Fac. Yet farder, you are too neere, yet.
Lov. I' the name of wonder!
What meanes the fellow?
Fac. The house, sir, has beene visited.
Lov. What? with the plague? stand thou then farder
Fac. No, sir,
I had it not.
Lov. Who had it then? I left
None else, but thee, i' the house!
Fac.[1] Yes, sir. My fellow,
The cat, that kept the buttry, had it on her
A weeke, before I spied it: but I got her
Convay'd away, i' the night. And so I shut
The house up for a month——
Lov. How!
Fac. Purposing then, sir,
T' have burnt rose-vinegar, triackle, and tarre,
And, ha' made it sweet, that you should ne'er ha' knowne it:
Because I knew the newes would but afflict you, sir.
Lov. Breath[2] lesse, and farder off. Why, this is stranger!
The neighbours tell me all, here, that the dores
Have still been open——
Fac. How, sir!
Lov. Gallants, men, and women,
And of all sorts, tag-rag, beene seene to flock here
In threaves,[3] these ten weekes, as to a second Hogs-den,
In dayes of Pimlico,[4] and Eye-bright![5]
Fac. Sir,
Their wisdomes will not say so!
Lov. To day, they speake,
Of coaches, and gallants; one in a French-hood,
Went in, they tell me: and another was seene
In a velvet gown, at the windore! diverse more
Passe in and out!

[1] F 2 misprints *Face. Fac.* [2] F 2, 'Breathe.' [3] crowds.
[4] See V i. 6. [5] Probably the name of a resort or of its proprietor.

Fac. They did passe through the dores then,
Or walls, I assure their eye-sights, and their spectacles;
For here, sir, are the keyes: and here have beene,
In this my pocket, now, above twentie dayes!
And for before, I kept the fort alone, there.
But, that 'tis yet not deepe i' the after-noone,
I should beleeve my neighbours had seene double
Through the black-pot, and made these apparitions!
For, on my faith, to your worship, for these three weekes,
And upwards, the dore has not beene open'd.
Lov. Strange!
Nei. 1. Good faith, I thinke I saw a coach!
Nei. 2. And I too,
I'lld ha'[1] beene sworne!
Lov. Doe you but thinke it now?
And but one coach?
Nei. 4. We cannot tell, sir: Jeremie
Is a very honest fellow.
Fac. Did you see me at all?
Nei. 1. No. That we are sure on.
Nei. 2. I'll be sworne o' that.
Lov. Fine rogues, to have your testimonies built on!
[*Re-enter* Third Neighbour, *with his tools.*]
Nei. 3. Is Jeremie come?
Nei. 1. O, yes, you may leave your tooles,
We were deceiv'd, he sayes.
Nei. 2. He' has[2] had the keyes:
And the dore has beene shut these three weekes.
Nei. 3. Like enough.
Lov. Peace, and get hence, you changelings.

[*Enter* SURLY *and* MAMMON.]

Fac. [*aside*]. Surly come!
And Mammon made acquainted? They'll tell all
(How shall I beate them off? What shall I doe?)
Nothing's more wretched, then a guiltie conscience

[1] F 2, 'I'll ha. [2] F 2, 'He has.'

Act V. Scene III.

SURLY, MAMMON, LOVE-WIT, FACE, NEIGHBOURS, [*later*] KASTRIL, ANANIAS,[1] TRIBULATION, DAPPER, SUBTLE.

[*Surly.*] No, sir, he was a great physitian. This,
It was no bawdy-house : but a meere chancell.
You knew the Lord, and his sister.
Mam. Nay, good Surly——
Sur. The happy word, *be rich*[2]——
Mam. Play not the tyranne——
Sur. Should be today pronounc'd, to all your friends.
And where be your andirons now ? and your brasse-pots ?
That should ha' beene golden flaggons, and great wedges ?
Mam. Let me but breath.[3]—MAMMON *and* SURLY *knock.*—[4] What!
They ha' shut their dores,
Me thinks !
Sur. I, now, 'tis holy-day with them.
Mam. Rogues,
Coseners, impostors, bawds.
Face. What meane you, sir ?
Mam. To enter if we can.
Fac. Another mans house ?
Here is the owner, sir. Turne you to him,
And speake your businesse.
Mam. Are you, sir, the owner ?
Lov. Yes, sir.
Mam. And are those knaves, within, your cheaters ?
Lov. What knaves ? What cheaters ?
Mam. Subtle, and his Lungs.
Fac. The gentleman is distracted, sir ! No lungs,
Nor lights ha' beene seene here these three weekes, sir,
Within these dores, upon my word !

Q, "ANA." [2] Cf. II. ii. 6. [3] F 2, 'breathe.' [4] Omitted in Q.

Sur. Your word,
Groome arrogant ?
Fac. Yes, sir, I am the house-keeper,
And know the keyes ha' not beene out o' my hands.
Sur. This's a new Face ?
Fac. You doe mistake the house, sir !
What signe was't at ?[1]
Sur. You raskall ! This is one
O' the confederacie. Come, let's get officers,
And force the dore.
Lov. 'Pray you stay, gentlemen.
Sur. No, sir, wee'll come with warrant.
Mam. I, and then,
We shall ha' your dores open.

[*Exeunt* MAMMON *and* SURLY.]

Lov. What meanes this ?
Fac. I cannot tell, sir !
Nei. 1. These are two o' the gallants,
That we doe thinke we saw.
Fac. Two o' the fooles ?
You talke as idly as they. Good faith, sir,
I thinke the moone has cras'd 'hem all ! (O me,

[*Enter* KASTRIL.]

The angrie boy come too ? Hee'll made a noyse,
And nere away till he have betray'd us all.)
Kas. —KASTRIL *knocks.*—[2] What rogues, bawds, slaves, you'll[3] open the dore anone,
Punque, cockatrice, my suster. By this light
I'll fetch the marshall to you. You are a whore,
To keepe your castle——
Fac. Who would you speake with, sir ?
Kas. The bawdy Doctor, and the cosening Captaine,
And pus my suster.

[1] Private houses as well as taverns, etc. were distinguished by signs.
[2] Omitted in Q. [3] Q, 'you'il.'

Lov. This is something, sure!
Fac. Upon my trust, the dores were never open, sir.
Kas. I have heard all their tricks, told me twice over,
By the fat knight, and the leane gentleman.
Lov. Here comes another.

[*Enter* ANANIAS *and* TRIBULATION.]

Fac. Ananias too?
And his pastor?
Tri. —*They beat too, at the dore.*—[1] The dores are shut against us.
Ana. Come forth, you seed of sulphure,[2] sonnes of fire,[3]
Your stench, it is broke[4] forth: abomination
Is in the house.
Kas. I,[5] my suster's there.
Ana. The place,
It is become a cage of uncleane birds.
Kas. Yes,[6] I will fetch the scavenger, and the constable.
Tri. You shall doe well.
Ana. Wee'll joyne, to weede them out.
Kas. You will come then? punque,[7] device, my suster!
Ana. Call her not sister. Shee is a harlot, verily.
Kas. I'll raise the street.
Lov. Good gentleman, a word.
Ana. Sathan, avoid, and hinder not our zeale.

[*Exeunt* ANANIAS, TRIBULATION, *and* KASTRIL.]

Lov. The world's turn'd Bet'lem.[8]
Fac. These are all broke loose,
Out of S. Kather'nes,[9] where they use to keepe
The better sort of mad-folkes.
Nei. 1. All these persons
We saw goe in, and out, here.
Nei. 2. Yes, indeed, sir.

[1] Omitted in Q. [2] Q, 'vipers.' [3] Q, 'Belial.'
[4] For 'stench, it is broke,' Q has 'wickednesse is broke.' [5] Omitted in Q. [6] Q, 'I.'
[7] The comma probably should be omitted; then *device* would mean complete, entire. This may be Kastril's blunder for *point-device*. [8] The madhouse. [9] A hospital.

Nei. 3. These were the parties.
Fac. Peace, you drunkards. Sir,
I wonder at it! Please you, to give me leave
To touch the dore, I'll trie, an'[1] the lock be chang'd.
Lov. It mazes me!
Fac. [*Goes to the door.*] Good faith, sir, I beleeve,
There's no such thing. 'Tis all *deceptio visus.* [*Aside.*] Would I could get him away.
Dap. —DAPPER *cryes out within.*—[2] Master[3] Captayne, Master[3] Doctor.
Lov. Who's that?
Fac. (Our clark within, that I forgot!) I know not, sir.
Dap. [*within*]. For Gods sake, when wil her Grace be at leisure?
Fac. Ha!
Illusions, some spirit o' the aire: (his gag is melted,
And now he sets out the throte.)
Dap. [*within*]. I am almost stiffled——
(*Fac.* Would you were altogether.)
Lov. 'Tis i' the house.
Ha! List.
Fac. Beleeve it, sir, i' the aire!
Lov. Peace, you——
Dap. [*within*]. Mine aunts Grace do's not use me well.
Sub. [*within*]. You foole,
Peace, you'll marre all.
Fac. [*Speaks through the key-hole, while* LOVE-WIT *advances to the door unobserved.*] Or you will else, you rogue.
Lov. O, is it so? Then you converse with spirits!
Come, sir. No more o' your tricks, good Jeremie,
The truth, the shortest way.
Fac. Dismisse this rabble, sir.
[*Aside.*] What shall I doe? I am catch'd.
Lov. Good neighbours,
I thanke you all. You may depart. [*Exeunt* Neighbours.] Come, sir,
You know that I am an indulgent master:

[1] Q, 'and.' [2] Omitted in Q. [3] Q, 'Mr.'

And therefore, conceale nothing. What's your med'cine,
To draw so many severall sorts of wild-fowle ?
Fac. Sir, you were wont to affect mirth, and wit :
(But here's no place to talke on't i' the street.)[1]
Give me but leave, to make the best of my fortune,
And onely pardon me th' abuse of your house :
It's all I begge. I'll helpe you to a widdow,
In recompence, that you shall gi' me thankes for,
Will make you seven yeeres yonger, and a rich one.
'Tis but your putting on a Spanish cloake,
I have her within. You need not feare the house,
It was not visited.
Lov. But by me, who came
Sooner then you expected.
Fac. It is true, sir.
'Pray you forgive me.
Lov. Well : let's see your widdow. [*Exeunt.*]

Act V. Scene IIII.

[*Enter*] SUBTLE, [*leading in*] DAPPER, [*with his eyes bound as before ; later*] FACE, DOL.

[*Subtle.*] How ! ha' you eaten your gag ?
Dap. Yes faith, it crumbled
Away i' my mouth.
Sub. You ha' spoil'd all then.
Dap. No,
I hope my aunt of Faery will forgive me.
Sub. Your aunt's a gracious lady : but in troth[2]
You were to blame.
Dap. The fume did over-come me,
And I did do't to stay my stomack. 'Pray you,
So satisfie her Grace.

[1] Q omits parentheses. [2] Q, 'truth.'

[*Enter* FACE.]

Here comes the Captaine.
Face. How now! Is his mouth downe?
Sub. I! he has spoken!
Fac. (A poxe, I heard him, and you too.)
Hee's un-done, then.
(I have beene faine to say, the house is haunted
With spirits, to keepe churle back.
Sub. And hast thou done it?
Fac. Sure, for this night.
Sub. Why, then triumph, and sing
Of Face so famous, the precious king
Of present wits.
Fac. Did you not heare the coyle,[1]
About the dore?
Sub. Yes, and I dwindled with it.)[2]
Fac. Shew him his aunt, and let him be dispatch'd:
I'll send her to you. [*Exit* FACE.]
Sub. Well sir, your aunt her Grace,
Will give you audience presently, on my sute,
And the Captaines word, that you did not eate your gag,
In any contempt of her Highnesse.
Dap. Not I, in troth, sir.

—DOL *like the Queene of Faiery.*—[3]

Sub. Here shee is come. Downe o' your knees, and wriggle:
Shee has a stately presence. [DAPPER *kneels, and shuffles towards her.*]
Good. Yet neerer,
And bid, God save you![4]
Dap. Madame.
Sub. And your aunt.
Dap. And my most gracious aunt, God save your Grace.
Dol. Nephew, we thought to have beene angrie with you:
But that sweet face of yours, hath turn'd the tide,
And made it flow with joy, that eb'd of love.
Arise and touch our velvet gowne.

[1] tumult. [2] Q omits parentheses. [3] Omitted in Q. [4] Q, 'her.'

Sub. The skirts,
And kisse 'hem. So.
Dol. Let me now stroke that head,
Much, nephew, shalt thou win ; much shalt thou spend ;
Much shalt thou give away : much shalt thou lend.
Sub. (I, much, indeed.)[1] Why doe you not thanke her Grace ?
Dap. I cannot speake, for joy.
Sub. See, the kind wretch !
Your Graces kins-man right.
Dol. Give me the Bird,[2]
Here is your Fly[2] in a purse, about your neck, cosen,
Weare it, and feed it, about this day sev'night,
On your right wrist——
Sub. Open a veine, with a pinne,
And let it suck but once a weeke :[3] till then,
You must not looke on't.
Dol. No. And, kins-man,
Beare your selfe worthy of the bloud you come on.
Sub. Her grace would ha' you eate no more Wool-sack[4] pies,
Nor Dagger[4] frume'ty.[5]
Dol. Nor breake his fast,
In Heaven,[4] and Hell.[4]
Sub. Shee's with you every where !
Nor play with costar-mongers, at mum-chance,[6] tray-trip,[6]
God make you rich,[6] (when as your aunt has done it :) but keepe
The gallant'st company. and the best games——
Dap. Yes, sir.
Sub. Gleeke[7] and primero :[7] and what you get, be true to us.
Dap. By this hand, I will.
Sub. You may bring's a thousand pound,

[1] Q omits parentheses.
[2] familiar spirit.
[3] Superstition said that spirits were thus nourished.
[4] A tavern of low repute.
[5] Q, 'frumenty.' Wheat boiled in milk.
[6] A gambling game of the lower classes.
[7] Games of the higher classes.

Before to morrow night, (if but three thousand,
Be stirring) an[1]' you will.
Dap. I swear, I will then.
Sub. Your Fly[2] will learne you all games.
Fac. [*within*]. Ha' you done there ?
Sub. Your grace will command him no more duties ?
Dol. No :
But come, and see me often. I may chance
To leave him three or foure hundred chests of treasure,
And some twelve[3] thousand acres of Faerie land :
If he game well, and comely, with good gamesters.
Sub. There's a kind aunt ! Kisse her departing part.
But you must sell your[4] fortie marke a yeare, now :
Dap. I, sir, I meane.
Sub. Or, gi't away : pox[5] on't.
Dap.[6] I'le gi't mine aunt. Ile go and fetch the writings.
Sub. 'Tis well, away.

[*Exit* DAPPER, *re-enter* FACE.]

Fac. Where's Subtle ?
Sub. Here. What newes ?
Fac. Drugger is at the doore, goe take his suite,
And bid him fetch a parson, presently :
Say, he shall marrie the widdow. Thou shalt spend
A hundred pound by the service ! [*Exit* SUBTLE.]
Now, Queene Dol,
Ha' you pack'd up all ?
Dol. Yes.
Fac.[7] And how doe you like
The Lady Plyant ?
Dol. A good dull innocent.

[*Re-enter* SUBTLE.]

Sub. Here's your Hieronimo's[8] cloake, and hat.
Fac. Give mee 'hem.

[1] Q, 'if.' [2] spirit. [3] Q, 'five.' [4] F 1, 'you.' [5] Q, 'a poxe.' [6] F 1, '*Fac.*' Schelling has Q, *Fac.*; Hathaway has Q, *Dap.* I cannot decide which is correct as no copy of Q is accessible to me. [7] Omitted in F 2. [8] See IV. vii. 71.

Sub. And the ruffe too ?
Fac. Yes, I'll come to you presently. [*Exit.*]
Sub. Now, he is gone about his project, Dol,
I told you of, for the widow.
Dol. 'Tis direct
Against our articles.
Sub. Well, wee'll fit him, wench.
Hast thou gull'd her of her jewels, or her bracelets ?
Dol. No, but I will do't.
Sub. Soone at night, my Dolly,
When we are shipt, and all our goods aboord,
East-ward for Ratcliffe ;[1] we will turne our course
To Brainford,[2] westward, if thou saist the word :
And take our leaves of this ore-weaning raskall,
This peremptorie Face.
Dol. Content, I 'am weary of him.
Sub. Tho' hast[3] cause, when the slave will runne a wiving, Dol,
Against the instrument, that was drawne betweene us.
Dol. I'll plucke his bird as bare as I can.
Sub. Yes, tell her,
She must by any meanes, addresse some present
To th' cunning man ; make him amends, for wronging
His art with her suspition ; send a ring ;
Or chaine of pearle ; shee will be tortur'd else
Extremely in her sleepe, say : and ha' strange things
Come to her. Wilt thou ?
Dol. Yes.
Sub. My fine flitter-mouse,[4]
My bird o' the night ; wee'll tickle it at the *pigeons*,[5]
When we have all, and may un-lock the trunkes,
And say, this's mine, and thine, and thine, and mine—*They kisse.*—[6]

[1] A resort of sailors in the parish of Stepney.
[2] Brentford, a town in Middlesex, noted as a haunt of swindlers.
[3] F 2, 'thou' hast.
[4] bat
[5] An inn at Brentford.
[6] Omitted in Q.

[*Re-enter* FACE.]

Fac. What now, a billing?
Sub. Yes, a little exalted
In the good passage of our stock-affaires.
Fac. Drugger has brought his parson, take him in, Subtle,
And send Nab[1] back againe, to wash his face.
Sub. I will: and shave himselfe? [*Exit.*]
Fac. If you can get him.
Dol. You are hot upon it, Face, what ere it is!
Fac. A trick, that Dol shall spend ten pound a month by.

[*Re-enter* SUBTLE.]

Is he gone?
Sub. The chaplaine waits you i' the hall, sir.
Fac. I'll goe bestow him. [*Exit.*]
Dol. Hee'll now marry her, instantly.
Sub. He cannot, yet, he is not readie. Deare Dol,
Cosen her of all thou canst. To deceive him
Is no deceipt, but justice, that would breake
Such an inextricable tye as ours was.
Dol. Let me alone to fit him.

[*Re-enter* FACE.]

Fac. Come, my venturers,
You ha' pack'd up all? Where be the trunkes? Bring forth.
Sub. Here.
Fac. Let's see 'hem. Where's the money?
Sub. Here,
In this.
Fac. Mammons ten pound: eight score before.
The Brethrens money, this. Druggers, and Dappers.
What paper's that?
Dol. The jewell of the waiting maides,
That stole it from her lady, to know certaine——
Fac. If she should have precedence of her mistris?
Dol. Yes.
Fac. What boxe is that?

[1] Q, 'him.

Sub. The fish-wives rings, I thinke :
And th' ale-wives single money.[1] Is't not Dol ?
Dol. Yes : and the whistle, that the saylors wife
Brought you, to know, and her husband were with Ward.[2]
Fac. Wee'll wet it to-morrow : and our silver-beakers,
And tavern cups. Where be the French petticoats,
And girdles, and hangers ?
Sub. Here, i' the trunke,
And the bolts of lawne.
Fac. Is Druggers damaske, there ?
And the tobacco ?
Sub. Yes.
Fac. Give me the keyes.
Dol. Why you the keyes !
Sub. No matter, Dol : because
We shall not open 'hem, before he comes.
Fac. 'Tis true, you shall not open them, indeed :
Nor have 'hem forth. Doe you see ? Not forth, Dol.
Dol. No ![3]
Fac. No, my smock-rampant. The right is, my master
Knowes all, has pardon'd me, and he will keepe 'hem,
Doctor, 'tis true (you looke)[4] for all your figures :
I sent for him, indeed. Wherefore, good partners,
Both hee, and shee, be satisfied : for, here
Determines the indenture tripartite,
'Twixt Subtle, Dol, and Face. All I can doe
Is to helpe you over the wall, o' the back-side ;[5]
Or lend you a sheet, to save your velvet gowne, Dol.
Here will be officers, presently ; bethinke you,
Of some course sodainely to scape the dock :
For thether you'll come else. Harke you, thunder. *Some knock.*[6]

[1] small change.
[2] A famous pirate.
[3] Q, 'No ?' Jonson is very uncertain in the use of these marks.
[4] you are surprised.
[5] back yard.
[6] Omitted in Q.

Sub.[1] You are a precious fiend!
Off. [*without*]. Open the dore.
Fac. Dol, I am sorry for thee i-faith. But hearst thou?
It shall goe hard, but I will place thee somewhere:
Thou shalt ha' my letter to Mistris[2] Amo.[3]
Dol. Hang you——
Fac. Or Madame Cæsarean.[4]
Dol. Poxe upon you, rogue,
Would I had but time to beat thee.
Fac. Subtle,
Let's know where you set set up next; I'll send you
A customer, now and then, for old acquaintance:
What new course ha' you?
Sub. Rouge, I'll hang my selfe:
That I may walke a greater divell, then thou,
And haunt thee i' the flock-bed,[5] and the buttery. [*Exeunt.*]

Act V. Scene V.

[*Enter*] LOVE-WIT [*in the Spanish dress, with the* PARSON. *Loud knocking at the door; about which are gathered*] OFFICERS, MAMMON, SURLY, FACE, KASTRIL, ANANIAS, TRIBULATION, DRUGGER, DA[ME] PLIANT.

[*Lovewit.*] What doe you meane, my masters?
Mam. Open your dore,
Cheaters, bawds, conjurers.
Off. Or wee'll breake it open.
Lov. What warrant have you?
Off. Warrant inough, sir, doubt not:
If you'll not open it.
Lov. Is there an officer, there?

[1] F 1, '*Syb.*'
[2] Q, 'Mrs.'
[3] A famous courtezan.
[4] Q, 'Imperiall.' A famous courtezan.
[5] mattress.

Off. Yes, two, or three for fayling.[1]
Lov. Have but patience,
And I will open it straight.

[*Enter* FACE.]

Fac. Sir, ha' you done ?
Is it a marriage ? perfect ?
Lov. Yes, my braine.
Fac. Off with your ruffe, and cloake then, be your selfe, sir.
Sur. Downe with the dore.
Kas. 'Slight, ding[2] it open.
Lov. [*opening the door*]. Hold.
Hold gentlemen, what meanes this violence ?

[MAMMON, SURLY, KASTRIL, ANANIAS, TRIBULATION, *and* Officers *rush in.*]

Mam. Where is this colliar ?[3]
Sur. And my Captaine Face ?
Mam. These day-owles.
Sur. That are birding in mens purses.
Mam. Madame Suppository.
Kas. Doxey,[4] my sister[5]
Ana. Locusts
Of the foule pit.
Tri. Profane as Bel, and the Dragon.[6]
Ana. Worse then the grasse-hoppers, or the lice of Egypt.
Lov. Good gentlemen, heare me. Are you officers,
And cannot stay this violence ?
Off. Keepe the peace.
Lov. Gentlemen, what is the matter ? Whom doe you seeke ?
Mam. The chymicall cousoner.
Sur. And the Captaine Pandar.
Kas. The nun my suster.
Mam. Madame Rabbi.

[1] to prevent failing.
[2] beat.
[3] rogue.
[4] wench.
[5] Q, 'suster.'
[6] See the *Apocrypha*.

Ana. Scorpions,
And caterpillars.
Lov. Fewer at once, I pray you.
Off. One after another, gentlemen, I charge you,
By vertue of my staffe——
Ana. They are the vessels
Of pride, lust, and the cart.[1]
Lov. Good zeale, lie still,
A little while.
Tri. Peace, Deacon Ananias.
Lov. The house is mine here, and the dores are open:
If there be any such persons, as you seeke for,
Use your authoritie, search on o' Gods name.
I am but newly come to towne, and finding
This tumult 'bout my dore (to tell you true)
It somewhat maz'd me; till my man, here, (fearing
My more displeasure) told me he[2] had done
Somewhat an insolent part, let out my house
(Belike, presuming on my knowne aversion
From any aire o' the towne, while there was sicknesse)
To a Doctor, and a Captaine: who, what they are,
Or where they be, be knowes not.
Mam. Are they gone?
Lov. You may goe in, and search, sir.—*They enter.*—[3] Here I find
The emptie walls, worse then I left 'hem, smok'd,
A few crack'd pots, and glasses, and a fornace,
The seeling fill'd with poesies of the candle:
And madame, with a dildo,[4] writ o' the walls.
Onely, one gentlewoman, I met here,
That is within, that said shee was a widdow——
Kas. I, that's my suster. I'll goe thumpe her. Where is shee? [*Goes in.*]
Lov. And should ha' marryed a Spanish Count, but he,
When he came to't, neglected her so grosly,
That I, a widdower, am gone through with her.

[1] 'pride . . . cart': Q, 'shame, and of dishonour.' Petty malefactors were whipped at the tail of the hangman's cart.
[2] Omitted in F 1 and Q. [3] Omitted in Q. [4] phallus.

Sur. How! Have I lost her then?
Lov. Were you the don, sir?
Good faith, now, shee do's blame yo' extremely, and sayes
You swore, and told her, you had tane the paines,
To dye your beard, and umbre o'er your face,
Borrowed a sute, and ruffe, all for her love;
And then did nothing. What an over-sight,
And want of putting forward, sir, was this!
Well fare an old hargubuzier,[1] yet,
Could prime his poulder, and give fire, and hit,
All in a twinckling.—MAMMON *comes forth.*—[2]
Mam. The whole nest are fled!
Lov. What sort of birds were they?
Mam. A kind of choughes,[3]
Or theevish dawes, sir, that have pickt my purse
Of eight-score, and ten pounds, within these five weekes,
Besides my first materialls; and my goods,
That lye i' the cellar: which I am glad they ha' left.
I may have home yet.
Lov. Thinke you so, sir?
Mam. I.
Lov. By order of law, sir, but not otherwise.
Mam. Not mine owne stuffe?
Lov. Sir, I can take no knowledge,
That they are yours, but by publique meanes.
If you can bring certificate, that you were gull'd of 'hem,
Or any formall writ, out of a court,
That you did cosen your selfe: I will not hold them.
Mam. I'll rather loose[4] 'hem.
Lov. That you shall not, sir,
By me, in troth. Upon these termes they 'are yours.
What should they ha' beene, sir, turn'd into gold all?
Mam. No.
I cannot tell. It may be they should. What then?
Lov. What a great losse in hope have you sustain'd?

[1] soldier armed with a harquebus.
[2] Omitted in Q.
[3] F 2, 'coughes.'
[4] F 2, 'lose.'

Mam. Not I, the common-wealth has.
Fac. I, he would ha' built
The citie new; and made a ditch about it
Of silver, should have runne with creame from Hogsden:[1]
That every Sunday in More-fields,[2] the younkers,
And tits,[3] and tom-boyes[4] should have fed on, *gratis.*
Mam. I will goe mount a turnep-cart, and preach
The end o' the world, within these two months. Surly,
What! in a dreame?
Sur. Must I needs cheat my selfe,
With this same foolish vice of honestie!
Come let us goe, and harken[5] out the rogues.
That Face I'll marke for mine, if ere I meet him.
Fac. If I can heare of him, sir, I'll bring you word
Unto your lodging: for in troth, they were strangers
To me, I thought 'hem honest, as my selfe, sir. [*Exeunt* MAMMON *and* SURLY.]

—*They* [ANANIAS *and* TRIBULATION] *come forth.*—[6]

Tri. 'Tis well, the saints shall not loose[7] all yet. Goe,
And get some carts——
Lov. For what, my zealous friends?
Ana. To beare away the portion of the righteous,
Out of this den of theeves.
Lov. What is that portion?
Ana. The goods, sometimes the orphanes, that the Brethren,
Bought with their silver pence.
Lov. What, those i' the cellar,
The knight Sir Mammon claimes?
Ana. I doe defie
The wicked Mammon, so doe all the Brethren,
Thou prophane man. I aske thee, with what conscience
Thou canst advance that idol,[8] against us,
That have the seale? Were not the shillings numbred,

[1] A holiday resort for the citizens of London.
[2] Originally a moor without the city walls; in Jonson's time a place of resort.
[3] girls. [4] boys. [5] search. [6] Omitted in Q. [7] F 2, 'lose.' [8] Q, 'nemrod.

That made the pounds ? Were not the pounds told out,
Upon the second day of the fourth weeke,
In the eighth[1] month, upon the table dormant,
The yeere, of the last patience of the Saints,
Six hundred and ten ?
Lov. Mine earnest vehement botcher,
And deacon also, I cannot dispute with you,
But, if you get you not away the sooner,
I shall confute you with a cudgell.
Ana. Sir.
Tri. Be patient, Ananias.
Ana. I am strong,
And will stand up, well girt, against an host,
That threaten Gad in exile.
Lov. I shall send you
To Amsterdam, to your cellar.
Ana. I will pray there,
Against thy house : may dogs defile thy walls,
And waspes, and hornets breed beneath thy roofe,
This seat of false-hood, and this cave of cos'nage.

[*Exeunt* ANANIAS *and* TRIBULATION.] DRUGGER *enters, and he beats him away.*[3]

Lov. Another too ?
Dru. Not I sir, I am no Brother.
Lov. Away you Harry Nicholas,[2] doe you talke ?
Fac. No, this was Abel Drugger. Good sir, goe,—*To the* Parson.—[3]
And satisfie him ; tell him, all is done :
He stay'd too long a washing of his face.
The Doctor, he shall heare of him at Westchester ;
And of the Captayne, tell him, at Yarmouth : or
Some good port-towne else, lying for a winde. [*Exit* Parson.]
If you can get off the angrie child, now, sir——

[1] F 1 and Q, 'eight.' [2] A religious fanatic. [3] Omitted in Q.

[*Enter* KASTRIL, *dragging in his sister.*]

Kas. Come on, you yew,—*To his sister*—[1] you have match'd most sweetly, ha' you not ?

Did not I say, I would never ha' you tupt[2]
But by a dub'd[3] boy, to make you a lady-tom ?[4]
'Slight, you are a mammet ![5] O, I could touse you, now.
Death, mun' you marry with a poxe ?

Lov. You lie, boy ;
As sound as you : and I am afore-hand with you.

Kas. Anone ?

Lov. Come, will you quarrell ? I will feize[6] you, sirrah.
Why doe you not buckle to your tooles ?

Kas. Gods light !
This is a fine old boy, as ere I saw !

Lov. What, doe you change your copy, now ? Proceed,
Here stands my dove : stoupe[7] at her, if you dare.

Kas. 'Slight, I must love him ! I cannot choose, i-faith !
And I should be hang'd for't ! Suster, I protest,
I honor thee, for this match.

Lov. O, doe you so, sir ?

Kas. Yes, and thou canst take tabacco, and drinke, old boy,
I'll give her five hundred pound more, to her marriage,
Then her owne state.

Lov. Fill a pipe-full, Jeremie.

Fac. Yes, but goe in, and take it, sir.

Lov. We will.
I will be rul'd by thee in anything, Jeremie.

Kas. 'Slight, thou art not hide-bound ! thou art a jovy' boy !
Come, let's in, I[8] pray[9] thee, and take our whiffes.

Lov. Whiffe[10] in with your sister, brother boy.

[*Exeunt* KASTRIL *and* DAME PLIANT.]

[1] Omitted in Q.
[2] coupled.
[3] knighted.
[4] a lady of a tom, as Kastril calls a knight.
[5] puppet.
[6] beat.
[7] pounce.
[8] Q omits 'I.'
[9] F 2, 'pr'y.'
[10] Probably current slang.

That master
That had receiv'd such happinesse by a servant,
In such a widdow, and with so much wealth,
Were very ungratefull, if he would not be
A little indulgent to that servants wit,
And helpe his fortune, though with some small straine
Of his owne candor. [*Advancing.*] Therefore, gentlemen,
And kind spectators, if I have out-stript
An old mans gravitie, or strict canon, thinke
What a yong wife, and a good braine may doe:
Stretch ages truth sometimes, and crack it too.
Speake for thy selfe, knave.

Fac. So I will, sir. [*Advancing to the front of the stage.*] Gentlemen,
My part a little fell in this last scene,
Yet 'twas decorum. And though I am cleane
Got off, from Subtle, Surly, Mammon, Dol,
Hot Ananias, Dapper, Drugger, all
With whom I traded; yet I put my selfe
On you, that are my countrey:[1] and this pelfe,
Which I have got, if you doe quit me, rests
To feast you often, and invite new ghests. [*Exeunt.*]

[1] A law term applied to jury.

THE END.

This Comoedie was firſt

acted, in the yeere

1610.

By the Kings Maiesties

SERVANTS.

[1] The principall Comœdians were,

RIC. BVRBADGE.	} {	IOH. HEMINGS.
IOH. LOWIN.		WILL. OSTLER.
HEN. CONDEL.		IOH. VNDERWOOD
ALEX. COOKE.		NIC. TOOLY.
ROB. ARMIN.		WILL. EGLESTONE.

With the allowance of the Maſter of REVELLS.

[1] F2. prints *The principall Comœdians*, etc., on the page immediately preceding that on which the *Argument* is printed.

Chapman, Jonson, and Marston

EASTWARD HOE

Editea with Critical Essay and Notes by
John W. Cunliffe, D.Lit. (London),
Professor in Columbia University.

CRITICAL ESSAY

Life of Chapman.[1] — The portrait of Chapman in *The Whole Works of Homer* bears the inscription "Georgius Chapmanus Homeri Metaphrastes Aeta: LVII. MDCXVI," which would give 1559 as the date of his birth, though Anthony Wood puts it two years earlier: a reference to the poets "native ayre" in *The Teares of Peace* fixes the neighbourhood of Hitchin, Hertfordshire, as his birthplace. It is probable that he was educated at both Universities and afterwards travelled on the Continent, but of his youth nothing is certainly known. In 1594 he published Σκὶα νυκτὸς *The Shadow of Night: containing Two Poeticall Hymnes;* in 1595, *Ovid's Banquet of Sence. A Coronet for his Mistresse Philosophie, and his amorous Zodiacke with a translation of a Latine coppie, written by a Fryer, Anno Dom.* 1400. On February 12, 1596, his *Blind Beggar of Alexandria* is entered in Henslowe's Diary as a new play, and in 1598 Meres mentions him amongst the best writers of tragedy and comedy. Meres refers also to the imitation of Musæus, *Hero and Leander*, which Marlowe began and Chapman completed. In this same year, 1598, appeared the first instalment of his greatest work, *Seaven Bookes of the Iliades of Homere, Prince of Poets.* He finished the *Iliad* in 1611, the *Odyssey* in 1614, and the *Homeric Hymns and Epigrams* with the *Batrachomyomachia* about 1624. He made other translations, and was held in high esteem, numbering among his patrons the Earls of Southampton, Essex, Salisbury, and Somerset. Henry Prince of Wales, whom he "served above nine yeares . . . in place of a sewer in ordinary," encouraged him to go on with his translation of Homer by promise of a good pension—"the promise of a prince vouched on his death bed"—but under Prince Charles he was put from his place and lost favour. "Homer no patron found, nor Chapman friend" writes the poet in his lines "To the Immortal Memory of the Incomparable Hero, Henry Prince of Wales." He sued in vain as "a poore man, whose Pen is his Plough, and the sole meanes of his maintenance." Even his services as a mask-writer were ill-requited, and he protests: "I think it hard that I (the wryter, and in part inventour) should be put with taylors and Shoomakers, and such snipperados, to be paid by a bill of particulars, what such or such a piece should be pris'd at; or whether the whole somme might amount to above ten pounds or no." "How hard this world is to a man of wit" he complains in the character of

[1] For life of Jonson, see Professor Herford's Essay.

Capriccio in his *Memorable Maske of the Middle Temple and Lyncolns Inne;* and the letters published by Bertram Dobell in the *Athenæum* (March–April, 1901) give us a melancholy picture of Chapman entreating and humbly beseeching some great noble to "pittie the hard extremes of a poore olde man, and let him not perishe in your defalt, whose better yeeres was then best spent, when he toke pleasure in pleasuring others. . . . If you thinke me to bolde to importune you thus, it is not my custome but my want that compelles me." He died in 1634 and was buried in St. Giles's Churchyard, where his monument by Inigo Jones may still be seen.

Life of Marston.—John Marston, born about 1575, belonged to an old Shropshire family. His father was a clergyman, his mother the daughter of an Italian surgeon settled in London. He took his B.A. at Oxford in 1593–4, and, finding the study of the law distasteful, gave it up for letters. His amatory poem, *The Metamorphosis of Pigmalion's Image*, and *The Scourge of Villanie. Three Bookes of Satyres*, were published in 1598, and were publicly burnt the following year by order of the Archbishop of Canterbury. He is mentioned in Henslowe's Diary under date September 28, 1599, as "the new poete," and all his dramatic work apparently falls within the next eight years. About 1607 he seems to have taken orders, and in 1616 he was presented to the living of Christchurch, Hampshire, which he resigned in 1631. He died in 1634 in London, and was buried in the Temple Church, his gravestone being inscribed *Oblivioni Sacrum.* In the lines "To Everlasting Oblivion," at the end of *The Scourge of Villanie*, he wrote :—

> Let others pray
> For ever their faire Poems flourish may.
> But as for mee, hungry *Oblivion*
> Devoure me quick, accept my orizon :
> My earnest prayers, which doe importune thee,
> With gloomie shade of thy still emperie
> To vaile both me and my rude poesie.
> Farre worthier lines in silence of thy state
> Doe sleepe securely free from love or hate,
> From which this living, nere can be exempt.

This tone of self-depreciation is characteristic of Marston's attitude towards his own work and the public to whose judgment he submitted it; it contrasts strangely with the haughty self-confidence of his collaborator, Jonson.

Eastward Hoe: Personal Relations of the Authors.—Jonson told Drummond of Hawthornden "that Chapman and Fletcher

were loved of him," and "that next himself, only Fletcher and Chapman could make a Mask." "He hath by heart," Drummond also records, "a piece of Chapman's translation of the 13 of the Iliads which he thinketh well done." Chapman was probably the original of the Virgil of *The Poetaster* and the collaborator in the first version of *Sejanus*, of whom Jonson wrote in a strain of compliment unusual with him in the Address to the Readers in the quarto of 1605 :—

"Lastly I would inform you that this book in all numbers is not the same with that which was acted on the public stage, wherein a second pen had good share : in place of which I have rather chosen to put weaker, and, no doubt, less pleasing, of mine own, than to defraud so happy a genius of his right by my loathed usurpation."

Chapman contributed commendatory verses to *Sejanus* and *Volpone*, describing the author of the latter as "his dear friend," and it is to be regretted that in an hour of sickness and ill-humour he should have begun the *Invective* which was preserved in a commonplace book and published long after his death.

While the relations between Jonson and Chapman were those of friendly esteem, marred, so far as we know, by only one outbreak of spleen on Chapman's part, Jonson's attitude towards Marston was for years one of avowed hostility. His own account, as reported by Drummond, runs thus :—

"He had many quarrells with Marston, beat him, and took his pistol from him, wrote his Poetaster on him; the beginning of them were that Marston represented him in the stage, in his youth given to Venerie." It is conjectured that a period should follow "stage," and that the last clause is reported as Jonson's own account of himself; but whatever may have been the origin of the quarrel, Jonson certainly ridiculed Marston, incidentally in *Every Man out of his Humour*, III, i, (1599),[1] and unsparingly and deliberately in *The Poetaster* (1601). A reconciliation evidently followed, for in 1604 Marston published *The Malcontent*, with the following dedication : "Beniamino Jonsonio Poetae Elegantissimo Gravissimo Amico Suo Candido et Cordato Johannes Marston Musarum

[1] See Bullen's *Marston*, Vol. I, Introduction, pp. xxxi.-ii.

Alumnus Asperam Hanc Suam Thaliam D.D." In the Epilogue there is a still more elaborate compliment to Jonson :—

> Then till another's happier Muse appears,
> Till his Thalia feast your learned ears
> To whose desertful lamps pleased Fates impart
> Art above nature, judgement above art—

Unhappily the quarrel broke out afresh, and in the prefatory address to *Sophonisba* (1606) Marston sneered at *Sejanus*, for which in 1604 he had written commendatory verses : "To transcribe authors, quote authorities, and translate Latin prose orations into English blank verse, hath, in this subject, been the least aim of my studies."

Was Shakespeare Concerned?—In *The Returne From Pernassus* there is a curious passage (IV, iii), in which Will Kempe, at one time a member with Shakespeare of the Lord Chamberlain's Company, is made to say :—" Few of the University pen plaies well, they smell too much of that writer *Ovid*, and that writer *Metamorphosis*, and talke too much of Proserpina and Juppiter. Why heres our fellow Shakespeare puts them all downe, I and Ben Jonson too. O that Ben Jonson is a pestilent fellow, he brought up Horace giving the Poets a pill, but our fellow Shakespeare hath given him a purge that made him beray his credit." Of the "purge" administered by Shakespeare no satisfactory explanation has been offered : in *Hamlet* Shakespeare went out of his way to deprecate stage quarrels, and in the prologue to *Troilus and Cressida* there is a pointed disavowal of the combative attitude assumed by Jonson in *The Poetaster*, which was also introduced by an armed prologue :—

> Hither am I come
> A prologue arm'd, but not in confidence
> Of author's pen or actor's voice, but suited
> In like conditions as our argument.

Troilus and Cressida has, however, been variously interpreted as an attack upon Marston, Jonson, and Chapman, and Mr. Arthur Acheson has worked out somewhat elaborately, and with some show of reason, the suggestion made by Professor Minto that Chapman

was the "rival poet" of Shakespeare's sonnets. This gives special significance to the references to Shakespeare in *Eastward Hoe*. The travesty of *Hamlet*, in III, ii, has not escaped the attention of previous commentators; but there is another parallel, less obvious, but no less significant, which might easily have been given additional point by mimicking the tones and gestures with which Burbadge recited a famous apostrophe from *Othello*, at that time still a new and popular play:—

> O now for ever
> Farewell the tranquil mind! farewell content,
> Farewell the plumed troop and the big wars
> That make ambition virtue! O farewell,
> Farewell the neighing steed and the shrill trump. . . .
> (III, iii, 351–5).

I hope it will not seem extravagant to interpret Slitgut's final speech in IV, ii ("Farewell to honest married men, farewell to all sorts and degrees of thee! Farewell thou horn of hunger, etc.") as a parody of Shakespeare's lines. For reasons given in the following paragraph, I am inclined to attribute this passage, as well as the more direct ridicule of *Hamlet*, to Chapman, although Professor Schelling suggests that Ophelia's call for her coach is "an anachronism to which Jonson alone among the dramatists of his day would have given a moment's thought."

Division of Authorship.—The problem of assigning to each author the particular parts of the play for which he was responsible is not capable of definite solution; but some general conclusions may be arrived at. I see no reason to dissent from the view hitherto accepted that we owe most of the text to Chapman and least to Jonson; I am inclined further to adopt the suggestion of an early critic that "Jonson first sketched the plan."[1] The conception of the comedy is Jonsonian;[2] but while the dialogue bears abundant evidence of the hands of Chapman and Marston, there are few traces of Jonson's characteristic manner. Drummond's somewhat confused recollection of Jonson's conversation does not conflict with this

[1] *Blackwood's Magazine*, Sept., 1821.
[2] Cf. *Every Man in his Humour*. Prologue.

view: "He was delated by Sir James Murray to the King, for writting something against the Scots, in a play Eastward Hoe, and voluntarly imprissonned himself with Chapman and Marston, who had written it amongst them." "It" may refer to the play rather than to the attack on the Scots, which was, as we know from the correspondence published by Dobell, written by Marston. The assertion of Jonson and Chapman that Marston was the sole author of this passage is borne out by internal evidence. Marston's prose style is terse, balanced, antithetical. The continuation of the Scots passage is a very good example :—

> You may be an alderman there, and never be scavinger: you may be a nobleman, and never be a slave.

Mr. Bullen pointed out that a passage in the first scene :—

> I am intertained among gallants, true; they call me coozen Franke, right; I lend them monies, good; they spend it, well.

is exactly paralleled by one in *The Fawn*, IV, i :—

> His brother your husband, right; he cuckold his eldest brother, true; he gets her with child, just.

These short, balanced clauses run all through the first act, which, in agreement with Fleay, I should therefore incline to ascribe to Marston. In Act II we come at once upon a looser, more involved style—that of Chapman—of which another distinguishing mark (among the three authors) is a fondness for alliteration. Chapman's acknowledged works so abound in instances that one does not need to quote examples. In II, i of *Eastward Hoe* we have: "Lay one cup of sack more a' your cold stomack," and "'Tis our citties fault, which, because we commit seldome, we commit the more sinfully; wee lose no time in our sensualitie." Chapman, too, is fond of abstract nouns in -isme. Thus, in *Monsieur D'Olive* I, i, we have Duellisme, Criticisme, and in *May Day* II, Pandarisme; this last word occurs in *Eastward Hoe* II, iii. On these grounds I should put down Act II and the first part of Act III to Chapman, whose style Swinburne thinks perceptible in some of the best of these sketches from the prosaic life of the day. The blank verse answers to the tests which Messrs. Fleay, Schipper, and Elste have

established as characteristic of Chapman, and in the prose I do not detect the mannerisms of Marston until we come to III, iii, containing the passage about the Scots and Virginia, in which, as has been already pointed out, they are clearly marked. In Act IV, i, Quicksilver's moralizing, after he has scrambled ashore, is, as Shepherd, Bullen, and Swinburne have pointed out, in Chapman's manner, and the prose style is also his; but Mr. Bullen and Professor Schelling agree with the conclusion previously arrived at by Steevens, that the devices for blanching copper and sweating angels must be ascribed to the invention of the author of *The Alchemist*. Jonson perhaps supplied the ideas and technical terms, but the abundant alliteration betrays the hand of Chapman. In IV, ii, "which of al thy gallants and gamsters, thy swearers and thy swaggerers, will come now to morn thy misfortune, or pity thy penurie," is obviously his, and there are many other instances in the same scene. Act V, to my mind, presents the greatest difficulty in this regard. Fleay puts it all down to Jonson; but the opening scene is obviously Marston's, whose style could hardly be better exemplified than in the following passage:—

"The Knighthood now a daies are nothing like the Knighthood of old times. They rid a horseback: ours goe a foote. They were attended by their squires; ours by their lacquaies. They went buckled in their armor; ours muffled in their cloaks. They travaild wildernesses and desarts: ours dare scarce walke the streets. They were stil prest to engage their honour: ours stil ready to paune their cloaths. They would gallop on at sight of a monster; ours run away at sight of a serjeant. They would helpe poore ladies; ours make poore ladies."

The heavier style of the next scene seems to be Chapman's, and to him I am inclined to ascribe the rest of the Act, on grounds similar to those already adduced. This would give the division:—Act I, Marston; Act II, Chapman; Act III, i, ii, Chapman; ii, Marston; Act IV, Chapman; Act V, i, Marston; ii–v, Chapman; Jonson devising the plot and supervising its elaboration, with an occasional suggestion in detail.[1] The latter assumption is almost

[1] Professor A. H. Thorndike, in his chapter on Jonson in *The Cambridge History of English Literature*, published after the above was written, says: "It seems likely that Jonson aided largely in plan and suggestion, and that comparatively little of the prose text was by him."

entirely conjectural; but the marks of Marston's or Chapman's hand in most of the scenes ascribed to them are, to me at any rate, convincing.[1]

Quality, and Place in the History of Comedy.—While no two students of the play are likely to arrive at exactly the same conclusion as to who wrote particular parts of it, there is general agreement as to the success of the combination. Early in the nineteenth century a writer in *Blackwood's Magazine* chose this play as an example to draw attention to the excellence of our old comedy, and its most recent editor, Professor Schelling, well says that "there is a geniality of spirit in *Eastward Hoe* foreign to Marston, a definition of character and a restraint in incident above Chapman, and a fluidity of movement and naturalness of manner not always to a similar degree Jonson's." Swinburne, Dr. Ward, and Mr. Bullen have all spoken in very high terms of its literary and dramatic merits, which, indeed, are sufficiently obvious to the ordinary reader. Its well-constructed plot, skilful characterization, happy satirical touches, sound morality, and easy dialogue give it the highest place in comedy of its own type.

The type was, of course, well established on the Elizabethan stage. The history of comedy of London life begins with the history of English comedy itself in *Ralph Roister Doister*. Jonson had achieved an acknowledged mastery of this particular form of art in *Every Man in his Humour* seven years before, and the suggestion of the title of the play comes from *Westward Hoe*, by Dekker and Webster. The distinction of *Eastward Hoe* is its happy combination of qualities not found in such genial perfection elsewhere. The central idea of the plot goes back, as Professor Schelling has pointed out, to Gascoigne's *Glasse of Government* (1575), and the character of the idle apprentice persists through the ages in our own and other literatures. Quicksilver, with his dicing and drabbing, carried on at his master's expense, has a distinct family likeness to Chaucer's Perkin Revelour, and the

[1] The ascription of so large a share of the comedy to Chapman is borne out to some extent by Miss Mary Leland Hunt's conclusion (*Thomas Dekker*, p. 102) that the main object of *Northward Ho*, a retort by Dekker and Webster to *Eastward Hoe*, was to ridicule Chapman.

latter follows the same career, so far as Chaucer has conducted it. The play is said to have suggested Hogarth's famous series of plates describing the progress of the idle and industrious apprentices. As always happens, Goulding is a less interesting and sympathetic figure than the prodigal: the virtuous hero either annoys us by his priggishness or bores us by sheer dulness and lack of colour.

The last line of the prologue—"We onely dedicate it to the Cittye"—shows clearly the mark at which the authors aimed; and the picture they have given us of London middle-class life in their own time is unsurpassed in its completeness, variety, and geniality. If not without exaggeration, it is without bitterness, and the sound common sense of the honest tradesman is exhibited, as well as his quaintness of phrase and somewhat vulgar ambition. Girtred is indeed the most fatuous of city ladies on the contemporary stage, but she is also the most entertaining; and while there is a familiar air about the usurer and the jealous husband who is so easily duped,[1] a touch of originality is added by associating Securitie with the Virginia adventurers, whose misfortunes are conducted with irresistible drollery. The daring satire of the Scots and James I's "thirty pound knights," which involved the authors of the play in such grave peril,[2] is of great historical interest, and its humorous turns of phrase have disarmed the resentment of posterity, as perhaps they did of even the King himself, for *Eastward Hoe* was acted before him in 1614, and with one notable exception the satirical passages are to be found in all the copies that have come down to us.

The Authors' Imprisonment.—The contemporary accounts of the imprisonment of the authors of *Eastward Hoe* are conflicting in detail, and as some of them have been discovered but recently, it has been judged best to reproduce them in full. Jonson's own story is thus reported by Drummond:—

> He was delated by Sir James Murray to the King, for writting something against the Scots, in a play Eastward Hoe, and voluntarly imprissonned himself with Chapman and Marston, who had written it amongst them.

[1] Mr. H. D. Curtis points out (*Modern Philology*, vol. V, pp. 105–8) that this part of the plot is taken from Masuccio's thirty-fourth and fortieth novels.

[2] See below.

The report was, that they should then [have] had their ears cut and noses. After their delivery, he banqueted all his friends; there was Camden, Selden, and others; at the midst of the feast his old Mother dranke to him, and shew him a paper which she had (if the sentence had taken execution) to have mixed in the prisson among his drinke, which was full of lustie strong poison, and that she was no churle, she told, she minded first to have drunk of it herself.

The following petitions and letters were transcribed by Bertram Dobell from a manuscript commonplace book, which is supposed to have belonged to Chapman, as several letters with reference to his private affairs are included in it. They were first published in the *Athenæum* of March 30, 1901 :—

TO HIS MOST GRATIOUS MAJESTIE.

Vouchsafe most Excellent Soveraigne to take mercifull notice of the submissive and amendfull sorrowes of your two most humble and prostrated subjects for your highnes displeasure: Geo: Chapman and Ben Jhonson; whose chief offences are but two clawses, and both of them not our owne; much less the unnaturall issue of our offenceles intents: I hope your Majestie's universall knowledge will daigne to remember: That all Authoritie in execution of Justice especiallie respects the manners and lives of men commanded before it; And accordinge to their generall actions censures anythinge that hath scapt them in perticular; which cannot be so disproportionable that one being actuallie good, the other should be intentionallie ill; if not intentionallie (howsoever it may lie subject to construction) where the whole founte of our actions may be justified from beinge in this kind offensive; I hope the integrall partes will taste of the same loyall and dutifull order: which to aspire from your most Cesar-like Bountie (who conquered still to spare the conquered, and was glad of offences that he might forgive). In all dijection of never-inough itterated sorrowe for your high displeasure, and vowe of as much future delight as of your present anger; we cast our best parts at your highnes feete, and our worst to hell.

GEORGE CHAPMAN.

MOST WORTHELY HONORD.

Of all the oversights for which I suffer none repents me so much as that our unhappie booke was presented without your Lordshippes allowance, for which we can plead nothinge by way of pardon: but your Person so farr removed from our requirde attendance; our play so much importun'de, and our cleere opinions, that nothinge it contain'd could worthely be held offensive; and had your good Lordshippe vouchsafte this addition of grace

to your late free bounties to have heard our reasons for our well wayd Opinions; And the wordes truly related on which both they and our enemies Complaints were grounded; I make no question but your Impartial Justice, wolde have stoode much further from their clamor then from our acquittall; which indifferent favoure, if yet your no less than Princelye respect of vertue shall please to bestowe on her poore observant, and commaunde my Appearaunce; I doubt not but the Tempest that hath dryven me into this wrackfull harbor will cleere with my Innocence; And withall the most sorrow inflicting wrath of his Excellent Majestie; which to my most humble and zealous affection is so much the more stormye, by how much some of my obscured laboures have striv'd to aspire in stead thereof his illustrate favoure: And shall not be the least honor to his most Royall vertues.

To the most worthy and honorable Protector of vertue: The Lord Chamberlain.

GEORGE CHAPMAN.

[TO THE LORD CHAMBERLAIN.]

Notwithstandinge your lordshipps infinite free bountie hath pardon'd and grac't when it might justlie have punisht; and remembered our poore reputations when our acknowledged dewties to your lordshippe might worthely seeme forgotten; yet since true honor delightes to encrease with encrease of goodness; & that our habilities and healths fainte under our yrcksome burthens; we are with all humilitie enforc't to solicite the propagation of your most noble favours to our present freedome; And the rather since we heare from the Lord Dawbney, that his highnes hath remitted one of us wholie to your Lo: favoure; And that the other had still youre Lo: passinge noble remembrance for his jointe libertie; which his highnes selfe would not be displeas'd to allow; And thus with all gratitude admyringe youre no lesse then sacred respect to the poore estate of vertue, never were our soules more appropriate to the powers of our lives, then our utmost lives are consecrate to your noblest service.

GEORGE CHAPMAN.

MOST HONORABLE LORD:

Although I cannot but know your Lo: to be busied with far greater and higher affaires than to have leysure to discend sodainelye on an estate so low and remov'd as myne; yet since the cause is in us wholie mistaken (at least misconstrued) and that every noble and just man is bound to defend the innocent, I doubt not but to finde your Lordshipp full of that woonted vertue and favoure wherewith you have ever abounded toward the truth. And

though the imprisonment itselfe can not but grieve mee (in respect of his Majesties high displeasure, from whence it proceedes) yet the manner of it afflicts me more, being commytted hether, unexamyned, nay unheard (a Rite not commonlie denyed to the greatest offenders) and I made a guiltie man longe before I am one, or ever thought to bee: God, I call to testimonye what my thoughts are, and ever have bene of his Majestie; & so may I thrive when he comes to be my Judge & my Kinges as they are most sincere: And I appeale to posteritie that will hereafter read and judge my writings (though now neglected) whether it be possible I should speak of his Majestie as I have done without the affection of a most zealous and good subject. It hath ever bene my destinye to be misreported and condemn'd on the first tale; but I hope there is an eare left for mee, and by your honor I hope it, who have alwaies bene frend to Justice; a vertue that Crownes youre Nobilitie. So with my most humble prayer of your Pardon, and all advanced wishes for your honor, I begin to know my dutie, which is to forbeare to trouble your Lo: till my languishinge estate may drawe free breath from your Comfortable worde.

Ben Johnson.

MOST NOBLE EARLE: PEMBROKE.

Neither am I or my cause so much unknowne to your Lordshippe, as it should drive mee to seeke a second meanes, or dispaire of this to your favoure. You have ever been free and noble to mee, and I doubt not the same proportion of your Bounties, if I can but answere it with preservation of my vertue and innocence; when I faile of those let me not onlye be abandon'd of you, but of men. The Anger of the Kinge is death (saith the wise man) and in truth it is little lesse with mee and my frend, for it hath buried us quick. And though we know it onlie the propertie of men guiltie, and worthy of punishment to invoke Mercye; yet now it might relieve us, who have onlie our Fortunes made our fault; and are indeede vexed for other men's license. Most honor'd Earle, be hastie to our succoure; And it shall be our care and studye not to have you repent the tymely benefit you do us; which we will ever gratefully receive and multiplye in our acknowledgment.

Ben Johnson.

EXCELLENTEST OF LADIES, [COUNTESS OF RUTLAND?]

And most honord of the Graces, Muses, and mee; if it be not a sinne to prophane your free hand with prison polluted paper, I wolde entreate some little of youre ayde to the defence of my innocence, which is as cleare as this

leafe was (before I staind it) of any thinge halfe-worthye of this violent infliction; I am commytted and with mee a worthy Friend, one Mr. Chapman, a man, I can not say how known to your ladishipp, but I am sure knowne to mee to honor you: and our offence a Play, so mistaken, so misconstrued, so misapplied, as I do wonder whether their Ignorance or Impudence be most, who are our adversaries. It is now not disputable, for we stand on uneven bases, and our cause so unequally carried, as we are without examininge, without hearinge, or without any proofe but malicious Rumor, horried to bondage and fetters; The cause we understand to be the Kinges indignation, for which we are hartelye sorie, and the more by how much the less we have deserv'd it. What our sute is, the worthy employde Soliciter, and equall Adorer of your vertues, can best enforme you.

BEN JONSON.

The letter given below was discovered among the Hatfield papers by the Librarian, and published by Gifford in his edition of Jonson:—

MOST TRULY HONOURABLE,

It hath still been the tyranny of my fortune so to oppress my endeavours that before I can shew myself grateful in the least for former benefits, I am enforced to provoke your bounties for more. May it not seem grievous to your lordship, that now my innocence calls upon you (next the deity) to her defence. God himself is not averted at just men's cries; and you that approach that divine goodness and supply it here on earth in your places and honours, cannot employ your aid more worthily than to the common succour of honesty and virtue, how humbly soever it be placed.

I am here, my most honoured lord, unexamined and unheard, committed to a vile prison, and with me a gentleman, (whose name may, perhaps, have come to your lordship) one Mr. George Chapman, a learned and honest man. The cause (would I could name some worthier, though I wish we had known none worthy our imprisonment,) is (the words irk me that our fortune hath necessitated us to so despised a course,) a play, my lord; whereof we hope there is no man can justly complain that hath the virtue to think but favourably of himself, if our judge bring an equal ear: marry, if with prejudice we be made guilty afore our time, we must embrace the asinine virtue, patience. My noble lord, they deal not charitably who are witty in another man's works, and utter sometimes their own malicious meanings under our words. I protest to your honour, and call God to testimony, (since my first error which, yet, is punished in me more with my shame than it was then with my bondage), I have so attempered my style, that I have given no cause to any good man of

grief; and if to any ill, by touching at any general vice, it hath always been with a regard and sparing of particular persons. I may be otherwise reported; but if all that be accused should be presently guilty, there are few men would stand in the state of innocence.

I beseech your most honourable lordship, suffer not other men's errors or faults past to be made my crimes; but let me be examined both by all my works past and this present; and not trust to rumour but my books (for she is an unjust deliverer both of great and of small actions) whether I have ever (many things I have written private or public) given offence to a nation, to a public order or state, or any person of honour or authority; but have equally laboured to keep their dignity as mine own person, safe. If others have transgressed, let me not be entitled to their follies. But lest in being too diligent for my excuse, I may incur the suspicion of being guilty, I become a most humble suitor to your lordship that with the honourable lord Chamberlain, (to whom I have in like manner petitioned) you will be pleased to be the grateful means of our coming to answer; or if in your wisdoms it shall be thought necessary, that your lordship will be the most honoured cause of our liberty, where freeing us from one prison you will remove us to another; which is eternally to bind us and our muses to the thankful honouring of you and yours to posterity, as your own virtues have by many descents of ancestors ennobled you to time.

Your honour's most devoted in heart as words,

BEN JONSON.

To the most nobly virtuous and thrice honour'd earl of Salisbury. 1605.

The date and wording of this letter make it clear that it refers to *Eastward Hoe*. It is not known what was the occasion of Jonson's previous imprisonment, but it may have had to do with *Sejanus* (acted 1603), of which Drummond thus reports :—

Northampton was his mortall enimie for beating, on a St. George's day, one of his attenders: He was called before the Councell for his Sejanus, and accused both of poperie and treason by him.

Jonson's disavowal to the Earl of Salisbury of offence "to a nation, to a public order or state or any person of honour or authority," should be compared with the following passages in the dedication of *Volpone*, published soon after :—

For my particular, I can, and from a most clear conscience, affirm, that I have ever trembled to think toward the least profaneness; have

loathed the use of such foul and unwashed bawdry, as is now made the food of the scene; and, howsoever I cannot escape from some, the imputation of sharpness, but that they will say, I have taken a pride, or lust, to be bitter, and not my youngest infant but hath come into the world with all his teeth; I would ask of these supercilious politics, what nation, society, or general order or state, I have provoked? What public person? Whether I have not in all these preserved their dignity, as mine own person, safe? My works are read, allowed (I speak of those that are intirely mine) look into them, what broad reproofs have I used? Where have I been particular? where personal? except to a mimic, cheater, bawd, or buffon, creatures, for their insolencies, worthy to be taxed? yet to which of these so pointingly, as he might not either ingenuously have confest, or wisely dissembled his disease? But it is not rumour can make men guilty, much less entitle me to other men's crimes. I know that nothing can be so innocently writ or carried, but may be obnoxious to construction; marry, whilst I bear mine innocence about me, I fear it not.

One would like to accept Dobell's suggestion that the letters and petitions quoted above indicate that Marston, the real giver of offence, had escaped, and that Jonson and Chapman alone suffered imprisonment. But the following from Antony Nixon's *The Blacke Yeare* (1606) seems to refer particularly to Marston :—

Some booksellers this yeare shall not have cause to boast of their winings, for that many write what flowe with phrases and yet are barrein in substance, and such are neyther wise nor wittye; others are so concise that you neede a commentarie to understand them, others have good wittes but so criticall that they arraigne other men's works at the tribunall seat of every censurious *Aristarchs* understanding, when their owne are sacrificed in Paules Churchyard for bringing in the *Dutch Courtezan* to corrupt English conditions, and sent away *westward*[1] for carping both at court, cittie, and countrie. For they are so sodaine witted that a flea can no sooner friske foorth but they must needs comment on her.

Perhaps I ought to add that M. Castelain's argument (*Ben Jonson*, Appendix C) that the correspondence does not refer to *Eastward Hoe* but to some other play appears to me ingenious but against the weight of evidence. The association of Jonson and Chapman in an imprisonment occasioned by two clauses written by some one else, which provoked the King's displeasure, taken in conjunction

[1] Cf. *Eastward Hoe* II, i, and II, iii, and notes thereon.

with Jonson's own account to Drummond, leaves no room for doubt that the reference in the Dobell letters is to *Eastward Hoe.*

Previous Editions and the Present Text.—The comedy evidently at once attained unusual popularity, aided, no doubt, by the stir caused by the imprisonment of its authors. Four editions were issued in 1605, the year of its production. Of the first no complete copy appears to have survived, doubtless owing to its immediate suppression when the wrath of the authorities was made known—possibly before the original sheets had left the printing office. Two leaves of it (E 3 and E 4), containing the offending passage, are included in the copy of Q 2 in the Dyce Collection at South Kensington, and it is significant that in the Bodleian copy of Q 2 two leaves have been cut out at the very place where the extra pages occur in the South Kensington copy. It is evident the four pages containing the incriminating passage were reset, with a few additional lines to make up for the sentences excised, and the new leaves were substituted for the old ones in the original sheets. The condition of the Bodleian copy lets us know exactly how this was done. E 3 and E 4 are on the same half-sheet—not on separate halves of the same sheet, as they would have been if they had formed part of the book as originally planned. The old E 3 and E 4 have been clipped off, leaving just enough of the inside margin to hold the stitching of E 1 and E 2.[1] Q 1 and Q 2 are therefore not, strictly speaking, separate editions, but different issues of the same edition, though it has been judged more convenient to retain the names by which they have been hitherto known. In the British Museum there are two other quartos issued in the same year, exhibiting slight but obvious differences, which were first pointed out by the present editor. Q 3 and Q 4 were apparently reset from Q 2 without any change of importance. Our text follows that of Q 2, with only such changes of initial capitals and punctuation as are the rule in this series. A few contractions, such as *t'was* for *'twas*, have been corrected silently, as falling under the heading of punctuation, and the italics in Q 2 have been retained only when

[1] I am indebted to the courtesy of Dr. Madan for permitting the close examination o the Bodleian copy which revealed these interesting details and for suggesting some of the conclusions arrived at from them.

they are significant. The differences between Q 1 and Q 2 on E 3 and E 4 have been carefully marked. Of modern editions the more significant are Dodsley's, 1744, 1780, 1825; Halliwell's, in the *Works of John Marston*, vol. III, 1856; Shepherd's, in the *Works of George Chapman*, vol. I, 1874; Bullen's, in the *Works of John Marston*, vol. III, 1887; and the scholarly reproduction of Q 2, with variants from Q 3, by Professor Schelling in the *Belles Lettres Series*, 1903.

JOHN W. CUNLIFFE.

EASTWARD HOE.

As

It was playd in the
Black-friers.

By
The Children of her Maiefties Reuels.

Made by.
GEO: CHAPMAN. BEN: IONSON. IOH: MARSTON.

AT LONDON
Printed for *William Aſpley.*
1605.

[The Persons of the Play[1]

Master TOUCHSTONE, *a goldsmith.*
QUICKSILVER, GOULDING, } *apprentices to* TOUCHSTONE.
Sir PETRONELL FLASH, *a shifty knight.*
SECURITIE, *an old usurer.*
BRAMBLE, *a lawyer.*
SEAGULL, *a sea captain.*
SCAPETHRIFT, SPENDALL, } *adventurers bound for Virginia.*
SLITGUT, *a butcher's apprentice.*
POLDAVY, *a tailor.*
HOLDFAST, WOOLFE, } *officers of the Counter.*
HAMLET, *a footman.*
POTKINN, *a tankard-bearer.*

Mistress TOUCHSTONE.
GIRTRED, MILDRED, } *her daughters.*
WYNNIFRID, *wife of* SECURITIE.
SINDEFIE, *mistress to* QUICKSILVER.
BETTRICE, *a waiting-woman.*
Mrs. FOND, Mrs. GAZER, Page, Coachman, Messenger, Scrivener, Drawer Two Gentlemen, Constable, Two Prisoners, and Friend.

Scene.—LONDON AND THAMES-SIDE.]

[1] Supplied by modern editors not found in Qq.

Prologus[1]

Not out of envy, for ther's no effect
Where there's no cause ; nor out of imitation,
For we have evermore bin imitated ;
Nor out of our contention to doe better
Then that which is opposde to ours in title,[2]
For that was good ; and better cannot be :
And for the title, if it seeme affected,
We might as well have calde it, " God you good even," [3]
Onely that east-ward west-wards still exceedes,—
Honour the sunnes faire rising, not his setting.
Nor is our title utterly enforste,
As by the points we touch at you shall see.
Beare witn our willing paines, if dull or witty ;
We onely dedicate it to the Citty.

[1] Bullen thinks the Prologue was probably contributed by Ben Jonson, on account of its "tone of arrogant assumption" ; but cf. Chapman's Prologue to *Bussy D'Ambois*.

[2] *Westward Hoe* by Dekker and Webster, probably first acted at the beginning of 1605. The titles were taken from the cries of the Thames watermen.

[3] "God give you good even"—in modern phrase still further shortened.

Eastward Hoe

Actus Primi Scena Prima.

[*Goldsmiths' Row.*]

Enter Maister TOUCH-STONE *and* QUICK-SILVER *at severall dores* QUICK-SILVER *with his hat, pumps, short sword and dagger, and a racket trussed up under his cloake. At the middle dore, enter* GOLDING, *discovering a gold-smiths shoppe, and walking short turns before it.*

Touchstone. And whether with you now? what loose action are you bound for? Come, what comrades are you to meete withall? whers the supper? whers the randevous?

Quick. Indeed, and in very good sober truth, sir——

Touch. 'Indeed, and in very good sober truth, sir!' Behinde my backe thou wilt sweare faster then a French foot boy, and talke more bawdily then a common midwife; and now 'indeed, and in very good sober truth, sir!' But if a privie search should be made, with what furniture are you riggd now? Sirrah, I tell thee, I am thy maister, William Tutchstone, goldsmith, and thou my prentise, Francis Quick-silver, and I will see whether you are running. *Worke upon that now.* 12

Quick. Why, sir, I hope a man may use his recreation with his maisters profit.

Touch. Prentises recreations are seldome with their maisters profit. *Worke upon that now.* You shall give up your cloake, tho you be no alderman.[1] Heyday! Ruffins Hall! Sword, pumps, heers a racket indeed! TOUCHSTONE *uncloakes* QUICKSILVER

[1] The ancient city regulations prescribed the material and colour of the cloaks the aldermen were required to wear.

Quick. Worke upon that now. 19

Touch. Thou shamelesse varlet! dost thou jest at thy lawfull maister contrary to thy indentures?

Quick. Why, zblood! sir, my mother's a gentlewoman, and my father a justice of peace and of quorum;[1] and tho I am a yonger brother and a prentise, yet I hope I am my fathers sonne; and by Gods lidde, tis for your worship and for your commoditie that I keepe companie. I am intertaind among gallants, true; they call me coozen Franke, right; I lend them monies, good; they spend it, well. But when they are spent, must not they strive to get more, must not their land flye? and to whom? Shall not your worship ha the refusall? Well, I am a good member of the citty, if I were well considered. How would merchants thrive, if gentlemen would not be unthriftes? How could gentlemen be unthrifts if their humours were not fed? How should their humours be fedde but by whit-meate, and cunning secondings? Well, the cittie might consider us. I am going to an ordinary now: the gallants fall to play; I carry light golde with me; the gallants call, 'Coozen Francke, some golde for silver;' I change, gaine by it; the gallants loose the gold, and then call, 'Coozen Francke, lend me some silver.' Why—— 39

Tou. Why? I cannot tell. Seven score pound art thou out in the cash; but looke to it, I will not be gallanted out of my monies. And as for my rising by other mens fall, God shield me! Did I gaine my wealth by ordinaries? no: by exchanging of gold? no: by keeping of gallants company? no. I hired me a little shop, fought low, tooke small gaine, kept no debt booke, garnished my shop, for want of plate, with good wholesome thriftie sentences; as, *Touchstone, keepe thy shopp, and thy shoppe will keepe thee; Light gaines makes heavy purses; Tis good to be merry and wise.* And when I was wiv'd, having something to stick too, I had the horne of suretiship[2] ever before my eyes. You all know the devise of the horne, where the young fellow slippes in at the butte end, and

[1] Those necessary to make a bench, the commision reading *quorum unum A.B. esse volumus.*

[2] See *Notes and Queries* (Series VII. Vol. IV. p. 323) for description of an old panel-picture representing the horn of suretyship, from which the victims come out at the small end in sad plight.

comes squesd out at the buckall : and I grew up, and I praise Providence, I beare my browes now as high as the best of my neighbours : but thou ——well, looke to the accounts ; your fathers bond lyes for you : seven score pound is yet in the reere.

Quick. Why slid, sir, I have as good, as proper gallants wordes for it as any are in London—gentlemen of good phrase, perfect language, passingly behav'd ; gallants that weare socks and cleane linnen, and call me 'kinde coozen Francke,' 'good coozen Francke,' for they know my father : and, by Gods lidde shall not I trust 'hem ?—not trust ?

Enter a Page, *as inquiring for* TOUCH-STONES *shoppe.*

Golding. What doe yee lacke, sir ? What ist you'le buye, sir ?

Touch-stone. I, marry sir ; there's a youth of another peece. There's thy fellowe-prentise, as good a gentleman borne as thou art : nay, and better mean'd. But dos he pumpe it, or racket it ? Well, if he thrive not, if he out-last not a hundred such crackling bavins [1] as thou art, God and men neglect industrie.

Gold. It is his shop, and here my M[aister][2] walkes.

To the Page.

Touch. With me, boy ?

Page. My Maister, Sir Petronel Flash, recommends his love to you, and will instantly visite you.

Touch. To make up the match with my eldest daughter, my wives dilling,[3] whom she longs to call maddam. He shall finde me unwillingly readie, boy. *Exit* Page.

Ther's another affliction too. As I have two prentises, the one of a boundlesse prodigalitie, the other of a most hopefull industrie, so have I onely two daughters : the eldest, of a proud ambition and nice wantonnesse ; the other, of a modest humilitie and comely sobernesse. The one must bee ladyfied, forsooth, and be attir'd just to the court-cut and long tayle.[4] So farre is she ill naturde to the place and meanes of my preferment and fortune, that shee throwes all the contempt and dispight hatred it selfe can cast upon

[1] bundles of firewood. [2] Qq., 'M.' [3] darling.

[4] A curtail-dog had its tail cut short to prevent it from being used for hunting ; the long tail showed that the dog's owner was entitled to hunt. Here, of course, short and long dresses are referred to.

it. Well, a peece of land she has; 'twas her grandmothers gift; let her, and her Sir Petronel, flash out that; but as for my substance, shee that skornes mee, as I am a citizen and trades-man, shall never pamper her pride with my industrie; shall never use me as men doe foxes, keepe themselves warme in the skinne, and throwe the body that bare it to the dung-hill. I must goe intertaine this Sir Petronell. Goulding, my utmost care's for thee, and onely trust in thee; looke to the shoppe. As for you, Maister Quick-silver, thinke of huskes, for thy course is running directly to the prodigalls hogs trough; huskes, sra! *Worke upon that now.* 92

Exit TUCH.

Quick. Mary fough, goodman flat-cap [1] sfoot! tho I am a prentise, I can give armes; [2] and [3] my father's a justice a peace by discent, and zbloud—— 95

Goul. Fye, how you sweare!

Qui. Sfoot, man, I am a gentleman, and may sweare by my pedegree. Gods my life! Sirrah Goulding, wilt be ruled by a foole? Turne good fellow, turne swaggering gallant, and *let the welkin roare, and Erebus also.*[4] Looke not westward to the fall of Don Phœbus, but to the east—Eastward hoe! 101

> *'Where radiant beames of lusty Sol appeare,*
> *And bright Eous makes the welkin cleare.'*

We are both gentlemen, and therefore should be no coxcombes; lets be no longer fooles to this flat-cap, Touchstone. Eastward, bully! This sattin-belly, and canvas-backt Touchstone—slife! man, his father was a malt-man, and his mother sould ginger-bread in Christ-church.[5] 105

Goul. What would yee ha me doe?

Quick. Why, do nothing, be like a gentleman, be idle; the cursse of man is labour. Wipe thy bum with testones,[6] and make duckes and drakes with shillings. What, Eastward hoe! Wilt thou crie'

[1] The round flat caps which were fashionable in Henry VIII's reign became characteristic of the London citizens and are often made an object of ridicule by the later Elizabethan dramatists.

[2] show armorial bearings. [3] Q 3 and Q 4 omit 'and.'

[4] Scraps of Pistol's rant. 2 *Henry IV.* II. iv.

[5] A London parish. [6] sixpences.

'What ist yee lack ?' stand with a bare pate and a dropping nose, under a wodden pent-house, and art a gentleman ? Wilt thou beare tankards, and maist beare armes ? Be rul'd ; turne gallant ; Eastward hoe ! *ta ly re, ly re ro ! Who calls Jeronimo ? Speake, here I am.*[1] Gods so ! how like a sheepe thou lookst : a my conscience, some cowheard begot thee, thou Goulding of Goulding-hall ! Ha, boy ? 116

Gou. Goe, yee are a prodigall coxcombe ! I a cowheards sonne, because I turne not a drunken, whore-hunting rake-hell like thy selfe !

Quick. Rake-hell ! rakehell ! 120

Offers to draw, and GOULDING *trips up his heeles and holds him.*[2]

Goul. Pish, in soft termes, yee are a cowardly, bragging boy. Ile ha you whipt.

Quic. Whipt ?—thats good, ifaith ! Untrusse[3] me ?

Goul. No, thou wilt undoe thy selfe. Alas ! I behold thee with pitty, not with anger ; thou common shot-clog,[4] gull of all companies; mee thinkes I see thee already walking in Moore fields [5] without a cloake, with halfe a hatte, without a band, a doublet with three buttons, without a girdle, a hose with one point, and no garter, with a cudgell under thine arme, borrowing and begging three pence.

Quic. Nay, slife ! take this and take all ; as I am a gentleman borne, Ile be drunke, grow valiant, and beate thee. *Exit.*

Goul. Goe, thou most madly vaine, whom nothing can recover but that which reclaimes atheists, and makes great persons sometimes religious—calamitie. As for my place and life, thus I have read :— 136

What ere some vainer youth may terme disgrace,
The gaine of honest paines is never base ;
From trades, from artes, from valor, honor springs,
These three are founts of gentry, yea, of kings. 140

[1] *The Spanish Tragedy* II. v. 4.

[2] *Offers to draw . . . holds him.* Qq. put this stage direction before : *Quick.* Rake-hell ! Rake-hell !

[3] Release ; but the word is also used of unfastening the points attached to the hose.

[4] One who pays the score for the company at a tavern.

[5] The haunt of sturdy beggars.

[Actus Primi Scena Secunda.

A Room in Touchstone's House.]

Enter GIRTRED, MILDRID, BETTRICE, *and* POLDAVY *a taylor ;* POLDAVY *with a faire gowne, Scotch varthingall and French fall in his armes ;* GIRT[R]ED *in a French head attire, and cittizens gowne ;* MILDRED *sewing, and* BETTRICE *leading a monkey after her.*

Gir. For the passion of patience, looke if Sir Petronell approach —that sweet, that fine, that delicate, that—for loves sake, tell me if he come. O sister Mill, though my father be a low capt tradsman, yet I must be a lady; and I praise God my mother must call me Medam.[1] (Does he come ?) Off with this gowne, for shames sakes, off with this gowne : let not my knight take me in the citty cut in any hand : tear't, pax[2] ont (does he come ?) tear't of. *Thus whilst shee sleepes, I sorrow for her sake, &c.*[3]

Mil. Lord, sister, with what an immodest impaciencie and disgracefull scorne doe you put off your citty tier ; I am sorrie to thinke you imagin to right your selfe in wronging that which hath made both you and us.

Gir. I tell you I cannot indure it, I must be a lady : do you weare your quoiffe with a London licket,[4] your stammell[5] petticoate with two guardes, the buffin[6] gowne with the tuf-taffitie cape, and the velvet lace. I must be a lady, and I will be a lady. I like some humors of the Cittie dames well : to eate cherries onely at an angell a pound, good ; to dye rich scarlet black, pretty ; to line a grogaram gowne cleane thorough with velvet, tollerable ; their pure linnen, their smocks of 3. li. a smock, are to be borne withall. But your minsing niceryes, taffata pipkins, durance[7] petticotes and silver bodkins—Gods my life, as I shall be a lady, I cannot indure it ! Is hee come yet ? Lord, what a long knight tis ! *And ever shee*

[1] So, also, Q 3 ; Q 4, 'Madam.'
[2] A corrupted form of *pox*.
[3] From one of Dowland's songs.
[4] Apparently some attachment to the head-dress.
[5] red. Q 3, 'stammen' ; Q 4, 'stamen.'
[6] coarse cloth.
[7] strong buff-coloured stuff.

cride, Shoute home! [1] And yet I knew one longer; *And ever she cryde, Shoute* [2] *home, fa, la, ly, re, lo, la!*

Mil Well, sister, those that scorne their nest, oft flye with a sicke wing.

Gir. Boe-bell! [3]

Mil. Where titles presume to thrust before fit meanes to second them, wealth and respect often growe sullen, and will not follow. For sure in this, I would for your sake I spake not truth: *Where ambition of place goes before fitnesse of birth, contempt and disgrace follow.* I heard a scholler once say that Ulisses, when he counterfetted himselfe madde, yoakt cattes and foxes and dogges [4] togither to draw his plowe, whilst he followed and sowed salt; but sure I judge them truely madde, that yoake citizens and courtiers, trades men and souldiers, a goldsmiths daughter and a knight. Well, sister, pray God my father sowe not salt too.

Gir. Alas! pore Mil, when I am a lady, Ile pray for thee yet, ifaith: nay, and Ile vouchsafe to call thee Sister Mil still; for though thou art not like to be a lady as I am, yet sure thou art a creature of Gods making; and mayest paradventure to bee sav'd as soone as I (dos he come?). *And ever and anon she doubled in her song.* Now, (ladyes my comfort,) what prophane ape's here? Tailer, Poldavis, prethee, fit it, fit it: is this a right Scot? [5] Does it clip close, and beare up round?

Pold. Fine and stifly, ifaith; twill keepe your thighes so coole, and make your waste so small; here was a fault in your bodie, but I have supplyed the defect, with the effect of my steele instrument, which, though it have but one eye, can see to rectifie the imperfection of the proportion.

Gir. Most ædefying tailer! I protest you tailers are most sanctified members, and make many crooked thing goe upright. How must I beare my hands? light? light?

[1] Evidently from an old ballad. [2] So Q 2, Q 4; Q 3, 'shout.'

[3] In allusion to the popular definition of a cockney as one born within earshot of Bow Bell. See below, l. 116.

[4] The classical fable says an ox and a horse or an ass.

[5] Cf. *Westward Hoe* I. i. 'Nay they have the trick on 't to be sicke for a new gowne, or a carcanet or a diamond or so: and I wist this is better wit then to learne how to weare a Scotch farthingale.'

Pold. O I, now you are in the lady-fashion, you must doe all things light. Tread light, light. I, and fall so : that's the court-amble. *She trips about the stage.*

Gir. Has the Court nere a trot ?

Pold. No, but a false gallop, ladie.

Gir. And if she will not goe to bed— *Cantat.*

Bett. The knight's come, forsooth.

Enter Sir PETRONELL, M. TOUCH-STONE, *and* Mistris TOUCHSTONE.

Gir. Is my knight come ? O the Lord, my band ! Sister, doo my cheekes looke well ? Give me a little boxe a the eare, that I may seeme to blush ; now, now ! So, there, there, there ! Here he is. O my dearest delight ! Lord, Lord ! and how dos my knight ?

Touch. Fie ! with more modestie. 67

Gir. Modestie ! why, I am no cittizen now,—modestie ! Am I not to bee married ? y'are best to keepe me modest, now I am to be a ladie.

Sir Petro. Boldness is good fashion and courtlike.

Gir. I, in a countrie ladie I hope it is, as I shall be. And how chaunce ye came no sooner, knight ? 73

Sir Petro. Faith, I was so intertained in the progresse with one Count Epernoum, a Welch knight ; wee had a match at baloone,[1] too, with my Lord Whachum, for foure crownes.

Gir. At baboone ? Jesu ! you and I will play at baboone in the countrey, knight.

Sir Pet. O, sweet lady ! tis a strong play with the arme.

Gir. With arme or legge, or any other member, if it bee a court-sport. And when shal's be married, my knight ? 81

Sir Pet. I come now to consumate it ; and your father may call a poore knight, sonne in law.

M. Touch. Sir, ye are come ; what is not mine to keepe I must not be sorry to forgoe. A 100 li. land[2] her grandmother left her ; tis yours : her selfe (as her mothers gift) is yours. But if you expect ought from me, know, my hand and mine eyes open together ; I doe not give blindly. *Worke upon that now.* 88

[1] A game in which a leather ball was struck by a piece of wood attached to the arm.
[2] land bringing in £100 a year.

Sir Pet. Sir, you mistrust not my meanes? I am a knight.

Touch. Sir, sir, what I know not, you will give me leave to say I am ignorant of.

Mistris Touch. Yes, that he is a knight; I know where he had money to pay the gentlemen ushers and heralds their fees. I, that he is a knight, and so might you have beene too, if you had beene ought else than an asse, as well as some of your neighbours. And I thought you would not ha beene knighted, (as I am an honest woman,) I would ha dub'd you my self. I praise God I have wherewithall. But as for you, daughter—— 98

Gir. I, mother, I must bee a ladie to morrow; and by your leave, mother (I speake it not without my dutie, but onely in the right of my husband), I must take place of you, mother.

Mistris Touch. That you shall, lady-daughter, and have a coach as well as I too. 103

Gir. Yes, mother. But by your leave, mother, (I speake it not without my dutie, but onely in my husbands right), my coach-horses must take the wall of your coach-horses.

Touch-stone. Come, come, the day growes low; tis supper time; use my house; the wedding solemnitie is at my wifes cost; thanke mee for nothing but my willing blessing; for, (I cannot faine,) my hopes are faint. And, sir, respect my daughter; shee has refus'd for you wealthy and honest matches, knowne good men, well monied, better traded, best reputed. 112

Gir. Boddy a truth! chittizens, chittizens![1] Sweet knight, as soone as ever wee are married, take mee to thy mercie out of this miserable chittie; presently carry mee out of the sent of New-castle coale, and the hearing of Boe-bell; I beseech thee downe with me, for God sake! 117

Touch. Well, daughter, I have read that olde wit sings:—

The greatest rivers flow from little springs:
Though thou art full, skorne not thy meanes at first,
He that's most drunke may soonest be a thirst.

Worke upon that now.

All but TOUCH-STONE, MILDRED, *and* GOULDING *depart.*

[1] Cf. Middleton's *Blurt, Master Constable.*

No, no! yond[1] stand my hopes. Mildred, come hither, daughter. And how approve you your sisters fashion? how doe you phantsie her choyce? what dost thou thinke? 125

Mil. I hope as a sister, well.

Touch. Nay but, nay, but how dost thou like her behaviour and humour? Speake freely.

Mil. I am loath to speake ill; and yet I am sorry of this, I cannot speake well. 130

Touch. Well; very good, as I would wish; a modest answere. Goulding, come hither; hither, Golding. How dost thou like the knight, Sir Flash? dos he not looke bigge? howe likst thou the elephant? he sayes he has a castle in the countrey.

Gould. Pray heaven, the elephant carry not his castle on his backe.[2] 136

Touch. Fore heaven, very well! But seriously, how dost repute him?

Gould. The best I can say of him is, I know him not.

Touch. Ha, Goulding! I commend thee, I approove thee, and will make it appeare my affection is strong to thee. My wife has her humour, and I will ha'[3] mine. Dost thou see my daughter here? Shee is not faire, well-favoured or so, indifferent, which modest measure of beautie shall not make it thy onely worke to watch her, nor sufficient mischaunce to suspect her. Thou art towardly, shee is modest; thou art provident, shee is carefull. Shee's nowe mine; give me thy hand, shee's now thine. *Worke upon that now.* 148

Gould. Sir, as your sonne, I honour you; and as your servant, obey you.

Touch. Sayest thou so? Come hither, Mildred. Doe you see yond fellow? He is a gentleman, (tho my prentise,) and has somewhat to take too; a youth of good hope; well friended, wel parted.[4] Are you mine? You are his. *Worke* (*you*) *upon that now.* 154

[1] Qq., 'yon'd'; so, also, in l. 152.

[2] 'Tis an ordinary thing to put a thousand oaks and an hundred oxen into a suit of apparel, to wear a whole manor on his back.' Burton, quoted by Bullen.

[3] Q 2, Q 3, 'ha'; Q 4, 'ha'.'

[4] Mr. Bullen thinks this a Jonsonian expression, and quotes the description of Macilente in *Every Man out of his Humour.*

Mil. Sir, I am all yours ; your body gave mee life ; your care and love, hapinesse of life ; let your vertue still direct it, for to your wisedom I wholy dispose my selfe.

Touch. Sayst thou so ? Be you two better acquainted. Lip her, lip her, knave. So, shut up shop : in. We must make holiday.

Ex. GOL. *and* MIL.

This match shal on, for I intend to proove
Which thrives the best, the meane or loftie love.
Whether fit wedlock vowd twixt like and like,
Or prouder hopes, which daringly ore strike
Their place and meanes. Tis honest times expence,
When seeming lightnesse beares a morrall sense.[1]

Worke upon that now. *Exit.* 166

Actus Secundi Scena Prima.

[*Goldsmiths' Row.*]

TOUCHSTONE, QUICKESILVER, GOULDING *and* MILDRED *sitting on eyther side of the stall.*

Touch. Quickesilver, Maister Frances Quickesilver, Maister Quickesilver !

Enter QUICKESILVER.

Qui. Here, sir ; (ump).

Touch. So, sir ; nothing but flat Maister Quickesilver (without any familiar addition) will fetch you ; will you trusse my points,[2] sir ? 6

Quick. I, forsooth ; (ump).

Touch. How now, sir, the druncken hyckop so soone this morning ?

Quick. Tis but the coldnesse of my stomacke, forsooth.

Touch. What, have you the cause naturall for it ? Y' are a very learned drunckerd : I beleeve I shall misse some of my silver spoones

[1] It is time well-spent when apparent frivolity (as in this match-making) has a deeper significance.

[2] fasten the laces supporting the hose.

with your learning. The nuptiall night will not moisten your throate sufficiently, but the morning likewise must raine her dews into your gluttonous wesand.

Quick. An't please you, sir, we did but drinke (ump) to the comming off of the knightly bridegrome.

Touch. To the comming off an' him ?

Quick. I, forsooth, we druncke to his comming on (ump), when we went to bed ; and now we are up, we must drinke to his comming off : for thats the chiefe honour of a souldier, sir ; and therfore we must drinke so much the more to it, forsooth : (ump).

Touch. A very capitall reason ! So that you goe to bed late, and rise early to commit drunkennesse ; you fullfill the scripture very sufficient wickedly, forsooth.

Quick. The knights men, forsooth, be still a their knees[1] at it (ump), and because tis for your credit, sir, I wold be loth to flinch.

Touch. I pray, sir, een to 'hem againe then ; y' are one of the seperated crew, one of my wives faction, and my young ladies, with whom, and with their great match, I wil have nothing to do.

Quick. So, sir, now I will go keepe my (ump) credit with 'hem, an't please you, sir.

Touch. In any case, sir, lay one cup of sack more a' your cold stomack, I beseech you.

Quick. Yes, forsooth. *Exit* QUICK.

Touch. This is for my credit ; servants ever maintaine drunkennesse in their maisters house for their maisters credit ; a good idle serving-mans reason. I thanke time the night is past ; I nere wakt to such cost ; I thinke we have stowd more sorts of flesh in our bellies then ever Noahs arke received ; and for wine, why my house turnes giddie with it, and more noise in it then at a conduict. Aye me, even beasts condemne our gluttonie ! Well, 'tis our citties fault, which, because we commit seldome, we commit the more sinfully ; wee lose no time in our sensualitie, but we make amends for it. O that we would do so in vertue and religious negligences ! But see, here are all the sober parcels my house can showe ; Ile eavesdrop, heare what thoughts they utter this morning.

[1] There are many allusions in the contemporary drama to the fashion of drinking healths on the knees. Cf. III. iii. 58, 69, 79.

[TOUCHSTONE *retires to the back of his side of the stage,* GOULDING *comes forward.*][1]

Gould. But is it possible that you, seeing your sister preferd to the bed of a knight, should containe your affections in the armes of a prentice?

Myl. I had rather make up the garment of my affections in some of the same peece, then, like a foole, weare gownes of two coulours, or mix sackcloth with sattin.

Gould. And doe the costly garments, the title and fame of a lady, the fashion, observation, and reverence proper to such preferment, no more enflame you then such convenience as my poore meanes and industrie can offer to your vertues?

Mil. I have observ'd that the bridle given to those violent flatteries of fortune is seldome recover'd; they beare one headlong in desire from one noveltie to another, and where those ranging appetites raigne, there is ever more passion then reason: no staye, and so no happinesse. These hastie advancements are not naturall. Nature hath given us legges to goe to our objects; not wings to flie to them.

Gould. How deare an object you are to my desires I cannot expresse; whose fruition would my maisters absolute consent and yours vouchsafe me, I should be absolutely happy. And though it were a grace so farre beyond my merit, that I should blush with unworthinesse to receive it, yet thus farre both my love and my meanes shall assure your requitall: you shall want nothing fit for your birth and education; what encrease of wealth and advancement the honest and orderly industrie and skill of our trade[2] will affoorde in any, I doubt not will be aspirde by me; I will ever make your contentment the end of my endevours; I will love you above all; and onely your griefe shall be my miserie, and your delight my felicitie.

Touch. Worke upon that now. By my hopes, he woes honestly and orderly; he shalbe anchor of my hopes. Looke, see the ill yoakt monster, his fellow!

Enter QUICKESILVER *unlac'd, a towell about his necke, in his flat cap, drunke.*

[1] Qq., '*Enter Goulding.*'

[2] Q 2, 'ttade'; Q 3, Q 4, 'trade.'

Quick. Eastward hoe! *Holla, ye pampered jades of Asia!* [1]

Touch. Drunke now downe right, a my fidelitie!

Quic. (Ump) Pulldo, Pulldo; [2] showse, quoth the caliver.

Goul. Fie, fellow Quickesilver, what a pickle are you in!

Quic. Pickle? Pickle in thy throate; zounes, pickell! Wa, ha, ho! good morow, knight Petronell: morow, lady Gouldsmith; come of, knight, with a counterbuff, for the honor of knighthood.

Goul. Why, how now, sir? Doe yee know where you are?

Quic. Where I am? Why, sbloud! you joult-head, where I am!

Goul. Go to, go to, for shame; go to bed and sleepe out this immodestie: thou sham'st both my maister and his house.

Quick. Shame? what shame? I thought thou wouldst show thy bringing up; and thou wert a gentleman as I am, thou wouldst thinke it no shame to be drunke. Lend me some money, save my credit; I must dine with the serving-men and their wives—and their wives, sirha!

Gou. E'ene who you will; Ile not lend thee three pence.

Quic. Sfoote; lend me some money; *hast thou not Hyren here?* [3]

Touch. Why, how now, sirha? what vain's this, hah?

Quic. Who cries on murther? Lady was it you? [4] How does our maister? Pray thee crie Eastward ho!

Touch. Sirha, sirrha, y'are past your hickup now; I see y'are drunke,—

Quic. Tis for your credit, maister.

Touch. And heare you keepe a whore in towne.

Quic. Tis for your credit, maister.

Touch. And what you are out in cashe, I know.

Quick. So do I; my fathers [5] a gentleman. *Worke upon that now.* Eastward hoe!

[1] An oft-ridiculed passage in *Tamburlaine.* Cf. 2 *Henry IV.* II. iv.

[2] The later quartos read: Am pum pull eo, pullo.

[3] Another of Pistol's favourite quotations, presumably from Peele's lost play, *The Turkish Mahomet and Hyren the Fair Greek.*

[4] Chapman, *The Blind Beggar of Alexandria,* 'Who calls out murther?—lady, was it you?' Cf. *Poetaster,* III. i.

[5] Q 2, Q 3, 'fathers'; Q 4, 'father's.'

Touch. Sir, Eastward hoe will make you go Westward ho.[1] I will no longer dishonest my house, nor endanger my stocke with your licence. There, sir, there's your indenture ; all your apparell (that I must know) is on your back, and from this time my doore is shut to you : from me be free ; but for other freedome, and the moneys you have wasted, Eastward ho shall not serve you.

Quic. Am I free a my fetters ? Rente, flye with a duck in thy mouth ; and now I tell thee, Touchstone——

Touch. Good sir——

Quic. *When this eternall substance of my soule—*

Touch. Well said ; chandge your gould ends for your play ends.

Quic. *Did live imprison'd in my wanton flesh—*

Touch. What then, sir ?

Quic. *I was a courtier in the Spanish Court, and Don Andrea was my name.*[2]

Touch. Good Maister Don Andrea, will you marche ?

Quic. Sweete Touchstone, will you lend me two shillings ?

Touch. Not a penny.

Quic. Not a penny ? I have friends, and I have acquaintance ; I will pisse[3] at thy shop posts, and throw rotten egges at thy signe. *Worke upon that now.* *Exit staggering.*

Touch. Now, sirha, you ! heare you ? you shall serve me no more neither—not an houre longer.

Goul. What meane you, sir ?

Touch. I meane to give thee thy freedome, and with thy freedome my daughter, and with my daughter a fathers love. And with all these such a portion as shall make Knight Petronell himselfe envie thee ! Y'are both agreed, are yee not ?

Ambo. With all submission, both of thanks and dutie.

Tou. Well then, the great powre of heaven blesse and confirme you. And, Goulding, that my love to thee may not showe lesse then my wives love to my eldest daughter, thy mariage feast shall equall the knights and hers.

[1] To the gallows at Tyburn. Cf. Greene's *Art of Conny Catching*, part 2 : '*Westward they goe*, and there solemnly make a rehearsal sermon at *tiborne*' ; and part 3 : 'Sailing Westward in a carte to Tiborn.'

[2] *Spanish Tragedy.* Prologue.

[3] Q 4, 'passe.'

Goul. Let me beseech you, no, sir; the superfluitie and colde meate left at their nuptialls will with bountie furnish ours. The grossest prodigallitie is superfluous cost of the bellye; nor would I wish any invitement of states or friendes, onely your reverent presence and witnesse shall sufficiently grace and confirme us.

Touch. Sonne to mine owne bosome take her and my blessing. The nice fondling, my lady sir-reverence, that I must not nowe presume to call daughter, is so ravish't with desire to hansell her new coche, and see her knights Eastward Castle, that the next morning will sweate with her busie setting foorth. Awaye will shee and her mother, and while their preparation is making, our selves, with some two or three other friends, will consumate the humble matche we have in Gods name concluded.

'Tis to my wish, for I have often read,
Fit birth, fit age, keepes long a quiet bed.
'Tis to my wish; for tradesmen, (well tis knowne,)
Get with more ease then gentrie keepes his owne.

Exit.

[Actus Secundi Scena Secunda.

A Room in SECURITIE'S *House.*]

SECURITIE *solus.*

Secu. My privie guest, lustie Quickesilver, has drunke too deepe of the bride-boule; but with a little sleepe, he is much recovered; and, I thinke, is making himselfe readie to be drunke in a gallanter likenes. My house is as 'twere[1] the cave where the yong out-lawe hoords the stolne vayles[2] of his occupation; and here, when he will revell it in his prodigall similitude, he retires to his trunks, and (I may say softly) his punks: he dares trust me with the keeping of both; for I am securitie it selfe; my name is Securitie, the famous usurer. [*Exit.*]

[1] Qq., 't'were.' [2] profits.

[Actus Secundi Scena Tertia.]

Enter QUICKESILVER *in his prentises cote and cap, his gallant breeches and stockings, gartering himselfe,* SECURITIE *following.*[1]

Quic. Come, old Securitie, thou father of destruction! th' indented sheepeskine is burn'd wherein I was wrapt; and I am now loose, to get more children of perdition into thy usurous[2] bonds. Thou feed'st my lecherie, and I thy covetousnes; thou art pandar to me for my wench, and I to thee for thy coosenages. K. mee, K. thee,[3] runnes through court and countrey.

Secu. Well said, my subtle Quickesilver! These K's ope the dores to all this worldes felicitie: the dullest forehead sees it. Let not mast[er] courtier thinke hee carries all the knavery on his shoulders: I have knowne poore Hob, in the countrie, that has worne hob-nayles on's shoes, have as much villanie in 's head as he that weares gold bottons in 's cap.

Quic. Why, man, tis the London high-way to thrift; if vertue bee used, tis but as a scrappe[4] to the nette of villanie. They that use it simplie, thrive simplie, I warrant. Waight and fashion makes goldsmiths cockolds.

Enter SYNDEFIE, *with* QUICKE-SILVERS *doublet, cloake, rapier, and dagger.*

Synd. Here, sir, put of the other halfe of your prentiship.

Quick. Well sayd, sweet Syn. Bring forth my braverie.
Now let thy truncks[5] shoote foorth their silkes concealde
I now am free, and now will justifie
My trunkes and punkes. Avant, dull flat-cap, then!
Via, the curtaine that shaddowed Borgia![6]

[1] So Qq. [2] Q 3, Q 4, 'my usurous.'

[3] A Scotch proverb, to which the nearest English equivalent is, 'One good turn deserves another.'

[4] bait, decoy. Q 3, 'scap'; Q 4, 'scape.'

[5] *Trunk* meant a *pea-shooter* as well as a *chest.*

[6] This is usually explained, not altogether satisfactorily, as an allusion to Mason's play *Mulleases the Turke,* in which Borgias pretended to be a ghost, presumably with the aid of a curtain.

There lie, thou huske of my envassail'd state,
I, Sampson, now have burst the Philistins bands,
And in thy lappe, my lovely Dalida,[1]
Ile lie, and snore out my enfranchisde state.

When SAMSON *was a tall yong man,*
His power and strength increased than;
He sould no more nor cup nor can;
But did them all dispise.
Old Touchstone, now wright[2] *to thy friends*
For one to sell thy base gold ends;
QUICKESILVER *now no more attends*
Thee, Touchstone.[3]

But, dad, hast thou seene my running gelding drest to day?

Secu. That I have, Franck. The ostler a'th Cocke drest him for a breakefast.

Quick. What, did he eate him?

Secu. No, but he eate his breakefast for dressing him; and so drest him for breakfast.

Quick. O wittie age! where age is young in witte,
And al youths words have gray beards full of it!
[*Y*]*yn.*[4] But ah-las, Francke! how will all this bee maintain'd now? Your place maintain'd it before.

Quicksilver. Why, and I maintainde my place. Ile to the court: another manner of place for maintenance, I hope, then the silly Cittie. I heard my father say, I heard my mother sing an olde song and a true: *T*[*h*]*ou art a shee foole, and know'st not what belongs to our male wisedome.* I shallbee a marchaunt, for-sooth: trust my estate in a wooden troughe as hee does! What are these shippes but tennis balles for the windes to play withall? tost from one wave to another; nowe under-line, nowe over the house; sometimes brick-wal'd against a rocke, so that the guttes flye out againe; sometimes strooke under the wide hazzard,[5] and farewell, Mast[er] Marchant.

[1] Q 2, 'Delida'; Q 3, Q 4, 'Dalida.'
[2] Q 3, Q 4, 'writ.'
[3] A parody of an old ballad.
[4] Q 2, *Hyn*, Q 3, *Sin*; Q 4, *Secu.*
[5] A tennis term.

Synnedefie. Well, Francke, well : the seas you say, are uncertaine : but hee that sayles in your court seas shall finde 'hem tenne times fuller of hazzard ; wherein to see what is to bee seene is torment more then a free spirite can indure ; but when you come to suffer, howe many injuries swallowe you ! What care and devotion must you use to humour an imperious lord, proportion your lookes to his lookes, smiles to his smiles ; fit your sayles to the winde of his breath !

Quick. Tush ! hee's no journey-man in his craft that cannot doe that. 64

Sinnedefie. But hee's worse then a prentise that does it ; not onely humouring the lorde, but every trencher-bearer, every groome, that by indulgence and intelligence crept into his favour, and by pandarisme into his chamber ; he rules the roste ; and when my honourable lorde sayes it shall bee thus, my worshipfull rascall, (the groome of his close stoole,) sayes it shall not bee thus, claps the doore after him, and who dares enter ? A prentise, quoth you ? Tis but to learne to live ; and does that disgrace a man ? Hee that rises hardly, stands firmely ; but hee that rises with ease, alas ! falles as easily.

Quicksilver. A pox on you ! who taught you this morallitie ? 75

Securitie. Tis long of this wittie age, Maister Francis. But, indeede, Mistris Synnedefie, all trades complaine of inconvenience, and therefore tis best to have none. The marchaunt, hee complaines and sayes, 'Trafficke is subject to much uncertaintie and losse ;' let 'hem keepe their goods on dry land, with a vengeaunce, and not expose other mens substances to the mercie of the windes, under protection of a woodden wall (as Maister Francis sayes) ; and all for greedie desire to enrich themselves with unconscionable gaine, two for one, or so ; where I, and such other honest men as live by lending money, are content with moderate profit, thirtie or fortie i'th'hundred, so wee may have it with quietnesse, and out of perill of winde and weather, rather then runne those daungerous courses of trading, as they doe. 88

Quick. I, dad, thou mayst well bee called Securitie, for thou takest the safest course.

Securitie. Faith, the quieter, and the more contented, and, out of doubt, the more godly ; for marchants, in their courses, are never

pleas'd, but ever repining against heaven : one prayes for a westerly winde, to carry his shippe foorth ; another for an easterly, to bring his shippe home, and at every shaking of a leafe hee falles into an agonie, to thinke what daunger his shippe is in on such a coast, and so foorth. The farmer, hee is ever at oddes with the weather : sometimes the clowdes have beene too barren ; sometimes the heavens forgette themselves ; their harvests answere not their hopes ; sometimes the season falles out too fruitefull, corne will beare no price, and so foorth. Th' artificer, hee's all for a stirring worlde : if his trade[1] bee too full, and fall short of his expectation, then falles he out of joynt. Where we that trade nothing but money are free from all this ; wee are pleas'd with all weathers, let it raine or hold up, be calme or windy ; let the season be whatsoever, let trade goe how it will, wee take all in good part, een what please the heavens to send us, so the sunne stand not still, and the moone keepe her usuall returnes, and make up dayes, moneths and yeares. 108

Quick. And you have good securitie ?

Secu. I, mary, Francke, that's the speciall point.

Quick. And yet, forsooth, wee must have trades to live withall ; for wee cannot stand without legges, nor flye without wings, and a number of such skurvie phrases. No, I say still, hee that has wit, let him live by his wit ; hee that has none, let him be a trades-man.

Secu. Witty Maister Francis ! tis pittie any trade should dull that quicke braine of yours. Doe but bring Knight Petronell into my parchment toyles once, and you shall never neede to toyle in any trade, a my credit. You know his wives land ? 118

Quickesilver. Even to a foote, sir ; I have beene often there ; a pretie fine seate, good land, all intire within it selfe.

Secu. Well wooded ?

Quick. Two hundered pounds woorth of wood readye to fell, and a fine sweete house, that stands just in the midst an't, like a pricke in the midst of a circle ; would I were your farmer, for a hundred pound a yeere ! 125

Secu. Excellent M[aster] Francis ! how I do long to doe thee good ! *How I doè hunger and thirst* to have the honour to inrich thee ! I, even to die, that thou mightest inherite my living : *even*

[1] So Q 3 ; Q 4, 'this trade.'

hunger and thirst! For, a my religion, M[aster] Francis,—and so tell Knight Petronell—I doe it to doe him a pleasure.

Quickesilver. Marry, dad, his horses are now comming up to beare downe his ladie; wilt thou lend him thy stable to set 'hem in?

Secur. Faith, M[aster] Francis, I would be lothe to lend my stable out of dores; in a greater matter I will pleasure him, but not in this.

Quick. A pox of your hunger and thirst! Well, dad, let him have money; all he could any way get is bestowed on a ship now bound for Virginia; the frame of which voiage is so closely convaide that his new ladie nor any of her friendes know it. Notwithstanding, as soone as his ladyes hand is gotten to the sale of her inheritance, and you have furnisht him with money, he will instantly hoyst saile and away.

Secur. Now a franck gale of winde goe with him, Maister Franke! we have too few such knight adventurers; who would not sell away competent certainties to purchase, (with any danger,) excellent uncertainties? Your true knight venturer ever does it. Let his wife seale to day; he shall have his money to day.

Qui. To morrow she shall, dad, before she goes into the country; to worke her to which action with the more engines, I purpose presently to preferre my sweete Sinne here to the place of her gentlewoman; whom you (for the more credit) shall present as your friends daughter, a gentlewoman of the countrie, new come up with a will for a while to learne fashions forsooth, and be toward some ladie; and she shall buzz prettie devises into her ladies eare; feeding her humors so serviceable, (as the manner of such as she is, you know,)—

Secur. True, good Maister Fraunces.

Enter SINDEFIE.[1]

Quic. That she shall keepe her port open to any thing she commends to her.

Secur. A' my religion, a most fashionable project; as good she spoile the lady, as the lady spoile her; for 'tis three to one of one

[1] No exit has been marked for Sindefie, and this stage direction probably means, as in the scene before, that after falling into the background, the actor of the part comes again to the front of the stage.

side. Sweete Mistresse Sinne, how are you bound to Maister Frances! I doe not doubt to see you shortly wedde one of the head men of our cittie.

Sinne. But, sweete Franke, when shall my father Securitie present me?

Quic. With all festination; I have broken the ice to it already; and will presently to the knights house, whether, my good old dad, let me pray thee, with all formallitie to man[1] her.

Secur. Commaund me, Maister Frances, *I doe hunger and thirst to doe thee service.* Come, sweete Mistresse Sinne, take leave of my Wynnifride, and we will instantly meete francke Maister Frances at your ladies.

Enter WINNIFRIDE *above.*

Win. Where is my Cu there? Cu?

Secur. I Winnie.

Win. Wilt thou come in, sweete Cu?

Secur. I Wynney, presently. *Exeunt* [*all but* QUICKSILVER.]

Quic. I Wynney, quod he; thats all he can doe, poore man, he may well cut off her name at Wynney. O, tis an egregious pandare! What will not an usurous knave be, so he may bee riche? O, 'tis a notable Jewes trump! I hope to live to see dogs meate made of the old usurers flesh, dice of his bones, and indentures of his skinne; and yet his skinne is too thicke to make parchment, 'twould make good bootes for a peeter man[2] to catch salmon in. Your onely smooth skinne to make fine vellam, is your Puritanes skinne; they be the smoothest and slickest knaves in a countrie. [*Exit*]

[1] escort. [2] Of St. Peter's occupation—a fisherman.

[Actus Secundi Scena Quarta.

Sir PETRONEL's *Lodging.*]

Enter Sir PETRONELL *in bootes, with a riding wan.*[1]

Petr. Ile out of this wicked towne as fast as my horse can trot! Here's now no good action for a man to spend his time in. Taverns growe dead; ordinaries are blowne up; playes are at a stand; howses of hospitallitie at a fall; not a feather waving, nor a spurre gingling any where. Ile away instantlie. [*Enter* QUICKESILVER.]

Quic. Y'ad best take some crownes in your purse, knight, or else your Eastward Castle will smoake but miserably.

Petr. O, Francke! my castle? Alas! all the castles I have are built with ayre, thou know'st.

Quic. I know it, knight, and therefore wonder whether your lady is going.

Petr. Faith, to seeke her fortune, I thinke. I said I had a castle and land eastward, and eastward she will, without contradiction; her coach and the coach of the sunne must meete full butt. And the sunne being out shined with her ladyships glorie, she feares hee goes westward to hange himselfe.[2]

Quic. And I feare, when her enchanted castle becomes invisible, her ladyship will returne and follow his example.

Petr. O, that she would have the grace! for I shall never be able to pacifie her, when she sees her selfe deceived so.

Quic. As easely as can be. Tell her she mistooke your directions, and that shortly your selfe will downe with her to approove it; and then cloath but her croupper in a new gowne, and you may drive her any way you list. For these women, sir, are like Essex calves, you must wriggle 'hem on by the tayle still, or they will never drive orderly.

Petr. But, alas, sweet Francke! thou know'st my habilitie will not furnish her bloud with those costly humors.

[1] wand.

[2] See II. i. 108, and note thereon.

Quic. Cast that cost on me, sir. I have spoken to my olde pandare, Securitie, for money or commoditie;[1] and commoditie (if you will) I know he will procure you.

Petr. Commoditie! Alas! what commoditie?

Qui. Why, sir, what say you to figges and raysons?

Petr. A plague of figges and raysons, and all such fraile[2] commodities! We shall make nothing of 'hem.

Quic. Why then, sir, what say you to fortie pound in rosted beefe?

Petr. Out upon 't, I have lesse stomacke to that then to the figges and raysons; Ile out of towne, though I sojourne with a friend of mine, for staye here I must not; my creditors have laide to arrest me, and I have no friend under heaven but my sword to baile me.

Quic. Gods me, knight, put 'hem in sufficient sureties, rather than let your sworde bayle you! Let 'hem take their choice, eyther the Kings Benche or the Fleete, or which of the two Counters they like best, for, by the Lord, I like none of 'hem.

Petr. Well, Francke, there is no jesting with my earnest necessitie; thou know'st if I make not present money to further my voyage begun, all's lost, and all I have laid out about it.

Qui. Why then, sir, in earnest, if you can get your wise lady[3] to set her hand to the sale of her inheritance, the bloud hound, Securitie, will smell out ready money for you instantly.

Petro. There spake an angell: to bring her too which conformitie, I must faine my selfe extreamly amorous; and alledging urgent excuses for my stay behinde, part with her as passionately as she would from her foysting hound.[4]

Qui. You have the sowe by the right eare, sir. I warrant there was never childe longd more to ride a cock-horse or weare his new coate then she longs to ride in her new coache. She would long for every thing when she was a maide, and now she will runne mad for 'hem. I laye my life, she will have every yeare foure children; and what charge and change of humour you must endure while she is with childe, and how she will tie you to your tackling till she

[1] goods instead of money; long a trick of the stage usurer.
[2] *Frail* means also a basket for fruit.
[3] Q 3, Q 4, 'wife lady.'
[4] lap-dog.

be with child, a dog would not endure. Nay, there is no turne-spit dog bound to his wheele more servily then you shall be to her wheele ; for, as that dogge can never climbe the top of his wheele but when the toppe comes under him, so shall you never clime the top of her contentment but when she is under you.

Petr. Slight, how thou terrifiest me !

Quic. Nay, harke you, sir ; what nurses, what midwives, what fooles, what phisitions, what cunning women must be sought for (fearing sometimes she is bewicht, some times in a consumption), to tell her tales, to talke bawdy to her, to make her laughe, to give her glisters, to let her bloud under the tongue and betwixt the toes ; how she will revile and kisse you, spit in your face, and lick it off againe ; how she will vaunt you are her creature ; shee made you of nothing ; how shee could have had thousand marke joyntures ; she could have bin made a lady by a Scotche knight, and never ha' married him ;[1] shee could have had poynados[2] in her bed every morning ; how she set you up, and how she will pull you downe : youle never be able to stand of your legges to endure it.

Petr. Out of my fortune, what a death is my life bound face to face too ! The best is, a large time-fitted[3] conscience is bound to nothing : marriage is but a forme in the schoole of policie, to which schollers sit fastned onely with painted chaines. Old Securities young wife is nere the further of with me.

Quic. Thereby lyes a tale, sir. The old usurer will be here instantly, with my puncke Syndefie, whome you know your lady has promist mee to entertaine for her gentlewoman ; and he (with a purpose to feede on you) invites you most solemnly by me to supper.

Petr. It falls out excellently fitly : I see desire of gaine makes jealousie venturous.

Enter Gyrt.

See, Francke, here comes my lady. Lord, how she viewes thee ! She knowes thee not, I thinke, in this braverie.

Gyr. How now ? who be you, I pray ?

Quic. One Maister Frances Quickesilver, an't please your ladiship.

[1] In allusion to the Scotch marriage without ceremony.
[2] *Panado* is a caudle made of bread, currants, eggs, sack, etc.
[3] suited to the times.

Gyr. Gods my dignitie ! as I am a lady, if he did not make me blush so that mine eyes stood a water. Would I were unmaried againe ! 97

Enter SECURITIE *and* SINDEFIE.

Where's my woman, I pray ?

Qui. See, madam, she now comes to attend you.

Secur. God save my honourable knight and his worshipfull lady ! 101

Gyr. Y'are very welcome ! You must not put on your hat yet.

Secur. No, madam ; till I know your ladyships further pleasure, I will not presume.

Gyr. And is this a gentlemans daughter new come out of the countrie ? 106

Secur. She is, madam ; and one that her father hath a speciall care to bestowe in some honourable ladies service, to put her out of her honest humours, forsooth ; for she had a great desire to be a nun, an't please you. 110

Gyr. A nun ? what nun ? a nun substantive ? or a nun adjective ?

Secur. A nun substantive, madam, I hope, if a nun be a noune. But I meane, lady, a vowd maide of that order.

Gyr. Ile teach her to be a maide of the order, I warrant you. And can you doe any worke belongs to a ladyes chamber ? 115

Synde. What I cannot doe, madam, I would bee glad to learne.

Gyr. Well said ; hold up, then ; hold up your head, I say ; come hether a little.

Synde. I thanke your ladyship.

Gyr. And harke you—good man, you may put on your hatt now ; I doe not looke on you—I must have you of my faction now ; not of my knights, maide. 122

Synd. No, forsooth, madam, of yours.

Gyr. And draw all my servants in my bowe,[1] and keepe my counsell, and tell me tales, and put me riddles, and reade on a booke sometimes when I am busie, and laugh at countrie gentlewomen, and command any thing in the house for my reteiners ; and care not what you spend, for it is all mine ; and in any case be still a

[1] keep them under my control.

maide, what soever you doe, or whatsoever any man can doe unto you.

Secur. I warrant your ladiship for that.

Gyr. Very well; you shall ride in my coach with me into the country, to morrow morning. Come, knight, pray thee lets make a short supper, and to bed presently.

Secur. Nay, good madam, this night I have a short supper at home waites on his worships acceptation.

Gyr. By my faith, but he shall not goe, sir; I shall swoune and he sup from me.

Petr. Pray thee, forbeare; shall he lose his provision?

Gyr. I, by lady, sir, rather then I lose my longing. Come in, I say; as I am a lady, you shall not goe.

Quic. I told him what a burre he had gotten. [*Aside.*]

Secur. If you will not sup from your knight, madam, let me entreate your ladiship to sup at my house with him.

Gyr. No, by my faith, sir; then we cannot be a bed soone enough after supper.

Petr. What a medicine is this! Well, Maister Securitie, you are new married as well as I; I hope you are bound as well. We must honour our young wives, you know.

Quic. In pollicie, dad, till to morrow she has seald.

Secur. I hope in the morning yet your knighthood will breakefast with me?

Petr. As early as you will, sir.

Secur. Thanke[1] your good worship; *I do hunger and thirst to do you good, sir.*

Gyr. Come, sweete knight, come; *I do hunger and thyrst* to be a bed with thee. *Exeunt.*

[1] Q 3, Q 4, Thanke.

Actus Tertii Scena Prima.

[SECURITIE'S *House.*]

Enter PETRONELL, QUICKSILVER, SECURITIE, BRAMBLE, *and* WYNNIFRID.

Petr. Thankes for our[1] feastlike breakefast, good Maister Securitie; I am sory (by reason of my instant haste to so long a voyage as Virginia) I am without meanes by any kinde amends to show how affectionately I take your kindnesse, and to confirme by some worthy ceremonie a perpetuall league of friendship betwixt us.

Secur. Excellent knight! let this be a token betwixt us of inviolable friendship. I am new marryed to this fayre gentlewoman, you know; and (by my hope to make her fruitefull, though I be something in yeares,) I vowe faithfully unto you to make you godfather, (though in your absence,) to the first childe I am blest withall; and henceforth call me gossip, I beseech you, if you please to accept it.

Petr. In the highest degree of gratitude, my most worthy gossip; for confirmation of which friendly title, let me entreate my faire gossip, your wife here, to accept this diamond, and keepe it as my gift to her first childe, wheresoever my fortune, in event of my voyage, shall bestowe me.

Secur. How now, my coye wedlock;[2] make you strange of so noble a favour? Take it, I charge you, with all affection, and, (by way of taking your leave,) present boldly your lips to our honourable gossip.

Quick. How ventrous he is to him, and how jealous to others! [*Aside.*]

Petr. Long may this kinde touch of our lippes print in our hearts al the formes of affection. And now, my good gossip, if the writings be ready to which my wife should seale, let them be brought this morning before she takes coache into the countrie, and my kindnesse shall worke her to dispatche it.

[1] So Q 2; Q 3, Q 4, 'your.' [2] wife.

Secur. The writings are ready, sir. My learned counsell here, Maister Bramble the lawyer, hath perusde them; and within this houre I will bring the scrivenour with them to your worshipfull lady.

Petr. Good Maister Bramble, I will here take my leave of you then. God send you fortunate pleas, sir, and contentious clients!

Bram. And you foreright windes, sir, and a fortunate voyage!

Exit.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Sir Petronell, here are three or foure gentlemen desire to speake with you.

Pet. What are they?

Qui. They are your followers in this voyage, knight: Captaine Seagull and his associates; I met them this morning, and told them you would be here.

Pet. Let them enter, I pray you; I know they long to bee gone, for their stay is dangerous.

Enter SEAGULL, SCAPETHRIFT, *and* SPENDALL.

Sea. God save my honourable collonell!

Pet. Welcome, good Captaine Seagull, and worthy gentlemen. If you will meete my friend Francke here, and me, at the Blew Anchor Taverne by Billinsgate this evening, we will there drinke to our happy voyage, be merry, and take boate to our ship with all expedition.

[*Spendall.*][1] Deferre it no longer, I beseech you, sir; but as your voyage is hetherto carried closely, and in another knights name, so for your owne safetie and ours, let it be continued: our meeting and speedy purpose of departing knowne to as few as is possible, least your ship and goods be attacht.

Qui. Well advisd, captaine; our collonell shall have money this morning to dispatch all our departures; bring those gentlemen at night to the place appointed, and, with our skinnes full of vintage, weele take occasion by the vantage, and away.

[*Spend.*][1] We will not faile but be there, sir.

[1] Q 2, *Spoyl*; Q 3, Q 4, *Spend.*

Pet. Good morrow, good captaine, and my worthy associates. Health and all soveraigntie to my beautiful gossip ; [1] for you, sir, we shall see you presently with the writings.

Secur. With writings and crownes to my honorable gossip.[1] *I do hunger and thirst to doe you good, sir.* *Exeunt.*

Actus Tertii Scena Secunda.

[*An Inn-yara.*]

Enter a Coachman *in hast, in's frock, feeding.*

Coach. Heer's a stirre when cittizens ride out of towne, indeed, as if all the house were afire ! Slight ! they will not give a man leave to eat's breakfast afore he rises.

Enter HAMLET, *a footeman, in haste.*

Ham. What, coachman ? My ladyes coach, for shame ! Her ladiships ready to come downe.

Enter POTKINN, *a tankerd bearer.*

Pot. Sfoote, Hamlet, are you madde ? Whether run you now ? You should brushe up my olde mistresse !

Enter SYNDEFYE.

Synd. What, Potkinn ? You must put off your tankerd and put on your blew cote, and waite upon Mistrisse Toochstone into the country. *Exit.*

Pot. I will, forsooth, presently. *Exit.*

Enter Mistresse FOND *and Mistresse* GAZER.

Fond. Come, sweete Mistresse Gazer, lets watch here, and see my Lady Flashe take coach.

Gaz. A my word heer's a most fine place to stand in ; did you see the new ship lancht last day, Mistresse Fond ?

Fond. O God ! and we cittizens should loose such a sight !

Gaz. I warrant here will be double as many people to see her take coach as there were to see it take water.

[1] Q 3, Q 4, 'goship.'

Fond. O shee's married to a most fine castle i' th' countrey, they say.

Gaz. But there are no gyants in the castle, are there ?

Fond. O no : they say her knight kild 'hem all, and therefore he was knighted.

Gaz. Would to God her ladiship would come away !

Enter GYR. *Mistris* TOOCH. SYND. HAM. PO[T].[1]

Fond. She comes, she comes, she comes !

Gaz. Fond. Pray heaven blesse your ladiship !

Gyr. Thanke you, good people. My coach, for the love of heaven, my coach ! In good truth I shall swoune else.

Ham. Coach, coach, my ladies coach ! *Exit.*

Gir. As I am a lady, I thinke I am with child already, I long for a coach so. May one be with childe afore they are married, mother ?

Mist. Touch. I, by'r ladie, madam ; a little thing does that ; I have seene a little prick no bigger then a pins head swell bigger and bigger, til it has come to an Ancome ;[2] and eene so tis in these cases.

Enter HAM.

Ham. Your coach is comming, madam.

Gyr. That's well said. Now, heaven ! me thinks I am eene up to my knees in preterment.

But a little higher, but a little higher, but a little higher,
There, there, there lyes Cupids fire ! [3]

Mist. Touch. But must this young man, an't please you, madam, run by your coach all the way a foote ?

Gyr. I, by my faith, I warrant him ; he gives no other milke, as I have another servant does.

Mist. Touch. Ahlas ! tis eene pittie, me thinks ; for Gods sake, madam, buy him but a hobbie horse ; let the poore youth have something betwixt his legges to ease 'hem. Ahlas ! we must do as we would be done too.

[1] Q 2, 'Por.' [2] ulcer. [3] The refrain of one of Campion's songs.

Gir. Goe too, hold your peace, dame ; you talke like an olde foole, I tell you ! 51

Enter PETR. *and* QUICKSILVER.

Pet. Wilt thou be gone, sweete Honny suckle, before I can goe with thee ?

Gyr. I pray thee, sweet knight, let me ; I do so long to dresse up thy castle afore thou com'st. But I marle howe my modest sister occupies her selfe this morning, that shee cannot waite on me to my coach, as well as her mother. 57

Quick. Mary, madam, shee's married by this time to prentise Goulding. Your father, and some one more, stole to church with 'hem in all the haste, that the cold meat left at your wedding might serve to furnish their nuptiall table.[1] 61

Gyr. There's no base fellowe, my father, nowe ; but hee's eene fit to father such a daughter : he must call me daughter no more now : but *Madam*, and *please you, Madam ;* and *please your worship, Madam*, indeede. Out upon him ! marry his daughter to a base prentise ! 66

Mist. Touch. What should one doe ? Is there no lawe for one that marries a womans daughter against her will ? Howe shall we punish him, madam ?

Gyr. As I am a lady, an't would snowe, wee'd[2] so peble 'hem with snowe bals as they come from church ; but, sirra Franck Quicksilver,— 72

Quick. I, madam.

Gir. Dost remember since thou and I clapt what d'ye cal'ts in the garrat ?

Quick. I know not what you meane, madam.

Gyr. His head as white as mylke,
All flaxen was his haire ;
But now he is dead, 80
And laid in his bedd,
And never will come againe.

God be at your labour ![3]

[1] Cf. *Hamlet* I, ii, 180. [2] Q 3, Q 4, 'weele.' [3] Cf. *Hamlet* IV, v, 190.

Enter TOUCH. GOUL. MILD. *with rosemary.*

Pet. Was there ever such a lady ?

Quic. See, madam, the bride and bridegrome ! 84

Gyr. Gods my precious ! God give you joy, Mistrisse What lacke you ![1] Now out upon thee, baggage ! My sister married in a taffeta hat ! Mary, hang you ! Westward with a wanion[2] te'yee ! Nay, I have done we ye, minion, then, y'faith ; never looke to have my countenance any more, nor any thing I can do for thee. Thou ride in my coach, or come downe to my castle ! fie upon thee ! I charge thee in my ladiships name, call me sister no more. 91

Touch. An't please your worship, this is not your sister : this is my daughter, and she call[3] me father, and so does not your ladyship, an't please your worship, madam.

Mist. Touch. No, nor she must not call thee father by heraldrie, because thou mak'st thy prentise thy sonne as wel as she. Ah, thou misproude prentise ! dar'st thou presume to marry a ladies sister ?

Gou. It pleas'd my master, forsooth, to embolden me with his favour ; and though I confesse my selfe farre unworthie so worthy a wife (beeing in part her servant, as I am your prentise) yet (since I may say it without boasting) I am borne a gentleman, and by the trade I have learn'd of my master (which I trust taints not my blood), able, with mine owne industrie and portion, to maintaine your daughter, my hope is, heaven will so blesse our humble beginning, that in the end I shalbe no disgrace to the grace with which my master hath bound me his double prentise. 106

Touch. Master me no more, sonne, if thou think'st me worthy to be thy father.

Gry. Sunne ! Now, good Lord, how he shines, and you marke him ! Hee's a gentleman ! 110

Go[*u*] I, indeede, madam, a gentleman borne.

Pet. Never stand a' your gentrye, M[aster] Bridgegrome ; if your legges be no better then your armes, you'le be able to stand up on neither shortly.

Touch. An't please your good worshippe, sir, there are two sorts of gentlemen. 116

[1] The London shopkeeper's regular cry. Cf. I, i.
[2] with a vengeance. [3] So Q 2 ; Q 3, Q 4, 'cals.'

Pet. What meane you, sir ?

Touch. Bold to put off my hat to your worshippe——

Pet. Nay, pray forbeare, sir, and then foorth with your two sorts of gentlemen.

Touch. If your worship will have it so ! I saye there are two sorts of gentlemen. There is a gentleman artificiall, and a gentleman naturall. Now though your worship be a gentleman naturall[1]— *Worke upon that now.*

Quick. Well said, olde Touchstone[2] ; I am proude to heare thee enter a set speech, yfaith ; forth, I beseech thee.

Touch. Cry you mercie, sir, your worship's a gentleman I doe not know. If you bee one of my acquaintance, y'are very much disguisde, sir.

Quick. Go too, old quipper ; forth with thy speech, I say.

Touch. What, sir, my speeches were ever in vaine to your gratious worship ; and therefore, till I speake to you gallantry indeed, I will save my breath for my broth anon. Come, my poore sonne and daughter, let us hide our selves in our poore humilitie, and live safe Ambition consumes it selfe with the very show. *Worke upon that now.*

[*Exeunt* TOUCHSTONE, GOULDING, *and* MILDRED.]

Gyr. Let him goe, let him goe, for Gods sake ! let him make his prentise his sonne, for Gods sake ! give away his daughter, for Gods sake ! and when they come a begging to us for Gods sake, let's laugh at their good husbandry for Gods sake. Farewell, sweet knight, pray thee make haste after.

Pet. What shall I say ? I would not have thee goe.

Quick. Now, O now, I must depart,
Parting though it absence move.[3]

This dittie, knight, doe I see in thy lookes in capitall letters.
What a grief tis to depart, and leave the flower that has my hart!
My sweete ladie, and alacke for woe, why should we part so ?
Tell truth, knight, and shame all dissembling lovers ; does not your paine lye on that side ?

[1] a fool. [2] Q 3, Q 4, 'Touch.'
[3] Mis-quoted from Dowland's *First Book of Songs* (1597).

Pet. If it doe, canst thou tell me how I may cure it ?

Quick. Excellent easily. Divide your selfe in two halfes, just by the girdlestead ;[1] send one halfe with your lady, and keepe the tother yourselfe ; or else doe as all true lovers doe, part with your heart, and leave your bodie behinde. I have seen't done a hundred times : tis as easie a matter for a lover to part without a heart from his sweete heart and he nere the worse, as for a mouse to get from a trappe and leave her taile behind him. See, here comes the writings.

Enter SECURITIE, *with a* Scrivener.

Secu. Good morrow to my worshipfull ladie. I present your ladishippe with this writing, to which if you please to set your hand with your knights, a velvet gowne shall attend your journey, a' my credite.

Gir. What writing is it, knight ?

Petrenell. The sale, (sweete heart,) of the poore tenement I tolde thee off, onely to make a little money to sende thee downe furniture for my castle, to which my hand shall lead thee.

Gyr. Very well. Now give me your pen, I pray.

Qui. It goes downe without chewing, y'faith. [*Aside.*]

Scrive. Your worships deliver this as your deede ?

Ambo. Wee doe.

Gyr. So now, knight, farewell[2] till I see thee.

Pet. All farewell to my sweet heart !

Mistris Touch. God-boye, sonne knight.

Pet. Farewell, my good mother.

Gyr. Farewell, Francke ; I would faine take thee downe if I could.

Quicksilver. I thanke your good ladiship ; farewell, Mistris Syndifie.

[*Exeunt all but* PETRONELL, QUICKSILVER, *and* SECURITIE]

Pet. O tedious voyage, whereof there is no ende ! What will they thinke of me ?

Quick. Thinke what they list. They long'd for a vagarie into the countrie, and now they are fitted. So a woman marry to ride in a coach, she cares not if she ride to her ruine. Tis the great ende of

[1] The place where the girdle is worn, the waist.

[2] Q 4, 'farwell.'

many of their mariages. This is not first time a lady has ridde a false journie in her coach, I hope.

Pet. Nay, tis no matter, I care little what they thinke; hee that wayes mens thoughts has his handes full of nothing. A man, in the course of this worlde, should bee like a surgeons instrument, worke in the woundes of others, and feele nothing himselfe. The sharper and subtler, the better.

Quicksilver. As it falles out nowe, knight, you shall not neede to devise excuses, or endure her outcryes, when shee returnes; wee shall now bee gone before where they can not reache us.

Petronell. Well, my kinde compere, you have now th' assurance we both can make you; let mee now entreate you, the money wee agreed on may bee brought to the Blewe Ancor, nere to Billings-gate by six a clocke; where I and my cheife friends, bound for this voyadge, will with feastes attend you.

Secu. The money, my most honorable compere, shall without fayle observe your appointed howre.

Pet. Thankes, my deare gossip. I must now impart
To your approved love, a loving secret,
As one on whome my life doth more relie
In friendly trust then any man alive.
Nor shall you be the chosen secretarie
Of my affections for affection onely:
For I protest (if God blesse my returne)
To make you partner in my actions gaine
As deepely as if you had ventur'd with me
Halfe my expences. Know then, honest gossip,
I have injoyed with such divine contentment
A gentlewomans bedde whome you well knowe,
That I shall nere enjoy this tedious voiage,
Nor live the lest part of the time it asketh,
Without her presence; so *I thirst and hunger*
To taste the deare feast of her companie.
And if the hunger and the thirst you vow
(As my sworne gossip,) to my wished good
Be, (as I knowe it is,) unfainde and firme,
Doe mee an easie favour in your power.

Secur. Bee sure, brave gossip, all that I can doe,
To my best nerve,[1] is wholly at your service :
Who is the woman, (first,) that is your friend ?
Pet. The woman is your learned counsailes wife,
The lawyer, Maister Bramble ; whome would you
Bring out this even in honest neighbour-hood,
To take his leave with you, of me your gossip,
I, in the meane time, will send this my friende
Home to his house, to bring his wife disguis'd,
Before his face, into our companie ;
For love hath made her looke for such a wile,
To free her from his[2] tyranous jelosie.
And I would take this course before another,
In stealing her away, to make us sport,
And gull his circumspection the more grosely ;
And I am sure that no man like your selfe
Hath credite with him to entice his jelosie
To so long staye abrode as may give time
To her enlardgment in such safe disguise.
Secu. A prettie, pithie, and most pleasant project !
Who would not straine a point of neighbourhood
For such a point de-vice ? that, as the shippe
Of famous Draco[3] went about the world,
Will wind about the lawyer, compassing
The world him selfe ; he hath it in his armes,
And that's enough for him, without his wife.
A lawyer is ambitious, and his head
Cannot bee prais'de nor rais'de too high,
With any forcke of highest knaverye.
Ile goe fetche her straight. *Exit* SECURITIE.
Per. So, so. Now, Franke, goe thou home to his house,
Stead of his lawyers, and bring his wife hether,
Who, just like to the lawyers wife is prison'd
With [h]is[4] sterne usurous jelosie, which could never
Be over reacht thus but with over-reaching.

[1] to the best of my power. [2] Q 3, 'this.'
[3] Sir Francis Drake's ship was preserved at Deptford to commemorate his achievement. See III, iii. [4] Q 2 misprints 'eis' ; Q 3, 'eies' ; Q 4, 'eyes.'

Enter SECURITIE.

Secu. And, M[aister] Francis, watch you th' instant time
To *enter* with his *exit*: 't wilbe rare,
To finde[1] horn'd beastes, a cammell and a lawyer!
Quickesilver. How the olde villaine joyes in villany!
Enter SECUR.[2]
Secu. And harke you, gossip, when you have her here,
Have your bote ready, shippe her to your ship
With utmost haste, lest Maister Bramble stay you.
To o're reach that head that outreacheth all heads?
Tis a trick rampant!—tis a very quiblyn![3]
I hope this harvest to pitch cart with lawyers,
Their heads wil be so forked. *This slie tooche*
Will get apes to invent a number such. *Exit.*
Quick. Was ever rascall honied so with poyson?

He that delights in slavish avarice,
Is apt to joy in every sort of vice.

Wel, Ile go fetch his wife, whilst he the lawyers.
Pet. But stay, Franck, lets thinke how we may disguise her upon this sodaine.
Quick. Gods me, there's the mischiefe! But harke you, here's an excellent device: fore God, a rare one! I will carry her a saylers gowne and cap, and cover her, and a players beard.
Pet. And what upon her head?
Quick. I tell you, a sailers cap! Slight, God forgive mee! what kind of figent[4] memorie have you?
Pet. Nay, then, what kinde of figent wit hast thou?
A saylers cap?—how shall she put it off
When thou presentst her to our companie?
Quick. Tush, man, for that, make her a sawcie sayler.
Pet. Tush, tush! tis no fit sawce for such sweete mutton. I know not what t' advise.

[1] So Q 2, Q 3; Q 4, 'find'; modern editors, 'two fine.'
[2] Modern editors mark an exit for Securitie a line before; but the stage-direction evidently means, as in previous instances, that Securitie goes to the back of the stage and returns again to the front.
[3] trick. [4] fidgety, restless, volatile.

Enter SECUR. *with his wives gowne.*

Secur. Knight, knight, a rare devise!
Pet. Sownes, yet againe!
Quick. What stratagem have you now?
Secur. The best that ever—You talkt of disguising?
Pet. I, mary, gossip, thats our present care.
Secur. Cast care a way then; here's the best device
For plaine Security, (for I am no better),
I think, that ever liv'd: here's my wives gowne,
Which you may put upon the lawyer's wife,
And which I brought you, sir, for two great reasons;
One is, that Maister Bramble may take hold
Of some suspition that it is my wife,
And gird me so perhaps with his law wit;[1]
The other (which is pollicie indeede)
Is that my wife may now be tyed at home,
Having no more but her old gowne abroade,
And not showe me a quirck, while I fyrke[2] others.
Is not this rare?
Ambo. The best that ever [w]as.[3]
Secur. Am I not borne to furnish gentlemen?
Pet. O my deare gossip!
Secur. Well, hold, Maister Francis; watch when the lawyer's out, and put it in. And now I will go fetch him. *Exit.*
Quick. O my dad! 'he goes as twere the devill to fetch the lawyer; and devill shall he be, if hornes wil[4] make him.

[*Re-enter* SECURITIE.]

Pet. Why, how now, gossip? why stay you there musing?
Secur. A toye, a toy runns in my head, yfaith.
Quick. A pox of that head! is there more toyes yet?
Pet. What is it, pray thee, gossip?
Secur. Why, sir, what if you should slip away now with my wives best gowne, I having no securitie for it?

[1] With this line the duplicate pages begin in the S.K. copy.
[2] cheat. [3] Q 1, Q 3, Q 4, 'was'; Q 2 misprints 'shas.'
[4] Q 1, 'will.' There are other differences in spelling, capitalization, punctuation, and arrangement of lines showing that the pages were re-set for Q 2.

Quick. For that I hope, dad, you will take our words.
Secur. I, by th' masse, your word, thats a proper staffe
For wise Security to leane upon!
But tis no matter, once Ile trust my name
On your crackt credits; let it take no shame.
Fetch the wench, Franck. *Exit.*
Quick. Ile wait upon you, sir,
And fetch[1] you over. You were nere so fetcht.[2]
Go to the taverne, knight; your followers
Dare not be drunke, I thinke, before their captaine. *Exit.*
Pet. Would I might lead them to no hotter servise
Till our *Virginian* gould were in our purses! *Exit.*

[Actus Tertii Scena Tertia.]

Enter SEAGULL, SPENDALL, *and* SCAPETHRIFT, *in the Taverne, with a* Drawer.

Sea. Come, drawer, pierce your neatest hogsheades, and lets have cheare, not fit for your Billingsgate taverne, but[3] for our Virginian colonel; he wilbe here instantly.
Draw. You shall have all things fit, sir; please you have any more wine?[4]
Spend. More wine, slave! Whether we drinke it or no, spill it, and drawe more.
Scap. Fill all the pottes in your house with all sorts of licour, and let 'hem waite on us here like souldiers in their pewter coates; and though we doe not employe them now, yet wee will maintaine 'hem till we doe.
Draw. Said like an honourable captaine; you shall have all you can command, sir. *Exit* Drawer.
Sea. Come, boyes, Virginia longs till we share the rest of her maiden-head.
Spend. Why, is she inhabited already with any English?

[1] escort. [2] deceived. [3] Q 2, misprints 'bnt.'
[4] E 3, *recto*, beginning at III. ii. 296, *And gird me so*, ends here in both Q 1 and Q 2.

Sea. A whole country of English is there, man, bred of those that were left there in 79.[1] They have married with the Indians, and make 'hem bring forth as beautifull faces as any we have in England; and therefore the Indians are so in love with 'hem that all the treasure they have they lay at their feete.

Scap. But is there such treasure there, captaine, as I have heard?

Sea. I tell thee, golde is more plentifull there then copper is with us; and for as much redde copper as I can bring, Ile have thrice the waight in golde. Why, man, all their dripping pans and their chamber pottes are pure gold; and all the chaines with which they chaine up their streetes are massie golde; all the prisoners they take are fettered in gold; and for rubies and diamonds, they goe forth on holydayes and gather 'hem by the sea-shore, to hang on their childrens coates, and sticke in their capps, as commonly as our children weare saffron guilt brooches and groates with hoales in 'hem.[2]

Scap. And is it a pleasant countrie withall?

Sea. As ever the sunne shinde on; temperate and full of all sorts of excellent viands; wilde boare is as common there as our tamest bacon is here; venison as mutton. And then you shall live freely there, without sargeants, or courtiers, or lawyers, or intelligencers.[3] Then for your meanes to advancement, there it is simple, and not preposterously mixt. You may be an alderman there, and never be scavinger: you may be any other officer,[4] and never be a slave. You may come to preferment enough, and never be a pandar; to riches and for[t]une[5] inough, and have never the more villany nor the lesse wit.[6] Besides, there we shall have no

[1] The first Virginian settlement was in 1585.

[2] This whole speech is a free rendering of a passage in More's *Utopia*.

[3] Q 1 has the following, which is omitted in subsequent issues: 'onely a few industrious Scots perhaps, who indeed are disperst over the face of the whole earth. But as for them, there are no greater friends to English men and England, when they are out an't, in the world, then they are. And for my part, I would a hundred thousand of 'hem were there, for wee are all one countreymen now, yee know, and wee shoulde finde ten times more comfort of them there then wee doe heere.' E 3 *verso* ends with *English* and E 4 *recto* begins with *men* in Q 1. In Q 2 the last word on E 3 *verso* is *preposterously*.

[4] So Qq 2–4; Q 1, 'a nobleman.'

[5] Q 2 misprints 'forune.'

[6] Speech ends here in Q 1, the rest being omitted.

more law then conscience, and not too much of either ; serve God inough, eate and drinke inough, and *inough is as good as a feast.* 45

Spend. Gods me ! and how farre is it thether ?

Sea. Some six weekes sayle, no more, with any indifferent good winde. And if I get to any part of the coaste of Affrica, Ile saile thether with any winde ; or when I come to Cape Finister, ther's a foreright winde continuall[y][1] wafts us till we come at Virginia. See, our collonell's come. 51

Enter Sir PETRONELL *with his followers.*[2]

Petr. Well mette, good Captaine Seagull, and my noble gentlemen ! Nowe the sweete houre of our freedome is at hand. Come, drawer, fill us some carowses, and prepare us for the mirth that will be occasioned presently. Here will be a prety wenche, gentlemen, that will beare us company all our voyage. 56

Sea. Whatsoever she be, here's to her health, noble colonell, both with cap and knee.

Petr. Thankes, kinde Captaine Seagull. Shee's one I love dearely, and must not bee knowne till wee bee free from all that knowe us. And so, gentlemen, heer's to her health. 61

Ambo. Let it come, worthy collonell ; *Wee doe hunger and thirst for it.*

Pet. Afore heaven, you have hitte the phrase of one that her presence will touch from the foote to the forehead, if ye knew it.[3]

Spend. Why, then, we will joyne his forehead with her health, sir ; and Captaine Scapethrift, here's to 'hem both.[4] 67

Enter SECURITIE *and* BRAMBLE.

Secu. See, see, Maister Bramble ! Fore heaven ! their voyage cannot but prosper, they are o' their knees for successe to it !

Bram. And they pray to god Bacchus.

Secu. God save my brave colonell, with all his tall captaines and corporalls. See, sir, my worshipfull learned counsaile, M[aster][5] Bramble, is come to take his leave of you. 73

Pet. Worshipfull M[aster] Bramble, how farre doe you drawe us

[1] Q 1 'continually.' Q 2, 'continuall.'
[2] Q 1 omits last three words.
[3] E 4 *recto* ends, Q 1.
[4] E 4 *recto* ends ', Q 2.
[5] In this and in subsequent cases Q 1 has 'Maister,' Q 2, 'M.'

into the sweete bryer of your kindnesse! Come, Captain Seagull, another health to this rare Bramble, that hath never a pricke about him.

Sea. I pledge his most smooth disposition, sir. Come, Maister Securitie, bend your supporters, and pleadge this notorious health here.

Secu. Bend you yours likewise, M[aster] Bramble; for it is you shal pleadge me.

Sea. Not so, M[aster] Securitie; hee must not pleadge his owne health.

Secu. No, Maister Captaine?

Enter QUICKESILVER, *with* WINNY *disguis'd.*

Why, then, here's one is fitly come to doe him that honour.

Quick. Here's the gentlewoman your cosin, sir, whom with much entreatie I have brought to take her leave of you in a taverne; asham'd whereof, you must pardon her if she put not off her maske.

Pet. Pardon mee, sweete cosen; my kinde desire to see you before I went, made mee so importunate to entreat your presence here.

Secu. How now, M[aster] Frances, have you honour'd this presence with a faire gentlewoman?

Quick. Pray, sir, take you no notice of her, for she will not be knowne to you.

Secu. But my learn'd counsaile, M[aster] Bramble here, I hope may know her.

Quick. No more then you, sir, at this time; his learning must pardon her.

Secu. Well, God pardon her for my part, and I doe, Ile bee[1] sworne; and so, Maister Francis, here's to all that are going eastward to night towardes Cuckolds Haven; [2] and so to the health of Maister Bramble.

Quick. I pledge it, sir. Hath it gone rounde, Captaines?

Sea. It has, sweet Franck; and the rounde closes with thee.

Quic. Wel, sir, here's to al eastward and toward cuckolds, and so to famouse Cuckolds Haven, so fatally remembred. *Surgit.*

[1] E 4 *verso* ends, Q 1 and Q 2.

[2] On the Thames, below Rotherhithe, so-called, according to the legend, because of the price paid to King John for the original grant of land.

Pet. Nay, pray thee, cuz, weepe not ; gossip Securitie.

Secu. I, my brave gossip.

Pet. A word, I beseech you, sir. Our friende, Mistresse Bramble here, is so dissolv'd in teares, that shee drownes the whole mirth of our meeting. Sweete gossip, take her aside and comfort her.

Secu. Pittie of all true love, Mistresse Bramble ; what, weepe you to enjoy your love ? Whats the cause, ladie ? Ist because your husband is so neere, and your heart earnes [1] to have a litle abus'd him ? Ahlas, ahlas ! the offence is too common to be respected. So great a grace hath seldome chanc'd to so unthankfull a woman ; to be rid of an old jelous dotard, to enjoy the armes of a loving young knight, that when your prick-lesse Bramble is withered with griefe of your losse, will make you floorish a fresh in the bed of a ladie.

Enter Drawer.

Draw. Sir Petronell, here's one of your water men come to tell you it wil be flood these three houres ; and that t'will bee dangerous going against the tyde, for the skie is over cast, and there was a porcpisce[2] even now seene at London bridge, which is alwaies the messenger of tempests, he sayes.

Pet. A porçpisce !—whats that to th' purpose ? Charge him, if he love his life, to attend us ; can we not reach Blacke wall (where my ship lyes) against the tide, and in spight of tempests ? Captaines and gentlemen, wee'll begin a new ceremony at the beginning of our voyage, which I beleeve will be followd of all future adventurers.

Sea. Whats that, good colonell ?

Pet. This, Captaine Seagull. Wee'll have our provided supper brought abord Sir Francis Drakes ship, that hath compast the world ; where, with full cupps and banquets, we wil doe sacrifice for a prosperous voyage. My minde gives me that some good spirits of the waters should haunt the desart ribs of her, and be auspicious to all that honour her memorie, and will with like orgies enter their voyages.

Sea. Rarely conceipted ! One health more to this motion, and aboard to performe it. He that wil not this night be drunke, may he never be sober.

[1] yearns. [2] porpoise.

They compasse in WYNNIFRID, *daunce the dronken round, and drinke carowses.*

Bram. Sir Petronell and his honourable captaines, in these young services we olde servitors may bee spard. We onely came to take our leaves, and with one health to you all, Ile be bold to do so. Here, neighbour Securitie, to the health of Sir Petronell and all his captaines.

Secu. You must bend then, Maister Bramble; so now I am for you. I have one corner of my braine, I hope, fit to beare one carouse more. Here, lady, to you that are encompast there, and are asham'd of our company. Ha, ha, ha! by my troth, (my learn'd counsaile, Maister Bramble,) my minde runnes so of Cuckolds-haven to night, that my head runnes over with admiration.

Bram. But is not that your wife, neighbour?

Secu. No, by my troth, Maister Bramble. Ha, ha, ha! A pox of all Cuckolds-havens, I say!

Bram. A' my faith, her garments are exceeding like your wives.

Secu. Cucullus non facit monachum, my learned counsaile; all are not cuckolds that seeme so, nor all seeme not that are so. Give me your hand, my learn'd counsaile; you and I will supp some where else then at Sir Frances Drakes shipp to night. Adue, my noble gossip.

Bram. Good fortune, brave captaines; faire skies God send yee!

Omnes. Farewell, my harts, farewell!

Pet. Gossip, laugh no more at Cuckolds-haven, gossip.

Secu. I have done, I have done, sir; will you leade, Maister Bramble? Ha, ha, ha!

Pet. Captaine *Seagull*, charge a boate.

Omnes. A boate, a boate, a boate! *Exeunt.*

Draw. Y'are in a proper taking indeed, to take a boate, especially at this time of night, and against tide and tempest. They say yet, *drunken men never take harme.* This night will trie the truth of that proverbe. *Exit.*

[Actus Tertii Scena Quarta.

Securitie's House.]

Enter SECURITIE.

Secu. What, Winnie !—wife, I say ! out dores at this time ! where should I seeke the gad-flye ?—Billingsgate, Billingsgate, Billingsgate ! Shee's gone with the knight, shee's gone with the knight ; woe be to thee, Billingsgate ! A boate ! a boate ! a boate ! a full hunderd markes for a boate ! [1]

Actus Quarti[2] Scena Prima.

Enter SLITGUT, *with a paire of oxe hornes, discovering Cuckolds-Haven above.*

Slit. All haile, faire haven of married men onely ! for there are none but married men cuckolds. For my part, I presume not to arrive here, but in my maisters behalfe (a poore butcher of East-cheape), who sends me to set up (in honour of Saint Luke [3]) these necessarie ensignes of his homage. And up I got this morning, thus early, to get up to the toppe of this famous tree, that is all fruite and no leaves,[4] to advance this crest of my maisters occupation. Up then ; heaven and Saint Luke blesse me, that I be not blowne into the Thames as I clime, with this furious tempest. Slight ! I thinke the devill be abroade, in likenesse of a storme, to rob me of my hornes ! Harke how he roares ! Lord ! what a coyle the Thames keepes ! she beares some unjust burthen, I beleeve, that she kicks and curvets thus to cast it. Heaven blesse all honest passengers that are upon her back now ; for the bitte is out of her mouth, I see, and shee will runne away with 'hem ! So, so, I thinke I have made it looke the right way. It runnes against London-

[1] Cf. *Richard III*, V, iv, 7. [2] Qq., 'quartus.'

[3] On St. Luke's Day, Oct. 18, King John's grant was commemorated by the landholder's walking round with a pair of horns on his head.

[4] Alongdole with a pair of horns at the top used to mark the place.

Bridge, (as it were,) even full butt. And now let mee discover from this loftie prospect, what pranckes the rude Thames playes in her desperate lunacie. O me! here's a boate has beene cast away hard by. Alas, alas, see one of her passengers labouring for his life to land at this haven here! Pray heaven he may recover it! His next land is even just under me. Hold out yet a little, whatsoever thou art; pray, and take a good heart to thee. Tis a man; take a mans heart to thee; yet a little further, get up a thy legges, man; now tis shallowe enough.[1] So, so, so! Alas! hee's downe againe. Hold thy winde, father: tis a man in a[2] night-cappe. So! now hee's got up againe; now hee's past the worst: yet, thankes be to heaven, he comes toward me pretie and strongly.

Enter SECURITIE *without his hat, in an night-cap, wett band, &c.*

Secu. Heaven, I beseech thee, how have I offended thee! where am I cast ashore nowe, that I may goe a righter way home by land? Let me see; O I am scarce able to looke about me: where is there any sea-marke that I am acquainted withall?

Slit. Looke up, father; are you acquainted with this marke?

Secu. What! landed at Cuckolds Haven! Hell and damnation! I will runne backe and drowne my selfe. *He falles downe.*

Slit. Poore man, how weake hee is! the weake water has[3] washt away his strength.

Sec. Landed at Cuckolds Haven! If it had not bin to die twentie times a live, I should never have scapt death! I will never arise more; I will grovell here and eate durt till I be choak't; I will make the gentle earth doe that which the cruell water has[3] denied me!

Slit. Alas, good father, be not so desperate! Rise man; if you will, Ile come presently and lead you home.

Secu. Home! shall I make any know my home that has knowne me thus abrode? How lowe shall I crouch away, that no eye may see mee? I will creepe on the earth while I live, and never looke heaven in the face more. *Exit creep*[*ing.*]

Slit. What young planet raignes now, troe,[4] that olde men are so foolish? What desperate yong swaggerer would have bin abroad

[1] So Q 3; Q 4, 'enought.' [2] So Q 3, Q 4; Q 2, 'an.'
[3] So Q 4; Q 2, Q 3, 'ha's.' [4] trow ye?

such a wether as this, upon the water ? Ay me, see a nother remnant of this unfortunate ship-wrack ! or some other. A woman, yfaith, a woman ; though it be almost at S. Kath'rins,[1] I discerne it to be a woman, for al her bodie is above the water, and her clothes swim about her most handsomely. O, they beare her up most bravely ! Has not a woman reason to love the taking up of her cloathes the better while she lives, for this ? Alas, how busie the rude Thames is about her ! A pox a' that wave ! it wil drowne her, yfaith, twill drowne her ! Crye God mercie, shee has scapt it ! I thanke heaven she has scapt it ! O how she swimmes like a mermaide ![2] Some vigilant body looke out and save her. That's well said ; just where the priest fell in, there's one sets downe a ladder, and goes to take her up. Gods blessing a thy heart, boy ! Now take her up in thy armes and to bedde with her. Shee's up, shee's up ! Shee's a beautifull woman, I warrant her ; the billowes durst not devoure her. 65

Enter the Drawer *in the Taverne before, with* WYNNYFRID.

Draw. How fare you now, lady ?

Wynn. Much better, my good friende, then I wishe ; as one desperate of her fame, now my life is preserv'd.

Draw. Comfort your selfe : that Power that preserved you from death can likewise defend you from infamie, howsoever you deserve it. Were not you one that tooke bote late this night, with a knight and other gentlemen at Billingsgate ? 72

Wynn. Unhappy that I am, I was.

Draw. I am glad it was my good happe to come downe thus farre after you, to a house of my friends heere in S. Kath'rines, since I am now happily made a meane to your rescue from the ruthlesse tempest, which (when you tooke bote) was so extreame, and the gentleman that brought you forth so desperate and unsober, that I fear'd long ere this I should heare of your ship-wracke, and therefore (with little other reason) made thus farre this way. And this I must tell you, since perhappes you may make use of it, there was left behinde you at our taverne, brought by a porter (hyr'd by the

[1] Formerly a reformatory for fallen women.

[2] Joseph Quincy Adams, junr., in *Modern Language Notes*, vol. xxiv, p. 179, suggests that this passage is intended to parody the account of the death of Ophelia in *Hamlet* IV, vii.

yong gentleman that brought you), a gentlewomans gowne, hat, stockings, and shooes; which if they be yours, and you please to shift you, taking a hard bed here in this house of my friend, I will presently goe fetch you.

Wynn. Thanks, my good friend, for your more then good newes. The gowne with all things bounde with it are myne; which if you please to fetch as you have promist, I will bouldly receive the kinde favour you have offered till your returne; intreating you, by all the good you have done in preserving me hitherto, to let none take knowledge of what favour you doe me, or where such a one as I am bestowed, lest you incurre mee much more damage in my fame than you have done me pleasure in preserving my life.

Draw. Come in, lady, and shift your selfe; resolve that nothing but your owne pleasure shall bee usde in your discovery.

Wynn. Thanke you, good friende; the time may come, I shall requite you. *Exeunt.*

Slit. See, see, see! I hold my life, there's some other a taking up at Wapping now! Looke, what a sort of people cluster about the gallows there! in good troth it is so. O me! a fine yong gentleman! What, and taken up at the gallowes! Heaven graunt he be not one day taken downe there! A my life, it is ominous! Well, hee is delivered for the time. I see the people have all left him; yet will I keepe my prospect a while, to see if any more have bin shipwrackt.[1]

Enter Quick. *bareheade.*

Quick. Accurs't that ever I was sav'd or borne!
How fatall is my sad arivall here!
As if the starres and Providence spake to mee,
And sayd, The drift of all unlawfull courses
(What ever ende they dare propose themselves,
In frame of their licentious policyes),
In the firme order of just Destinie,
They are the ready highwayes to our ruines.

[1] Slitgut keeps his place in the balcony or some more elevated place above the stage, and the scene proceeds below. See G. F. Reynolds, *Some Principles of Elizabethan Staging*, in *Modern Philology*, vol. iii, p. 78, and Victor E. Albright, *The Shakesperian Stage*, p. 159.

I know not what to doe ; my wicked hopes
Are, with this tempest, torne up by the rootes.
O, which way shall I bend my desperate steppes,
In which unsufferable shame and miserie
Will not attend them ? I will walke this banck,
And see if I can meete the other reliques
Of our poore ship-wrackt crew, or heare of them.
The knight, (alas) was so farre gone with wine,
And th' other three, that I refus'de their boate,
And tooke the haplesse woman in another,
Who cannot but be suncke, what ever Fortune
Hath wrought upon the others desperate lives. [*Exit.*]

Enter PETRONEL, *and* SEAGUL, *bareheaded.*

Pet. Zounds ! Captaine, I tell thee we are cast up o'the coast of France. Sfoote ! I am not drunke still, (I hope). Dost remember where we were last night ?

Sea. No, by my troth, knight, not I ; but me thinkes wee have bin a horrible while upon the water and in the water.

Pet. Aye me ! we are undone for ever ! Hast any money about thee ?

Sea. Not a pennie, by Heaven !

Pet. Not a pennie betwixt us, and cast a shore in France !

Sea. Faith, I cannot tell that ; my braines nor mine eyes are not mine owne yet.

Enter 2 Gentlemen.

Pet. Sfoote ! wilt not beleeve me ? I know't by th' elevation of the *pole*, and by the altitude and latitude of the climate. See, here comes a coople of French gentlemen ; I knew we were in France ; dost thou think our Englishmen are so Frenchyfied, that a man knowes not whether he be in France or in England, when he sees 'hem ? What shal we doe ? We must eene to 'hem, and intreat some reliefe of 'hem. Life is sweete, and we have no other meanes to relieve our lives now but their charities.

Sea. Pray you, do you beg on 'hem then ; you can speak French.

Pet. Monsieur, plaist il d'avoir pitie de nostre grande infortunes. Je suis un povre chevalier d'Angleterre qui a souffri l'infortune de naufrage.

1 *Gent. Un povre chevalier d'Angliterre?*

Pet. Oui, monsieur, il est trop vraye; mais vous scaves bien nous somes toutes subject a fortune.

2 *Gent.* A poore knight of England?—a poore knight of Windsore,[1] are you not? Why speake you this broken French, when y'are a whole English man? On what coaste are you, thinke you?

Pet. On the coast of France, sir.

1 *Gent.* On the cost of Doggs, sir; y'are ith' Ile a Doggs, I tell you. I see y'ave bene washt in the Thames here, and I beleeve ye were drownd in a taverne before, or els you would never have tooke bote in such a dawning as this was. Farewel, farewel; we wil not know you for shaming of you. I ken the man weel; hee's one of my thirty pound knights.[2]

2 *Gent.* No, no, this is he that stole his knighthood o'the grand day for foure pound giving to a page; all the money in's purse, I wot well. *Exeunt.*

Sea. Death! Collonell, I knew you were over shot.[3]

Pet. Sure I thinke now, indeede, Captaine Seagull, we were something overshot.

Enter QUICKSILVER.

What! my sweete Franck Quicksilver! dost thou survive to rejoyce me? But what! no bodie at thy heels, Franck? Ay me! what is become of poore Mistresse Securitie?

Quick. Faith, gone quite from her name, as she is from her fame, I thinke; I left her to the mercie of the water.

Sea. Let her goe, let her goe! Let us go to our ship at Blackwall and shift us.[4]

Pet. Nay, by my troth, let our clothes rotte upon us, and let us rotte in them; twentie to one our ship is attacht by this time.

[1] An ancient foundation for old soldiers, the pensioners being known as 'alms knights' or 'poor knights.'

[2] It is odd that when the satire of the Scots was removed, this remark, evidently spoken by the actor in ridicule of the King's Scotch accent, was allowed to stand. Sneers at the commonness of knighthood are frequent in the literature of the time. Halliwell quotes from Hans Beer Pot (1618):—

> But now, alas! it's growne ridiculous,
> Since bought with money, sold for basest prize,
> That some refuse it, which are counted wise.

[3] drunk. [4] change our clothes.

If we set her not under saile this last tide, I never lookt for any other. Woe, woe is me! what shall become of us? The last money we could make, the greedy Thams has devourde; and if our ship be attach't, there is no hope can relieve us.

Quic. Sfoot, knight! what an un-knightly faintnesse transports thee! Let our ship sinck, and all the world thats without us be taken from us, I hope I have some tricks in this braine of mine shall not let us perish.

Sea. Well said, Francke, yfaith. O my nimble-spirited Quick-silver! Fore God, would thou hadst beene our colonell!

Pet. I like his spirit rarely; but I see no meanes he has to support that spirit.

Quic. Go to, knight! I have more meanes then thou art aware off. I have not liv'd amongst gould-smiths and gould-makers all this while but I have learned something worthy of my time with 'hem. And not to let thee stinck where thou standst, knight, Ile let thee know some of my skill presently.

Sea. Doe, good Francke, I beseech thee.

Quic. I[1] will blanche copper so cunningly that it shall endure all proofes but the test: it shall endure malleation, it shal have the ponderositie of Luna,[2] and the tenacitie of Luna, by no meanes friable.

Pet. Slight! where learn'st thou these tearmes, tro?

Quic. Tush, knight! the tearmes of this arte every ignorant quack-salver is perfect in; but Ile tell you how your selfe shal blanche copper thus cunningly. Take arsnicke, otherwise called realga (which indeede is plaine ratsbane); sublime 'hem three or foure times, then take the sublimate of this realga, and put 'hem into a glasse, into chymia,[3] and let 'hem have a convenient decoction naturall, foure and twentie houres, and he will become perfectly fixt; then take this fixed powder, and project him upon wel-purgd copper, *et habebis magisterium.*[4]

[1] 'I should suppose the following passages relative to changes produced in the external appearance of metals were the work of Jonson, who has displayed much learning on the same subject in his *Alchymist*, where indeed he uses some of the very terms of art which we meet with here.'—Steevens.

[2] silver. [3] Cf. *Alchemist* II, iii, 98. Ha' you set the oile of Luna in kemea?

[4] the philosopher's stone. Cf. *Alchemist* II, v, 35.

Ambo. Excellent Francke, let us hugge thee! 210

Quick. Nay, this I will do besides. Ile take you off twelve-pence from every angell, with a kind of *aquafortis*, and never deface any part of the image.

Pet. But then it will want weight?

Quic. You shall restore that thus: take your *sal achyme* prepar'd, and your distild urine, and let your angels lie in it but foure and twenty howres, and they shall have their perfect weight againe. Come on, now; I hope this is enough to put some spirit into the livers of you; Ile infuse more an other time. We have saluted the proud ayre long enough with our bare skonces.[1] Now will I have you to a wenches house of mine at London, there make shift to shift us, and after, take such fortunes as the stars shal assigne us. 223

Ambo. Notable Franck, we will ever adore thee! *Exeunt.*

Enter Drawer, *with* Wynifrid *new attird.*

Wyn. Nowe, sweete friende, you have brought me nere enough your taverne, which I desired that I might with some colour be seene neare, enquiring for my husband, who, I must tel you, stale[2] thither last night with my wet gowne we have left at your friends; which, to continue your former honest kindnes, let me pray you to keepe close from the knowledge of any: and so, with all vow of your requitall, let me now entreate you to leave me to my womans wit and fortune. 232

Draw. All shall be done you desire; and so all the fortune you can wish for attend you. *Exit* Draw.

Enter Securitie.

Secu. I wil once more to this unhappy taverne before I shift one ragge of me more; that I may there know what is left behind, and what newes of their passengers. I have bought me a hat and band with the little money I had about me, and made the streets a litle leave staring at my night-cap. 239

Win. O, my deare husband! where have you bin to night? All night abroade at tavernes! Rob me of my garments! and fare as one run away from me! Ahlas! is this seemely for a man of your credit, of your age, and affection to your wife?

[1] heads. [2] Q 4, 'stole.'

Secu. What should I say? how miraculously sorts this! was not I at home, and cald thee last night? 245

Win. Yes, sir, the harmelesse sleepe you broke; and my answer to you would have witnest it, if you had had the pacience to have staid and answered me; but your so sodaine retreate[1] made me imagine you were gone to Maister Brambles, and so rested patient and hopefull of your comming againe, till this your unbeleeved absence brought me abroade with no lesse then wonder, to seeke you where the false knight had carried you. 252

Secu. Villaine and monster that I was! Howe have I abus'd thee! I was sodainly gone indeede; for my sodaine jelousie transferred me. I will say no more but this, deare wife, I suspected thee.

Win. Did you suspect me?

Secu. Talke not of it, I beseech thee; I am ashamed to imagine it. I will home, I will home; and every morning on my knees aske thee hartely forgivenes. *Exeunt.* 260

[*Slitgut.*][2] Nowe will I descend my honourable prospect; the farthiest[3] seeing sea marke of the world: noe marvaile, then, if I could see two miles about me.[4] I hope the redde tempests anger be nowe over blowne, which sure, I thinke, Heaven sent as a punishment for prophaning holy Saint Lukes memorie with so ridiculous a custome. Thou dishonest satyre! Farewel to honest married men, farewel to all sorts and degrees of thee! Farewel, thou horne of hunger, that calst th' inns a court to their manger![5] Farewel, thou horne of aboundance, that adornest the headsman[6] of the commonwealth! Farewell, thou horne of direction, that is the cittie lanthorne! Farewell, thou horne of pleasure, the ensigne of the huntsmen! Farewell, thou horne of destinie, th' ensigne of the married man! Farewell, thou horne tree, that bearest nothing but stone fruite! *Exit.* 274

[1] Q 3, 'retreat'; Q 4, 'retrait.'

[2] Not in the Quartos, but obviously required.

[3] So Q 2, Q 3; Q 4, 'farthyest.'

[4] A humorous apology for the inclusion within the same scene of incidents at St. Catherine's, Wapping, the Isle of Dogs, and the neighbourhood of the Billingsgate tavern.

[5] A horn apparently called the barristers to dinner.

[6] The inevitable allusion. Cf. II, iii.

[Actus Quarti Scena Secunda.

Goldsmiths' Row.]

Enter TOUCHSTONE.

Touch. Ha, sirah! thinkes my knight adventurer we can no point of our compasse? Doe wee not knowe north-north-east, north-east *and by east, east and by north,* nor plaine eastward? Ha! have we never heard of Virginia, nor the Cavallaria,[1] not the Colonoria? [1] Can we discover no discoveries? Well, mine errant Sir Flash, and my runnagate Quicksilver, you may drinke dronke, crack cannes, hurle away a browne dozen of Monmouth capps[2] or so, in sea-ceremonie to your *boon voyage;* but for reaching any coast, save the coast of Kent or Essex, with this tide, or with this fleete, Ile be your warrant for a Gravesend tost. There's that gone afore wil stay your admiral and vice-admirall and rere-admirall, were they al (as they are) but one pinnace, and under saile, as wel as a remora,[3] doubt it not; and from this sconce, without eyther pouder or shot. *Worke upon that now.* Nay, and you'll shew trickes, wee'l vie[4] with you a little. My daughter, his lady, was sent eastward by land to a castle of his i' the ayre (in what region I knowe not), and, (as I heare,) was glad to take up her lodging in her coach, she and her two waiting women, her maide, and her mother, like three snailes in a shell, and the coachman a top on 'hem, I thinke. Since they have all found the way back againe by Weeping Crosse; but Ile not see 'hem. And for two on 'hem, madam and her malkin, they are like to bite o' the bridle for William,[5] as the poore horses have done al this while that hurried 'hem, or else go graze o' the common. So should my Dame Touchstone too; but she has bene my crosse these thirty yeares, and Ile now keepe her to fright away sprights, ifaith. I wonder I heare no news of my sonne Goulding. He was sent for to the Guildhall this morning betimes, and I marvaile at the matter; if I had

[1] Latin law terms from colonial title deeds. [2] Worn by sailors.
[3] a barnacle,—which was thought able to stop a ship's progress.
[4] contend,—originally a card term. [5] A proverbial expression for fasting.

not layd up comfort and hope in him, I should grow desperate of al. See, he is come i' my thought![1] How now, sonne? What newes at the Court of Aldermen? 30

Enter GOULDING.

Gould. Troth, sir, an accident somewhat strange, els it hath litle in it worth the reporting.

Touch. What? It is not borrowing of money then?

Gold. No, sir; it hath pleasd the worshipful commoners of the citty to take me one i' their number at presentation of the inquest[2]—

Touch. Ha! 36

Gould. And the alderman of the warde wherein I dwel to appoint me his deputy——

Touch. Howe?

Gold. In which place I have had an oath ministred me, since I went. 41

Touch. Now, my deare and happy sonne, let we[3] kisse thy new worship, and a litle boast mine own happines in thee. What a fortune was it (or rather my judgment, indeed), for me, first to see that in his disposition which a whole citty so conspires to second! Tane into the livory of his company the first day of his freedome! Now (not a weeke maried), chosen commoner and aldermans deputie in a day! Note but the reward of a thrifty course! The wonder of his time! Wel, I will honour M[aster] Alderman for this act (as becomes me), and shall think the better of the Common Councels wisdome and worship, while I live, for thus meeting, or but comming after me, in the opinion of his desert. Forward, my sufficient *sonne!* and as this is the first, so esteeme it the least step to that high and prime honour that expects thee. 54

Goul. Sir, as I was not ambitious of this, so I covet no higher place; it hath dignity enough, if it will but save me from contempt; and I had rather my bearing in this or any other office should adde worth to it then the place give the least opinion to me.

Touch. Excellently spoken! This modest answer of thine blushes, as if it said, I will weare scarlet shortly. Worshipfull sonne! I

[1] at the instant—just as I was thinking about him.
[2] Formerly used for any kind of inquiry.
[3] So Q 2, Q 3; Q 4, 'let me.'

cannot containe my selfe, I must tell thee; I hope to see thee one o' the monuments of our citty, and reckon'd among her worthies, to be remembred the same day with the Lady Ramsey and grave Gresham,[1] when the famous fable of Whittington and the pusse shalbe forgotten, and thou and thy actes become the posies for hospitals; when thy name shall be written upon conduits, and thy deeds plaid i' thy lifetime by the best companies of actors, and be call'd their get-peny. This I divine; this I prophecie. 68

Gold. Sir, engage not your expectation farder then my abilities will answere; I, that know mine owne strengths, feare 'hem; and there is so seldome a losse in promising the least that commonly it brings with it a welcome deceipt. I have other newes for you, sir.

Touch. None more welcome, I am sure? 73

Gould. They have their degree of welcome, I dare affirme. The colonell and all his company, this morning putting forth drunke from Belinsgate, had like to have been cast away o' this side Greenwich; and (as I have intelligence by a false brother) are come dropping to towne like so many masterlesse men, i' their doublets and hose, without hatte, or cloake, or any other—— 79

Touch. A miracle! the justice of Heaven! Where are they? Lets goe presently and lay for 'hem.

Goul. I have done that already, sir, both by constables and other officers, who shall take 'hem at their old Anchor, and with lesse tumult or suspition then if your selfe were seene in't, under coulour of a great presse that is now abroad, and they shall here be brought afore me. 86

Touch. Prudent and politique sonne! Disgrace 'hem all that ever thou canst; their ship I have already arrested. How to my wish it falls out that thou hast the place of a justicer upon 'hem! I am partly glad of the injury done to me, that thou maist punish it. Be severe i' thy[2] place, like a new officer o' the first quarter, unreflected. You heare how our lady is come back with her traine from the invisible castle? 93

Gould. No, where[3] is she?

[1] Lady Ramsey, wife of a Lord Mayor, and a well-known benefactress, and Gresham the founder of the Royal Exchange, were both made characters in the plays of the day. One of these, Heywood's *If you know not me you know nobody*, was extraordinarily popular.

[2] Q 4, 'ithy.' [3] Q 3, 'woere.'

Touch. Within ; but I ha' not seene her yet, nor her mother, who now begins to wish her daughter undub'd, they say, and that she had walkd a foot-pase with her sister. Here they come ; stand back. 98

TOUCHSTONE, Mistresse TOUCHSTONE, GYRTRUDE, GOULDING, MILDRED, SYNDEFIE.

God save your ladiship ; save your good ladiship ! Your ladiship is welcome from your inchanted castell, so are your beautious retinew. I heare your knight errant is travayld on strange adventures. Surely, in my minde, your ladiship hath *fish'd faire, and caught a frog*, as the saying is. 103

Mist. Tou. Speake to your father, madam, and kneele downe.

Gyrt. Kneele ? I hope I am not brought so low yet ; though my knight be run away, and has sold my land, I am a lady stil.

Touch. Your ladiship says true, madam ; and it is fitter and a greater decorum, that I should curtsie to you that are a knights wife, and a lady, then you be brought a' your knees to me, who am a poore cullion[1] and your father. 110

Gyr. Law ! my father knowes his duty.

Mist. Tou. O child !

Touch. And therefore I doe desire your ladiship, my good Lady Flash, in all humility, to depart my obscure cottage, and returne in quest of your bright and most transparent castell, *how ever presently conceald to mortall eyes.* And as for one poore woman of your traine here, I will take that order, she shall no longer be a charge unto you, nor helpe to spend your ladiship ; she shall stay at home with me, and not goe abroad, not put you to the pawning of an odde coach horse or three wheeles, but take part with the Touchstone. If we lacke, we wil not complaine to your ladiship. And so, good madam, with your damoselle here, please you to let us see your straight backs in equipage ; for truly here is no roust for such chickens as you are, or birds o' your feather, if it like your ladiship. 124

Gyrt. Mary, fyste o' your kindnesse ![2] I thought as much. Come away, Sinne, we shall assoone get a fart from a dead man, as a farthing of court'sie here.

[1] base fellow, knave, rascal.
[2] An expression as vulgar as that which follows.

Mild. O, good sister!

Gyrt. Sister, Sir Reverence! Come away, I say. Hunger drops out at his nose.

Goul. O, madam, *Faire words never hurt the tongue.*

Gyrt. How say you by that? You come out with your golde ends now!

M. Tou. Stay, lady-daughter; good husband! 134

Touch. Wife, no man loves his fetters, be they made of gold. I list not ha' my head fastned under my childs girdle; as she has brew'd, so let her drinke, a Gods name. She went witlesse to wedding, now she may goe wisely a begging. It's but honymoone yet with her ladiship; she has coach horses, apparell, jewels, yet left; she needs care for no friends, nor take knowledge of father, mother, brother, sister, or any body. When those are pawn'd or spent, perhaps we shall returne into the list of her acquaintance. 142

Gyrt. I scorne it, ifaith. Come, Sinne. *Exit Gyrt.*

Mi. Tou. O madam, why do you provoke your father thus?

Touch. Nay, nay; eene let pride goe afore, shame wil follow after, I warrant you. Come, why doost thou weepe now? Thou art not the first good cow hast had an ill calfe, I trust. What's the newes with that fellow? 148

Enter Constable.

Goul. Sir, the knight and your man Quickesilver are without; will you ha 'hem brought in?

Touch. O, by any meanes. [*Exit* Constable.] And, sonne, here's a chaire; appeare terrible unto 'hem on the first enter view. Let them behold the melancholy of a magistrate, and taste the fury of a citizen in office. 154

Goul. Why, sir, I can do nothing to 'hem, except you charge 'hem with somwhat.

Touch. I will charge 'hem and recharge 'hem, rather then authority should want foyle to set it of. [*Again offers* Golding *a chair.*]

Gould. No, good sir, I will not.

Touch. Sonne, it is your place; by any meanes—— 160

Goul. Beleeve it, I will not, sir.

Enter Knight Petronell, Quickesilver, Constable, Officers.

Pet. How misfortune pursues us still in our misery!

Quic. Would it had beene my fortune to have beene trust up[1] at Wapping rather then ever ha' come here!

Pet. Or mine to have famisht in the Iland!

Quic. Must Goulding sit upon us?

Const. You might carry an M.[2] under your girdle to Maister Deputis worship.

Goul. What are those, Maister Constable?

Const. And't please your worship, a couple of maisterlesse men I prest for the Low-Countries, sir.

Goul. Why do you not cary 'hem to Bridewell, according to your order, they may be shipt away?

Const. An't please your worship, one of 'hem sayes he is a knight; and we thought good to shew him to your worship, for our discharge.

Goul. Which is he?

Const. This, sir.

Goul. And what's the other?

Const. A knights fellow, sir, an't please you.

Goul. What! a knight and his fellow thus accoutred? Where are their hattes and feathers, their rapiers and their cloakes?

Quic. O, they mock us.

Const. Nay, truely, sir, they had cast both their feathers and hattes too, before wee see 'hem. Here's all their furniture, an't please you, that we found. They say knights are now to be knowne without feathers, like cockrels by their spurres, sir.

Goul. What are their names, say they?

Touch. Very well this. He should not take knowledge of 'hem in his place, indeed. [*Aside.*]

Con. This is Sir Petronell Flash.

Touch. How!

Con. And this, Francis Quickesilver.

Touch. Is't possible? I thought your worship had beene gone for Virginia, sir; you are welcome home, sir. Your worship has made a quick returne, it seemes, and no doubt a good voyage. Nay, pray you be cover'd, sir. How did your bisquet hold out, sir? Me

[1] arrested, or perhaps hanged on the Wapping gallows.
[2] The courtesy of speaking of the magistrate as Master.

thought I had seene this gentleman afore. Good Maister Quicke-silver, how a degree to the southward has chang'd you!

Gould. Doe you know 'hem, father? Forbeare your offers a litle, you shall be heard anon.

Touch. Yes, Maister Deputy; I had a small venture with them in the voyage—a thing cald a sonne in lawe, or so. Officers, you may let 'hem stand alone, they will not runne away; Ile give my word for them. A couple of very honest gentlemen. One of 'hem was my prentise, M[aster] Quicksilver here; and when he had 2 yeare to serve, kept his whore and his hunting nag, would play his 100. pound at gresco,[1] or primero,[1] as familiarly (and al a' my purse) as any bright peice of crimson on 'hem all; had his changable trunks of apparel standing at livery, with his mare, his chest of perfumd linnen, and his bathing tubbs, which when I told him off, why he,—he was a gentleman, and I a poore Cheapeside groome! The remedie was, we must part. Since when, he hath had the gift of gathering up some small parcels of mine, to the value of 500. pound, disperst among my customers, to furnish this his Virginian venture; wherein this knight was the chiefe, Sir Flash—one that married a daughter of mine, ladefied her, turn'd two-thousand poundes worth of good land of hers into cash within the first weeke, bought her a new gowne and a coach; sent her to seeke her fortune by land, whilst himselfe prepared for his fortune by sea; tooke in fresh flesh at Belingsgate, for his owne diet, to serve him the whole voyage—the wife of a certaine usurer cald Securitie, who hath bene the broker for 'hem in all this businesse. Please, Maister Deputy, *worke upon that now.*

Goul. If my worshipfull father have ended.

Touch. I have, it shall please M[aster] Deputy.

Goul. Well then, under correction——

Touch. Now, sonne, come over 'hem with some fine guird, as thus, *Knight, you shall be encountred*, that is, had to the Counter;[2] or, *Quicksilver, I will put you in a crucible*, or so.

Gould. Sir Petronell Flash, I am sory to see such flashes as these proceede from a gentleman of your quality and rancke; for mine own part, I could wish I could say I could not see them; but such

[1] Fashionable gambling games.

[2] The prison for debtors and misdemeanants.

is the misery of magistrates and men in place, that they must not winke at offenders. Take him aside; I wil heare you anone, sir.

Tou. I like this wel, yet; there's some grace i' the knight left, he cries.

Goul. Francis Quick-silver, would God thou hadst turnd quack-salver,[1] rather then run into these dissolute and lewd courses! It is great pitty; thou art a proper yong man, of an honest and cleane face, somewhat neere a good one; (God hath done his part in thee), but thou haste made too much, and beene to proud of that face, with the rest of thy body; for maintenance of which in neate and garish attire, (onely to be look'd upon by some light houswifes,) thou hast prodigally consumed much of thy masters estate; and being by him gently admonish'd at several times, hast returnd thy selfe haughty and rebellious in thine answers, thundring out uncivill comparisons, requiting al his kindnes with a course and harsh behaviour; never returning thanks for any one benefit, but receiving all as if they had bin debts to thee, and no courtesies. I must tel thee, Francis, these are manifest signes of an ill nature; and God doth often punish such pride and *outrecuidance* [2] with scorne and infamy, which is the worst of misfortune. My worshipfull father, what do you please to charge them withall? From the presse I wil free 'hem, Maister Constable.

Const. Then Ile leave your worship, sir.

Gold. No, you may stay; there will be other matters against 'hem.

Touch. Sir, I do charge this gallant, Maister Quicksilver, on suspicion of felony; and the knight as being accessary in the receipt of my goods.

Quick. O God, sir!

Touch. Hold thy peace, impudent varlot, hold thy peace! With what forehead or face dost thou offer to choppe logick with me, having run such a race of riot as thou hast done? Do's not the sight of this worshipful mans fortune and temper confound thee, that was thy yonger fellow in houshold, and now come to have the place

[1] quack doctor.

[2] arrogance, presumption. Used by Jonson in other works, but also by Chapman and Marston.

of a judge upon thee ? Dost not observe this ? Which of al thy gallants and gamsters, thy swearers and thy swaggerers, will come now to mone thy misfortune, or pitty thy penurie ? They'le looke out at a window, as thou rid'st in triumph to Tiborne, and crye, 'Yonder goes honest Franck, mad Quicksilver!' 'He was a free boone companion, when hee had money,' sayes one; 'Hang him, foole!' saies another; 'he could not keeepe it when he had it!' 'A pox o'the[1] cullion, his M[aster],' (sais a third), 'he has brought him to this;' when their pox of pleasure, and their piles of perdition, would have bene better bestowed upon thee, that hast ventred for 'hem with the best, and by the clew of thy knavery brought thy selfe weeping to the cart of calamity. 277

Quic. Worshipfull maister!

Touch. Offer not to speake, crocodile; I will not heare a sound come from thee. Thou hast learnt to whine at the play yonder. Maister Deputy, pray you commit 'hem both to safe custody, till I be able farther to charge 'hem.

Quic. O me! what an infortunate thing am I!

Pet. Will you not take security,[2] sir ? 284

Touch. Yes, mary, will I, Sir Flash, if I can find him, and charge him as deepe as the best on you. He has beene the plotter of all this; he is your inginer, I heare. Maister Deputy, you'll dispose of these. In the meane time, Ile to my Lo[rd] Mayor, and get his warrant to seize that serpent *Securitie* into my hands, and seale up both house and goods to the kings use or my satisfaction.

Goul. Officers, take 'hem to the Counter.

Qui., Pet. O God! 292

Touch. Nay, on, on; you see the issue of your sloth. Of sloth commeth pleasure, of pleasure commeth riot, of ryot comes whoring, of whoring comes spending, of spending comes want, of want come theft, of theft comes hanging; and there is my Quickesilver fixt. 296

Exeunt.

[1] Q 3 'othe'; Q 4, 'oth.' [2] bail.

Actus Quinti[1] Scena Prima.

[*Gertrude's Lodging.*]

GYRTRUDE. SINDEFIE.

Gyr. Ah, Sinne! hast thou ever read i'the chronicle of any lady and her waiting-woman driven to that extremity that we are, Sinne?

Syn. Not I, truely, madam; and if I had, it were but colde comfort should come out of bookes, now.

Gyr. Why, good faith, Sinne, I could dine with a lamentable storie, now. *O hone, hone, o no nera! &c.*[2] Canst thou tell nere a one, Synne?

Sin. None but mine owne, madam, which is lamentable inough: first to be stolne from my friends, which were worshipfull and of good accompt, by a prentise in the habite and disguise of a gentleman, and here brought up to London, and promis'd mariage, and now likely to be forsaken, (for he is in possibility to be hangd.)

Gyr. Nay, weepe not, good Sinne; my Petronell is in as good possibilitie as he. Thy miseries are nothing to mine, Sinne; I was more than promis'd marriage, Sinne; I had it, Sinne; and was made a lady; and by a knight, Sin; which is now as good as no knight, Sin. And I was borne in London, which is more then brought up, Sin; and already forsaken, which is past likelihood, Sin; and instead of land i' the countrey, all my knights living lies i' the Counter, Syn; there's his castle now!

Syn. Which hee cannot be forc't out off, madam.

Gyr. Yes, if he would live hungry a weeke or two. *Hunger*, they say, *breakes stone wals.* But he is eene wel inough serv'd, Sin, that so soone as ever he had got my hand to the sale of my inheritance, run away from me, and I had been his punke, God blesse us! Would the Knight o' the Sunne, or Palmerin of England, have usd their ladies so, Syn? or Sir Lancelot, or Sir Tristram? 28

Syn. I doe not know, madam.

[1] Qq., 'quintus.' [2] A popular Irish refrain of lamentation.

Gry.[1] Then thou know'st nothing, Syn. Thou art a foole, Syn. The knighthood now a daies are nothing like the knighthood of old time. They rid a horseback; ours goe a foote. They were attended by their squires; our[2] by their lacquaies. They went buckled in their armor; ours muffled in their cloaks. They travaild wildernesses and desarts; ours dare scarce walke the streets. They were stil prest to engage their honour; ours stil ready to paune their cloaths. They would gallop on at sight of a monster; ours run away at sight of a serjeant. They would helpe poore ladies; ours make poore ladies. 39

Syn. I, madam, they were knights of the Round-Table at Winchester,[3] that sought adventures; but these of the Square Table at ordinaries, that sit at hazard.[4]

Gyr. True,[5] Syn; let him vanish. And tel me, what shal we pawne next?

Syn. I, mary, madam, a timely consideration; for our hostes (prophane woman!) has sworne by bread and salt, she will not trust us another meale. 47

Gyr. Let it stinke in her hand then. Ile not be beholding to her. Let me see; my jewels be gone, and my gownes, and my red velvet petticote that I was maried in, and my wedding silke stockings, and al thy best apparel, poore Syn! Good faith, rather then thou shouldest pawne a ragge more, Il'd lay my ladiship in lavender[6]—if I knew where. 53

Syn. Alas, madam, your ladiship!

Gir. I, why? You do not scorne my ladiship, though it is in a wastcoate? Gods my life! you are a peate[7] indeed! Do I offer to morgage my ladiship for you and for your availe, and do you turne the lip and the alas to my ladiship?

Syn. No, madam; but I make question who will lend any thing upon it? 60

Gyr. Who? Marry, inow, I warrant you, if you'le seeke 'hem

[1] So Q 2; Q 3, Q 4, *Gyr.*
[2] So Q 2, Q 3; Q 4, 'ours.'
[3] A table at Winchester, bearing the names of twenty-four knights, was shown to visitors as Arthur's Round Table.
[4] A game of dice.
[5] Q 4, 'Trie.'
[6] A cant phrase for pawning. Q 4 has 'Ile lay.'
[7] a spoilt child.

out. I'm sure I remember the time when I would ha' given a thousand pound (if I had had it) to have bin a ladie; and I hope I was not bred and borne with that appetite alone: some other gentle-borne o' the citie have the same longing, I trust. And for my part, I would afford 'hem a peny'rth; my ladiship is little the worse for the wearing, and yet I would bate a good deale of the summe. I would lend it (let me see) for 40 li. in hand, Syn; that would apparell us; and ten pound a yeare; that would keepe me and you, Syn (with our needles); and wee should never need to be beholding to our scirvy parents. Good Lord! that there are no fayries now adayes, Syn.

Syn. Why, madame?

Gyr. To doe miracles, and bring ladyes money. Sure, if we lay in a cleanly house, they would haunt it, Synne? Ile trie. Ile sweepe the chamber soone at night, and set a dish of water o' the hearth. A fayrie may come, and bring a pearle, or a diamonde. Wee do not know, Syn. Or, there may be a pot of gold hid o' the backe-side,[1] if we had tooles to digge for't? Why may not wee two rise early i' the morning, (Syn), afore any body is up, and find a jewell i' the streets worth a 100 li? May not some great court-lady, as she comes from revels at midnight, looke out of her coach as 'tis running, and loose such a jewell, and wee finde it? Ha?

Syn. They are prettie waking dreames, these.

Gyr. Or may not some olde usurer bee drunke over-night, with a bagge of money, and leave it behinde him on a stall? For God-sake, Syn, let's rise to morrow by breake of day, and see. I protest, law, if I had as much money as an alderman, I would scatter some on't i'th' streetes for poore ladyes to finde, when their knights were layd up. And, nowe I remember my song o' the Golden Showre, why may not I have such a fortune? Ile sing it, and try what luck I shall have after it.

Fond fables tell of olde,
How Jove in Danaes lappe
Fell in a showre of gold,
By which shee caught a clappe;

[1] at the back of the house.

O, had it been my hap,
(How ere the blow doth threaten)
So well I like the play,
That I could wish all day
And night to be so beaten.

Enter Mistris Touchstone.

O heer's my mother! Good lucke, I hope. Ha' you brought any money, mother? Pray you, mother, your blessing. Nay, sweet mother, doe not weepe.

Mistris Touchs. God blesse you! I would I were in my grave.

Gyr. Nay, deare mother, can you steale no more money from my father? Dry your eyes, and comfort me. Alas! it is my knights fault, and not mine, that I am in a wast-coate, and attyred thus simply.

Mistris Touch. Simply? Tis better then thou deserv'st. Never whimper for the matter. *Thou should'st have look'd*[1] *before thou hadst leap't.* Thou wert a fire to be a lady, and now your ladishippe and you may both *blowe at the cole*, for ought I know. *Selfe doe, selfe have. The hastie person never wants woe*, they say.

Gyr. Nay then mother, you should ha loook'd to it. A bodic would thinke you were the older! I did but my kinde, I. He was a knight, and I was fit to be a lady. Tis not lacke of liking, but lacke of living, that severs us. And you talke like your selfe and a cittiner in this, yfaith. You shew what husband you come on, i-wys. You smell the Touch-stone—he that will doe more for his daughter that he has marryed a scirvie gold-end man and his prentise, then he will for his t'other daughter, that has wedded a knight and his customer. By this light, I thinke hee is not my legittimate father.

Syn. O good madam, doe not take up your mother so!

Mistris Touch. Nay, nay, let her eene alone. Let her ladishippe grieve me still, with her bitter taunts and termes. I have not dole inough to see her in this miserable case, I, without her velvet gownes, without ribbands, without jewels, without French-wires, or cheat[2] bread, or quailes, or a little dog, or a genttleman usher, or anything, indeed, that's fit for a lady—

[1] So Q 3; Q 2, 'lookt'; Q 4, 'look't.' [2] manchet, the finest sort of white bread.

Syn. Except her tongue. [*Aside.*]

Mistris Touch. And I not able to releive her, neither, being kept so short by my husband. Well, God knowes my heart. I did little thinke that ever shee should have had need of her sister Golding!

Gyr. Why mother, I ha not yet. Alas! good mother, bee not intoxicate for mee; I am well inough; I would not change husbands with my sister, I. *The legge of a larke is better then the body of a kight.* 138

Mistris Touch. I know that, but——

Gyr. What, sweete mother, what?

Mistris Touch. It's but ill food, when nothing's left but the claw.

Gyr. That's true, mother. Aye me.

Mistris Touchstone. Nay, sweete lady-bird,[1] sigh not. Child—madame, why doe you weepe thus? Bee of good cheere; I shall die if you crye, and marre your complexion thus. 146

Gyr. Alas mother, what should I doe?

Mistris Touch. Goe to thy sister's, childe; shee'le be proude thy lady-ship will come under her roofe. Shee'le winne thy father to release thy knight, and redeeme thy gownes, and thy coach and thy horses, and set thee up againe. 151

Gyr. But will shee get him to set my knight up too?

Mistris Touchstone. That shee will, or anything else thou'lt aske her.

Gyr. I will begin to love her if I thought she would doe this.

Mistris Touch. Try her, good chucke;[1] I warrant thee. 156

Gyr. Doost thou thinke shee'le doo't?

Syn. I, madame, and be glad you will receive it.

Mistris Touch. That's a good mayden, shee tells you trew. Come, Ile take order for your debts i' the ale-house. 160

Gyr. Goe, Syn, and pray for thy Franck, as I will for my Pet. [*Exeunt.*]

[1] A term of endearment.

[Actus Quinti Scena Secunda.

Goldsmiths' Row.]

Enter TOUCHSTONE, GOULDING, WOOLFE.

Touch. I will receive no letters, M[aster] Woolf, you shal pardon me.

Gould. Good father let me entreat you.

Touch. Sonne Goulding, I will not be tempted; I finde mine owne easie nature, and I know not what a well-pend, subtile letter may worke upon it; there may be tricks, packing,[1] doe you see? Returne with your packet, sir.

Woolfe. Beleeve it sir, you need feare no packing here; these are but letters of submission all.

Touch. Sir, I doe looke for no submission. I will beare my selfe in this like blinde Justice. *Worke upon that now.* When the sessions come, they shall heare from me.

Gould. From whom come your letters, M[aster] Woolfe?

Woolfe. And't please you, sir, one from Sir Petronell, another from Francis Quickesilver, and a third from old Securitie, who is almost madde in prison. There are two to your worship; one from M[aster] Francis, sir, another from the knight.

Touch. I doe wonder, M[aster] Woolfe, why you should travaile thus, in a businesse so contrarie to kinde, or the nature o' your place; that you, beeing the keeper of a prison, should labour the release of your prisoners; whereas, mee thinkes, it were farre more naturall and kindely in you to be ranging about for more, and not let these scape you have alreadie under the tooth. But they say, you Wolves, when you ha' suck't the blood, once that they are drie, you ha' done.

Woolfe. Sir, your worship may descant as you please o' my name; but I protest I was never so mortified with any mens discourse or behaviour in prison; yet I have had of all sorts of men i' the kingdome under my keyes; and almost of all religions i' the land,

[1] deception, cheating.

as Papist, Protestant, Puritane, Brownist, Anabaptist, Millenary, Famely o' Love, Jewe, Turke, Infidell, Atheist, Good Fellow, &c.

Gould. And which of all these, (thinkes M[aster] Woolfe,) was the best religion ? 33

Woolfe. Troth, M[aster] Deputie, they that pay fees best : we never examine their consciences farder.

Gould. I beleeve you, M[aster] Woolfe. Good faith, sir, here's a great deale of humilitie i' these letters !

Woolfe. Humilitie, sir ? I. Were your worshippe an eye-witnesse of it you would say so. The knight will i' the Knights-Ward,[1] doe what wee can, sir ; and Maister Quickesilver would be i' the Hole if we would let him. I never knew or saw prisoners more penitent, or more devout. They will sit you up all night singing of psalmes, and ædifying the whole prison ; onely Securitie sings a note to high sometimes, because he lyes i' the Two-penny Ward, farre off, and can not take his tune. The neighbours can not rest for him, but come every morning to aske what godly prisoners we have. 46

Touch. Which on 'hem is't is so devout, the knight or the t'other ?

Woolfe. Both, sir ; but the young man especially. I never heard his like. He has cut his hayre too. He is so well given, and has such good gifts. Hee can tell you, almost all the stories of the Booke of Martyrs, and speake you all the Sicke-Mans Salve[2] without booke. 52

Touch. I, if he had had grace. He was brought up where it grew, iwis. On, Maister Wolfe.

Wolfe. And he has converted one Fangs, a sarjeant, a fellow could neither write nor read; he was call'd the Bandog o' the Counter; and he has brought him already to pare his nailes and say his prayers ; and 'tis hop'd, he will sell his place shortly, and become an intelligencer.[3] 59

Touch. No more ; I am comming all ready. If I should give any farder eare, I were taken. Adue, good Maister Wolfe. Sonne, I doe feele mine owne weakenesses ; do not importune me. Pity

[1] This was an evidence of humility, the best part of the prison being the Master's side. Cf. *Westward Hoe*, III, ii. :—*Monopoly :* Which is the dearest ward in prison, Sergeant? the Knight's Ward ? *Ambush :* No, sir, the Master's side.

[2] A popular religious book of the day. [3] informer.

is a rheume that I am subject too ; but I will resist it. Maister Wolfe, *Fish is cast away that is cast in drye pooles.* Tell Hipocrisie, it will not do ; I have touchd and tried too often ; I am yet proofe, and I will remaine so. When the sessions come, they shall heare from me. In the meane time, to all suites, to all intreaties, to all letters, to all trickes, I will be deafe as an adder and blind as a beetle, lay mine eare to the ground, and lock mine eyes i' my hand against all temptations. *Exit.*

Gold. You see, Maister Wolfe, how inexorable he is. There is no hope to recover him. Pray you commend me to my brother knight, and to my fellow Francis ; [*giving money*] present 'hem with this small token of my love ; tell 'hem, I wish I could do 'hem any worthier office ; but in this, 'tis desperate : yet I will not faile to trie the uttermost of my power for 'hem. And sir, as farre as I have any credit with you, pray you let 'hem want nothing ; though I am not ambitious they should know so much.

Wolfe. Sir, both your actions and words speake you to be a true gentleman. They shall know onely what is fit, and no more. *Exeunt.*

[Actus Quinti Scena Tertia.

The Counter.]

HOLDFAST, BRAMBLE, SECURITIE.[1]

Holdf. Who would you speake with, sir ?

Bram. I would speake with one Securitie that is prisoner here.

Hold. You'are welcome, sir. Stay there, Ile call him to you. Maister Securitie !

Secu. Who call's ?

Hold. Here's a gentleman would speake with you.

Secu. What is he ? Is't one that grafts my forehead now I am in prison, and comes to see how the hornes shoote up and prosper ?

Hold. You must pardon him, sir ; the old man is a little craz'd with his imprisonment.

[1] Securitie at first stays behind.

Secu. What say you to me, sir? Looke you here, my learned counsaile, M[aster] Bramble! Crye you mercie, sir! When sawe you my wife?

Bram. Shee is now at my house, sir; and desir'd mee that I would come to visite you, and inquire of you your case, that we might worke some meanes to get you foorth. 17

Secur. My case, M[aster] Bramble, is stone walles and yron grates; you see it, this is the weakest part on 't. And for getting me forth, no meanes but hang my selfe, and so to be carryed foorth, from which they have here bound me in intollerable bands. 21

Bram. Why, but what is't you are in for, sir?

Secu. For my sinnes, for my sinnes, sir, whereof mariage is the greatest. O, had I never marryed, I had never knowne this purgatorie, to which hell is a kinde of coole bathe in respect; my wives confederacie, sir, with olde Touchstone, that shee might keepe her jubilæe and the feast of her new-moone. Doe you understand me, sir? 28

Enter QUICKESILVER.

Quick. Good sir, goe in and talke with him. The light dos him harme, and his example will bee hurtfull to the weake prisoners. Fie, Father Securitie, that you'le bee still so prophane! Will nothing humble you? [*Exeunt all but* QUICKSILVER.]

Enter two Prisoners, *with a* friend.

Friend. What's he?

Pri. 1. O, hee is a rare yong man! Doe you not know him?

Frien. Not I. I never saw him, I can remember. 35

Pri. 2. Why, it is he that was the gallant prentise of London M[aster] Touchstones man.

Frien. Who? Quickesilver?

Pri. 1. I, this is hee.

Frien. Is this hee? They say he has beene a gallant indeede.

Pris. [2.][1] O, the royallest fellow that ever was bred up i' the citie. He would play you his thousand pound a night at dice; keepe knights and lords companie; go with them to baudie houses; had his sixe men in a liverie; kept a stable of hunting horses and his wench in her

[1] No figure in Qq.

velvet gowne and her cloth of silver. Heres one knight with him here in prison. 46

Frien. And how miserably he is chaung'd!

Pris. 1. O, that's voluntary in him: he gave away all his rich clothes, assoone as ever hee came in here, among the prisoners; and he will eate o' the basket,[1] for humilitie.

Friend. Why will he doe so?

Pris. 2. Alas, hee has no hope of life! Hee mortifies himselfe. He dos but linger on till the sessions. 53

Pris. [1.][2] O, he has pen'd the best thing, that hee calles his *Repentance* or his *Last Fare-well*[3], that ever you heard. Hee is a pretie poet; and for prose—you would wonder how many prisoners he has help't out, with penning petitions for 'hem, and not take a penny. Looke! this is the knight, in the rugge gowne. Stand by.

Enter PETRONEL, BRAMBLE, QUICKESILVER, WOOLFE.

Bram. Sir, for Securities case, I have told him: say he should be condemned to be carted or whipt for a bawde, or so, why, Ile lay an execution on him o' two hundred pound; let him acknowledge a judgement, he shal do it in halfe an howre; they shal not all fetch him out without paying the execution, o' my word. 63

Pet. But can we not be bay ld, M[aster] Bramble?

Bram. Hardly; there are none of the judges in towne, else you should remove your selfe (in spight of him) with a *habeas corpus*. But if you have a friend to deliver your tale sensibly to some justice o' the towne, that hee may have feeling of it (doe you see), you may be bay'ld; for as I understand the case, tis onely done *in terrorem;* and you shall have an action of false imprisonment against him when you come out, and perhaps a thousand pound costes. 71

Enter M. WOOLFE.

Quick. How now, M[aster] Woolfe? what newes? what returne?

Woolfe. Faith, bad all: yonder will bee no letters received. He sayes the Sessions shall determine it. Onely, M[aster] Deputie

[1] of broken victuals, alms for poor prisoners. [2] Qq. '2.'

[3] Luke Hatton, a famous highwayman, who was hanged at York in 1598, wrote a tract, *Luke Hatton's Repentance*, and a ballad in 22 stanzas, *Luke Hatton's Lamentation*. On these grounds Mr. Charles Edmonds has described Hatton as the original of the hero of *Eastward Hoe* (*Athenæum*, Oct. 13th, 1883), but this is pressing the parallel too far.

Golding commends him to you, and with this token [*giving money*] wishes he could doe you other good. 76

Quick. I thanke him. Good M[aster] Bramble, trouble our quiet no more ; doe not molest us in prison thus, with your winding devises ; pray you depart. For my pa[r]t,[1] I commt my cause to him that can succour mee ; let God worke his will. M[aster] Woolfe, I pray you let this be distributed among the prisoners, and desire 'hem to pray for us. 82

Woolfe. It shall bee done, M[aster] Francis.

Pris. 1. An excellent temper !

Pris. 2. Nowe God send him good-lucke ! *Exeunt.*

Pet. But what said my father in lawe, M[aster] Woolfe ?

Enter HOLD.

Hold. Here's one would speake with you, sir.

Woolfe. Ile tell you anon, Sir Petronell; who is't ?

Hold. A gentleman, sir, that will not be seene. 89

Enter GOLD.

Woolfe. Where is he ? M[aster] Deputie ! your wor[ship] is wel-come.

Gold. Peace !

Woolfe. Away, srah ! [2]

Gold. Good faith, M[aster] Woolfe, the estate of these gentlemen, for whome you were so late and willing a sutor, doth much affect mee; and because I am desirous to doe them some faire office, and find there is no meanes to make my father relent so likely as to bring him to be a spectator of their miseries ; I have ventur'd on a device, which is, to make[3] my selfe your prisoner; entreating, you will presently goe report it to my father, and (fayning an action, at sute of some third person) pray him by this token, [*giving his ring*] that he will presently, and with all secrecie, come hether for my bayle ; which trayne, (if any) I know, will bring him abroad ; and then, having him here, I doubt not but we shall be all fortunate in the event. 105

[1] Q 2, 'pat' ; Q 3, Q 4, 'part.'

[2] It is not clear to whom this remark is addressed. Mr. Bullen conjectures Bramble. Professor Schelling thinks, evidently Holdfast. But it might also be Petronell, whose exit is not marked.

[3] Q 2 repeats this word.

Woolf. Sir, I wil put on my best speede to effect it. Please you come in.

Gold. Yes ; and let me rest conceal'd, I pray you.

Woolfe. See here a benefit truely done, when it is done timely, freely, and to no ambition. [*Exeunt.*][1] 110

[Actus Quinti Scena Quarta.

Touchstone's House.]

Enter TOUCHSTONE, Wife, Daughters, SYN, WINYFRED.

Touch-stone. I will sayle by you, and not heare you, like the wise Ulisses.

Mild. Deare father !

Mistress Touch. Husband !

Gyr. Father ! 5

Win. & Syn. M[aster] Touch-stone !

Touc. Away, syrens, I wil inmure my selfe against your cryes, and locke my selfe up to [y]our[2] lamentations.

Mistris Touch. Gentle husband, heare me !

Gyr. Father, it is I, father ; my Lady Flash. My sister and I am friends. 11

Mil. Good father !

Wyn. Be not hardned, good M[aster] Touch-stone !

Syn. I pray you, sir, be mercifull !

Touch. I am deafe ; I doe not heare you ; I have stopt mine eares with shoomakers waxe, and drunke Lethe and mandragora to forget you. All you speake to mee I commit to the ayre. 17

Enter WOOLFE.

Mil. How now, M[aster] Woolfe ?

Woolfe. Where's M[aster] Touchstone ? I must speake with him presently ; I have lost my breath for hast. 20

Mild. What's the matter sir ? Pray all be well.

[1] Qq., '*Exit.*' [2] Qq., 'our.'

Wolf. Maister Deputy Goulding is arrested upon an execution, and desires him presently to come to him forthwith.

Mild. Aye me! doe you heare, father?

Touch. Tricks, tricks, confederacie, tricks! I have 'hem in my nose—I sent 'hem! 26

Wol. Who's that? Maister Touchstone?

M. Tou. Why it is M[aster] Wolfe himselfe, husband.

Mil. Father!

Touch. I am deafe still, I say. I will neither yeeld to the song of the syren nor the voice of the hyena,[1] the teares of the crocodile nor the howling o' the Wolfe: avoid my habitation, monsters! 32

Wolfe. Why, you are not mad, sir? I pray you looke forth, and see the token I have brought you, sir.

Touch. Ha! what token is it?

Wolf. Do you know it, sir?

Tou. My sonne Gouldings ring! Are you in earnest Mai[ster] Wolfe?

Wolf. I, by my faith, sir. He is in prison, and requir'd me to use all speed and secrecie to you. 40

Touch. My cloake there (pray you be patient). I am plagu'd for my austeritie. My cloake! At whose suite, Maister Wolfe?

Wolfe. Ile tell you as we goe sir *Exeunt.*

[Actus Quinti Scena Quinta.

The Counter.]

Enter Friend, Prisoners.

Frie. Why, but is his offence such as he cannot hope of life?

Pri. 1. Troth, it should seeme so; and 'tis a great pity, for he is exceeding penitent.

Fri. They say he is charg'd but on suspicion of felony yet.

Pri. 2. I, but his maister is a shrewd fellow; heele prove great matter against him. 6

[1] Supposed to be able to lure men to destruction.

Fri. I'de as live [1] as anything I could see his *Farewell.*

Pri. 1. O, tis rarely written: why Tobie may get him to sing it to you; hee's not curious[2] to any body.

Pri. 1. O no! He would that all the world should take knowledge of his repentance, and thinkes he merits in't, the more shame he suffers. 12

Pri. 1. Pray thee, try what thou canst doe.

Pri. 2. I warrant you he will not deny it, if he be not hoarce with the often repeating of it. *Exit.*

Pri. 1. You never saw a more courteous creature then he is; and the knight too: the poorest prisoner of the house may command 'hem. You shall heare a thing admirably pend.

Fri. Is the knight any scholler too? 19

Pri. 1. No, but he will speake verie well, and discourse admirably of running horses and White-Friers,[3] and against baudes, and of cocks; and talke as loude as a hunter, but is none.

Enter WOLFE *and* TOUCHSTONE.

Wolf. Please you stay here, sir, Ile cal his worship downe to you.

Pris. 1. See, he has brought him, and the knight too. [*To* TOUCHSTONE.] Salute him, I pray, Sir.[4] [*To* QUICKESILVER.] This gentleman, upon our report, is very desirous to heare some piece of your *Repentance.* 27

Enter QUICK., PET., *&c.*[5]

Quic. Sir, with all my heart; and, as I told M[aster] Tobie, I shall be glad to have any man a witnesse of it. And the more openly I professe it, I hope it will appeare the hartier, and the more unfained. 31

Touch. Who is this? My man Francis, and my sonne in lawe? [*Aside*]

Quick. Sir, it is all the testimonie I shall leave behind me to the world, and my master that I have so offended.

Friend. Good sir! 35

[1] lief, dear. [2] over scrupulous and reserved.

[3] Notorious for its bad characters.

[4] Q 3, 'I pray, Sir, this'; Q 4, 'I pray: Sir, this.'

[5] The stage-direction is insufficient, but its intention is clear. Prisoner 2 brings in Quicksilver, Petronell, and Securitie. Goulding follows, but stands in the background.

Qui. I writ it when my spirits were opprest.

Pet. I, Ile be sworne for you, Francis.

Quick. It is in imitation of Maningtons, he that was hangd at Cambridge, that cut of the horses head at a blow.

Fri. So, sir!

Quick. To the tune of *I waile in woe, I plunge in paine.*[1]

Pet. An excellent ditty it is, and worthy of a new tune.

Qui. *In* Cheapside *famous for gold and plate,*
Quicksilver, *I did dwel of late;*
I had a master good and kind,
That would have wrought me to his mind.
He bad me still, Worke upon that,
But, alas! I wrought I knew not what.
He was a Touchstone black, but true;
And told me still what would ensue;
Yet woe is me! I would not learne;
I saw, alas! but could not discerne!

Frien. Excellent, excellent well.

Gould. O let him[2] alone. Hee[3] is taken already. [*Aside*]

Qui. *I cast my coat and cap away,*
I went in silkes and sattens gay,
False mettall of good manners I
Did dayly coine unlawfully.
I scornd my master, being drunke;
I kept my gelding and my punke;
And with a knight, Sir Flash, by name,
(*Who now is sory for the same*)—

Pet. I thanke you, Francis.
I thought by sea to runne away,
But Thames *and tempest did me stay.*

Touch. This cannot be fained sure. Heaven pardon my severity! *The ragged colt, may proove a good horse.* [*Aside*]

Gould. How he listens! and is transported! He has forgot me. [*Aside*]

[1] The first line of Mannington's ballad, which was entered in the Stationers' Register in 1576, and is included in Ritson's *Ancient Songs and Ballads.*

[2] Quicksilver. [3] Touchstone.

Quic. *Still* Eastward hoe *was all my word :*
But westward I had no regard,
Nor never thought what would come after,
As did, alas ! his youngest daughter.
At last the black oxe trode o' my foote,[1]
And I saw then what longd untoo 't ;
Now cry I, Touchstone, *touch me stil,*
And make me currant by thy skill.

Touch. And I will do it, Francis. [*Aside.*]

Wolfe. Stay him, M[aster] Deputie ; now is the time : we shall loose the song else.

Frie. I protest it is the best that ever I heard.

Quick. How like you it, gentlemen ?

All. O admirable, sir !

Quic. This stanze now following allud. to the story of Mannington, from whence I tooke my project fo my invention.

Fri. Pray you goe on, sir.

Quic. O Mannington, *thy stories shew,*
Thou cutst a horse-head off at a blow.
But I confesse, I have not the force
For to cut off the head of a horse ;
Yet I desire this grace to winne,
That I may cut off the horse-head of Sin,
And leave his body in the dust
Of sinnes high way and bogges of lust,
Wherby I may take Vertues purse,
And live with her for better, for worse.

Frin. Admirable, sir, and excellently conceited !

Quic. Alas, sir !

Touch. Sonne Goulding and M[aster] Wolfe I thank you : the deceipt is welcome, especially from thee, whose charitable soule in this hath shewne a high point of wisedome and honesty. Listen, I am ravished with his repentance, and could stand here a whole prentiship to heare him.

Frien. Forth, good sir.

[1] trouble came upon me.

Quick. This is the last, and the *Farewell.*
Farewel, Cheapside, *farewel sweet trade*
Of Goldsmithes all, that never shall fade ;
Farewell, deare fellow prentises all,
And be you warned by my fall :
Shun usurers, bauds, and dice, and drabs,
Avoide them as you would French scabs.
Seeke not to goe beyonde your tether,
But cut your thongs unto your lether ;
So shall you thrive by little and little,
Scape Tiborne, Counters, *and the* Spitle.

Touch. And scape them shalt thou my penitent and deare Frances!

Quick. Master!

Pet. Father!

Touch. I can no longer forbeare to doe your humility right. Arise, and let me honour your repentance with the hearty and joyfull embraces of a father and friends love. Quicksilver, thou hast eate into my breast, Quicksilver, with the dropps of thy sorrow, and kild the desperate opinion I had of thy reclaime.

Quick. O, sir, I am not worthy to see your worshipfull face!

Pet. Forgive me father.

Touch. Speake no more; all former passages are forgotten; and here my word shall release you. Thanke this worthy brother, and kind friend, Francis.—M[aster] Wolfe, I am their bayle.

A shoute in the prison.[1]

Secu. Maister Touchstone! Maister Touchstone!

Touch. Who's that?

Wolfe. Securitie, sir.

Secu. Pray you, sir, if youle be wonne with a song, heare my lamentable tune too:

SONG.

O Maister Touchstone,
My heart is full of woe :
Alasse, I am a cuckold!
And why should it be so?

[1] of joy at the release of the penitent adventurers.

Because I was a usurer
And bawd, as all you know,
For which, again I tell you,
My heart is full of woe.[1]

Touch. Bring him forth, Maister Wolfe and release his bands. This day shalbe sacred to Mercy and the mirth of this encounter in the Counter.—See, we are encountred with more suters!

Enter Mist. Touchst., Gyr., Mil., Synd., Winnif. *&c.*

Save your breath, save your breath! All things have succeeded to your wishes; and we are heartely satisfied in their events.

Gyr. Ah, runaway, runaway! have I caught you? And how has my poore knight done all this while?

Pet. Deare lady-wife, forgive me!

Gert. As heartely as I would be forgiven, knight. Deare father, give me your blessing, and forgive me too; I ha' bene proud and lascivious, father; and a foole, father; and being raisd to the state of a wanton coy thing, calld a lady, father; have scorn'd you, father, and my sister, and my sisters velvet cap, too; and would make a mouth at the citty as I ridde through it; and stop mine eares at Bow-Bell: I have said your beard was a base one, father; and that you look'd like Twierpipe, the taberer;[2] and that my mother was but my midwife.

Mi. Tou. Now, God forgi' you, child—madame!

Touch. No more repetitions. What is else wanting to make our harmony full?

Gould. Only this, sir, that my fellow Frauncis make amends to Mistresse Sindefie with mariage.

Quic. With all my heart.

Gould. And Security give her a dower, which shall be all the restitution he shall make of that huge masse he hath so unlawfully gotten.

Touch. Excellently devisd! a good motion! What sayes Maister Securitie?

Secu. I say anything, sir, what you'll ha me say. Would I were no cuckold!

[1] Again a parody of a popular ballad. [2] drummer.

Wini. Cuckold, husband? Why, I thinke this wearing of yellow has infected you.[1]

Touch. Why, Maister Securitie, that should rather be a comfort to you then a corasive. If you be a cuckold, it's an argument you have a beautifull woman to your wife; then you shall be much made of; you shall have store of friends, never want mony; you shall be easd of much o' your wedlock paine; others will take it for you. Besides, you being a usurer (and likely to goe to hell), the devills will never torment you: they'll take you for one o their owne race. Againe, if you be a cuckold, and know it not, you are an innocent;[2] if you know it and endure it, a true martyr.

Secur. I am resolv'd sir. Come hether, Winny. [*Embraces her.*]

Touch. Well then, all are pleasd; or shall be anone. Maister Wolfe you looke hungry, me thinkes. Have you no apparrell to lend Frauncis to shift him?

Quic. No sir, nor I desire none; but here make it my sute, that I may goe home, through the streetes, in these, as a spectacle, or rather an example to the Children of Cheapeside.

Touch. Thou hast thy wish. Now London, looke about,
And in this morrall see thy glasse runne out:
Behold the carefull father, thrifty sonne,
The solemne deedes, which each of us have done;
The usurer punisht, and from fall so steepe
The prodigall child reclaimd, and the lost sheepe. *Exeunt*

[1] your prison suit has made you jealous.
[2] an idiot, anciently regarded with superstitious fear.

EPILOGUS [1]

Stay, sir, I perceive the multitude are gatherd together to view our comming out at the Counter. See if the streets and the fronts of the houses be not stucke with people, and the windowes fild with ladies, as on the solemne day of the pageant!

O may you find in this our pageant, *here,*
The same contentment which you came to seeke;
And as that Shew [2] *but drawes you once a yeare,*
May this attract you hether once a weeke.

[1] Assigned by modern editors, conjecturally, to Quicksilver.
[2] The Lord Mayor's Show or Pageant.

Anonymous

THE MERRY DEVILL OF EDMONTON

Edited with Critical Essay and Notes by John Matthews Manly, Ph.D., Professor in the University of Chicago.

CRITICAL ESSAY

The Merry Devill of Edmonton: Sources.—The latest[1] editor of this play, Mr. Hugh Walker (Temple Dramatists) sums up the general opinion of editors in regard to the sources of the principal plot in these words: "The love story, and the characters of the knights, etc., are otherwise unknown and were probably the invention of the dramatist." The obvious source, or at least suggestion, of the principal plot has been strangely overlooked. It is to be found in the following pages from the *Famous Historie of Fryer Bacon*. I quote from the edition published in the *Miscellanea Antiqua Anglicana* (London, 1816).

HOW FRYER BACON DID HELPE A YOUNG MAN TO HIS SWEETHEART, WHICH FRYER BUNGYE WOULD HAVE MARRIED TO ANOTHER: AND OF THE MIRTH THAT WAS AT THE WEDDING.

An Oxfordshire Gentleman had long time loued a faire Mayde, called Millisant; this loue of his was as kindly receiued of her, as it was freely giuen of him, so that there wanted nothing to the finishing of their ioyes, but the consent of her Father, who would not grant that she should bee his wife (though formerly he had been a meanes to further the match) by reason there was a Knight that was a suitor to her, and did desire that hee might haue her to his wife: But this Knight could neuer get from her the least token of good will: so surely was her loue fixed vpon the Gentleman. This Knight seeing himselfe thus depised, went to Fryer Bungye, and told him his mind, and did promise him a good piece of money if he could get her for him, either by his Art, or Counsell.

Bungye (being couetous) told him, that there was no better way in his mind, than to get her with her Father to go take the ayre in a Coach: and if hee could doe so, he would by his Art so direct the horses, that they should come to an old Chappell, where hee would attend, and there they might secretly be married. The Knight rewarded him for his counsell, and told

[1] The present edition was prepared for the press in 1904; since then the play has been edited by C. F. T. Brooke in *The Shakespeare Apochrypha*, Oxford, 1908.

him, that if it tooke effect, he would be more bountifull unto him, and presently went to her Father, and told him of this. Hee liked well of it, and forced the poore Maid to ride with them. So soone as they were in the Coach, the horses ran presently to the Chappell, where they found Fryer Bungye attending for them: At the sight of the Church and the Priest, the poore Maid knew that she was betraid, so that for griefe shee fell in a swound: to see which her Father and the Knight, were very much grieued, and vsed their best skill for her recouery.

In this time, her best Beloued, the Gentleman, did come to her Father's to visit her, but finding her not there! and hearing that she was gone with her Father, and the Knight, he mistrusted some foul play: and in all hast went to Fryer Bacon, and desired (p. 37) of him some help to recouer his Loue againe, whom he feared was utterly lost.

Fryer Bacon (knowing him for a vertuous Gentleman) pittyed him; and to giue his griefes some release, shewed him a Glasse, wherein any one might see any thing done (within fifty miles space) that they desired: So soone as he looked in the Glasse, hee saw his Loue Millisant with her Father, and the Knight, ready to be married by Fryer Bungye: At the sight of this hee cryed out that he was vndone, for now should he lose his life in losing of his Loue. Fryer Bacon bids him take comfort, for he would preuent the marriage; so taking this Gentleman in his armes, he set himselfe downe in an enchanted Chaire, and suddenly they were carried through the ayre to the Chappell. Just as they came in, Fryer Bungye was ioyning their hands to marry them: but Fryer Bacon spoyled his speech, for he strucke him dumbe, so that he could not speake a worde. Then raised he a myst in the Chappell, so that neither the Father could see his Daughter, nor the Daughter her Father, nor the Knight either of them. Then tooke he Millisant by the hand, and led her to the man she most desired: they both wept for ioy, that they so happily once more had met, and kindly thanked Fryer Bacon.

It greatly pleased Fryer Bacon to see the passion of these two Louers, and seeing them both contented, he marryed them at the Chappell doore, whilest her Father, the Knight, and Fryer Bungye went groping within, and could not find the way out. Now when he had married them, he bid them get lodging at the next Village, and he would send his man with money . . . but he kept her Father, the Knight, and Fryer Bungey till the next day at noon in the Chappell, ere he released them. (pp. 36 f.)

The story has obviously been greatly transformed. In the play Fabell takes the place of Bacon; and this substitution carries with it the elimination of Bungay and the scene in the chapel. Moreover, besides the comic sub-plot, a noteworthy addition is that of the

faithful friends in the rival Jerningham and Milliscent's brother, Harry Clare. But there can be little doubt that we have here the germ of the main plot. Milliscent is not a common name. The general outline of the intrigue is the same : the parents had originally favoured the match between Milliscent and her lover; they then attempt to marry her instead to a suitor more desirable in a worldly way ; they resort to a trick to bring about the separation of the lovers ; their plan is defeated by the aid of a magician who uses a mist (or darkness) as an element in his plot. In its original form the play may have borne even more resemblance to the story ; there are, at least, in the mangled version of the play that has come down to us hints that originally Fabell's part was more important than it now appears to be.

It may be added that in the verses which Miles sings at the end of this episode the Smith appears in precisely the same character that he has in the play :—

> The Smith of the Towne his Liquor so tooke,
> that he was perswaded the ground look'd blue,
> And I dare boldly to sweare on a booke,
> such Smiths as he there are but a few.
>
> *The Famous Historie of Fryer Bacon*, p. 39.

It is interesting also to note that a famous passage in the play (Ind., 21–28) which has always been misunderstood by editors and commentators is an almost literal rendering of a passage in the *Faust* book :—[1]

> Therefore know, Faustus, that the damned haue neither ende nor time appointed in the which they may hope to bee released, for if there were any such hope, that they but by throwing one drop of water out of the Sea in a day, vntil it were all drie : or if there were an heap of sand, as high as from the earth to the heauens, that a bird carying away but one corne in a day, at the end of this so long labour ; that yet they might hope at the last God would haue mercy on them, they would be comforted.[2]

[1] *Dr. Faustus*, ed. Logeman, pp. 30, 31.

[2] Darumb soltu, mein Herr Fauste wissen, dass die Verdampten auff kein Ziel oder Zeit zuhoffen haben, darinnen sie auss dieser Quaal erlösst werden möchten, Ia wann sie nur eine solche Hoffnung haben köndten, dass sie täglich nur ein Tropffen Wasser auss dem Meer herauss schöpffen, biss das Meer gar trucken würde, Oder da ein Sandhauff so gross were biss an Himmel, vnd ein Vögelein alle Jahr nur ein Körnlein einer Bonen

It may perhaps also be maintained that Fabell's famous speech, Ind., 44–61, was suggested by Bacon's lamentation :—

I haue unlocked the secret[s] of Art and nature, and let the world see those things, that haue layen hid since the death of Hermes, that rare and profound Philosopher : My Studies haue found the secrets of the Starres ; the Bookes that I haue made of them, doe serue for Presidents to our greatest Doctors, so excellent hath my Judgment beene therein. I likewise have found out the secrets of Trees, Plants, and Stones, with their seuerall vses ; yet all this knowledge of mine I esteeme so lightly, that I wish that I were ignorant, and knew nothing : for the knowledge of these things, (as I haue truly found) serueth not to better a man in goodnesse, but onely to make him proud and thinke too well of himselfe. What hath all my knowledge of natures secrets gained me ? Onely this, the losse of a better knowledge, the losse of diuine Studies, which makes the immortall part of man (his Soule) blessed. I haue found, that my knowledge has beene a heauy burden, and has kept downe my good thoughts : but I will remoue the cause, which are these Bookes : which I doe purpose here before you all to burne.[1]

All of these things suggest that the play was composed as a result of the success of such plays as Marlowe's *Doctor Faustus* and Greene's *Fryer Bacon and Fryer Bungay*. This has perhaps some bearing upon the question of the date of the play, which will be discussed below.

It has long been known that the underplot of the play, which furnishes the comic element, is represented in the prose tract by T. B.,[2] which was entered in the Stationers' Register in 1608 but of which the earliest edition that has come down to us dates from 1631. As this pamphlet is practically inaccessible to most readers and has never been printed in connection with the play it seems worth while to print a summary of it here, in order to assist

gross darvon hinweg trüge, dass alsdann nach verzehrung desselbigen, sie erlösst werden möchten, so würden sie sich dessen erfreuwen." (*Volksbücher des 16 Jahrhunderts*, *p.* 208). Of course the figure appears elsewhere ; cf. the examples cited by Köhler, *Germania*, viii, 305, Mussafia, *id.*, ix, 457, Sprenger, *Zs. f. d. Phil.*, xxviii, 71, Hartmann, *id.*, xxviii, 563, Bray, *Traditions of Devonshire*, II, 319,—references for which I am indebted to Professor Kittredge. But it is surely significant that it occurs in a popular, contemporary book of the same character as that here adduced as the main source of the play.

[1] *Famous Hist.* Chap. xvii, *Misc. Ant. Angl.* pp. 45, 46 ; Ward, *Old Engl. Drama*, p. cxxxiv.

[2] A reprint of the prose tract was published in 1819 by J. Nichols and Son. At the end, after Finis, stands the name Tho. Brewer.

readers in the elucidation of the extremely obscure and complicated situation in the last act of the play. The book consists of forty-three pages, catalogued as quarto: printed in black-faced type, averaging nearly or quite four hundred words to the page. It is prefaced by a poem of twenty-five lines recited by Smug's Ghost. The book opens with an "induction with a Description of Maister Peter Fabell," which gives the character of the magician practically as it is represented in the play, and mentions as his boon companions "Oliver Smug, Sir John the Merry Parson, Bancks the Miller, and mine Host of the George." Fabell is said to have lived and died "in the reign of King H. the 7."

The Life and Death of the Merry Devill of Edmonton. With the pleasant prancks of Smug the Smith, Sir John, and mine Host of The George, about the Stealing of Venison. By T. B.

Sec. I: How Maister Peter deceived the Divell with a Candles end.

[Takes the place of the chair trick at opening of the play. Fabell agrees to give himself up when a candle-end burns out; then extinguishes and pockets the candle.]

Sec. II: How Maister Peter deceived the Devill againe.

[A continuation of the same subject as Sec. I.]

Sec. V: How Smug when He was mad drunke, would needs go to fight with the shadowe of a Sworde and Buckeler.

[The shadow is thrown by a sign, but it is not made clear whether it is an inn-sign or not.]

Sec. VIII: How Smug was frightened by the Nuns of Chestore, thinking them to be spirits, and how afterward he frighted them by his suddaine appearance.

[The 'Mother Nun of Chestore,' with three or four young nuns, comes upon Smug while he is dear-stealing 'in the Parke.' He takes them for ghosts and falls on his knees, craving mercy; they take fright at the 'roaring raggamuffin' and flee.]

Sec. IX: How Smug, presuming uppon his courage, after this exploite (frightening these supposed spirrits), would needs go the next evening again a Deare stealing: and how deere he paid for it.

[Smug, the Parson, and the Miller beaten by the Keeper. No mention made of the Host.]

Sec. XII: How Smug, being drunke, lost his fellowes in the Parke, and how when they got together by whooping and hollowing, he took them for theeves, and would by no meanes know them till he was soundly thwackt by them and made to know his friends from his foes.

[The Host appears here, but is not individualized.]

Sec. XVI: How cunningly Smug scaped the Keaper and others that pursued him, and made them run up and downe from place to place to seeke him in vaine.

[This anecdote is manifestly connected with the changing of the inn-signs in the play. Smug is chased by the Keeper and another man (probably the underkeeper) out of the deer-park and into the town of Edmonton.]

When he was got to Edmonton with running to and fro, up one lane and downe another, he got out of *the* sight of his pursuers, but it was so late he could no[t] get into any house to hide him, save his owne, & into that he durst not goe, fearing they would goe thither to seek him.

A pretty while he stood studdying which way to shift for himselfe, resolving one while to do this thing, another while that, another while another. At last standing thus in a browne studdy, turning his eyes first one way, then another way, one while up, another while downe, he spied *the* signe of the White horse (not painted upon a board, as they use to be heere in the Citty) but fashioned out of timber, & sat gallantly over the signe poste. Passe (qd. he) I care not greatly if I get up & bestrid this white horse, & make another S. George heere in Edmonton. Ile do it yfaith, it may be I may sit safer so than any way else. . . . Up to the white horse he got, & back'd him bravely *with* his arm stretch'd out, his hamer hand instead of a sword, and the lippet[1] of his red cap tied under his chin, which stood for his helmet most featly.

While he sat thus gallantly strutting . . . the keeper *that* followed him so close to have gotten him into his keeping . . . went peaking & preying in every corner of the street to find him, twice or thrice backward & forward they went under him & yet could not see him, but he saw them well enough.

When they had lost an houres labor or there abouts, in seeking after him without doores, they resolved another while to seeke him within. come said *the* keeper to the other let us go search the Innes, & first this, this white horse is his dayly haunt, and therefore it may be we shall finde him heere this night, com let us in.

As *the* keeper was going into the white horse (undr Smug) his fellow looking up, bad him stay. Stay (quoth the keeper) wherefore shold I stay? Why looke you (said the other) this is not the white horse as you take it to

[1] Not in *Oxford Dict.*; apparently a variant of *lappet*, q.v.

be, this is the George, masse (qd. the keeper) tis the George indeed, come, lets over to the white horse When they had crost the way (as they thought to the white horse) they found *the* George againe. Zoundes (qd. the keeper Jacke) this is the George too. What have we two Georges in Edmonton. Foot, man, where are we? if this be Edmonton, heere was but one George yesterday, & the white horse over against it, now here are two Georges one against another: this is strange, tis very strange indeed (qd. the other); bones, man, are we not at Hodsdon, for thou knowest the two georges are in Hodsdon, masse, thou saiest true, Jack, & by these signes this should be Hodsdon. Come, come (qd. the other), we mistooke our way in the darke, this is Hodsdon; come, lets up to Edmonton. Content (qd. the keeper) and together they ran as fast as they could to Hodsdon to finde Edmonton.[1]

Date.—Although the play was not printed until 1608 and although the evidence in regard to the date of its composition is far from conclusive, several circumstances combine to support the supposition that it was composed about 1598. No one can read it without being struck with its similarity in various respects to certain well-known plays of the closing years of the century. There are obvious relations between it and Shakespeare's *Henry IV* plays in both characterization and spirit in the comic scenes, and even more noteworthy is the similarity between the Host of this play and him of the *Merry Wives of Windsor*.[2] The manner of the two towards their guests is precisely the same, their mode of speech is almost identical. The only thing that differentiates them is that he of the Garter is not exhibited as carousing and poaching, but he seems entirely capable of doing both; see especially *M. W. of W.*, I, iii, 1ff., II, i, 174ff., II, iii, 22 ff., IV, v, 1ff., all which passages are found in the first quarto, it will be noted. The total effect of these two characters is so similar that stress need not be laid upon the resemblance of particular phrases in the two plays, such as "base Hungarian wight," "Cavaliero Justice," "my Galen," "my Æsculapius," "Castalian King Urinal," "Antripophiginian," "Ephesian," "Bohemian Tartar," (*M. W. of W.*), and "Tartarian," "my nimble Giberalters," "my Castilian," "I have knights and colonels in my house and must tend the Hun-

[1] This account of the prose-pamphlet I owe to the kindness of my lamented friend and colleague, the late Professor William Vaughn Moody. The sections are not numbered in the original.

[2] Cf. Tieck, *Altenglisches Theater*, II, 7–9; H. von Friesen, *Shakespeare-Jahrbuch*, I, 160–165.

garians," "my little Gogmagogs," "ye Hungarian pilchers," "here, Metropolitan. The Philistines be upon us," "true Mareterraneum skinkers" (*M. D. of E.*).

In this connection it may not be amiss to call attention to the striking use in our play of what may be called characterization phrases, e.g., "Grass and hay, we are all mortal; let's live till we die, and be merry, and there's an end."

Examples may be seen in the use of "Bully" by the Host and "humor" by Nym in *M. W. of W.*;[1] in Touchstone's "Work upon that now!" *Eastward Hoe;* in Bobadil's favourite oath "By the life of Pharoah!" *Every Man in his Humour* (the form "By the foot of Pharoah!" and the emphasizing of the device did not come until the second version of Jonson's play); in Murley's favourite exclamation, "God dild ye, dainty my dear; paltry, paltry, in and out, to and fro, be it more or less, upon occasion," 1 *Sir John Oldcastle*.[2] This device of indicating a character and providing recurrent occasion for laughter by the use of a peculiar phrase or manner of speech seems not to have been in use before 1598, and to have had especial vogue about the end of the century, though it has of course maintained itself as one of the stock tricks of the dramatic artisan.

It seems also worthy of note that the word "element" is used freely in this play. Apparently the author did not share the feeling of the fastidious clown in *Twelfth Night*, who declared the word to be "overworn." Certainly "element" is very common in plays just before 1600, and certainly it is little used in plays of that date and a little later.

It may perhaps also be regarded as confirmation of this theory as to the date that in Thomas Heywood's two plays,[3] the *First and Second Parts of King Edward IV*, a Mistress Blage appears as an innkeeper, though with none of the characteristic marks of the Host of the George. The characterization phrase is also used in *1st Ed. IV*, cf. Heywood, *Works*, I, 12, 13, 18, 19, 23, 27, 28, 33.

That Ind. 3, 4, bears a close relation to *Hamlet* I, v, 20 cannot be doubted, though the direction of the relationship does not appear.

[1] Pistol's rythmical rant is a variety of the same device.
[2] Cf. Fleay, *Engl. Drama*, I, 151.
[3] If they be his.

The induction may, of course, have been added or revised after the publication of one of the versions of *Hamlet*, but it is noteworthy that this passage and Ind. 32, 33, which, though of entirely different meaning, somehow suggests *Hamlet* I, iv, 43, are related to passages which appear in the earliest extant version of *Hamlet*, and which may have belonged to the pre-Shakespearean play. There is, I believe, no passage in this play which suggests relationship with the later versions of *Hamlet* only.

Authorship.—The author of the play is entirely unknown. On the authority of Kirkman, it was ascribed to Shakespeare. This opinion was supported by Tieck and von Friesen. But Kirkman's only reason for supposing that Shakespeare wrote the play was that it was bound in a volume with *Mucedorus* and *Faire Em* which was labelled "*Shakespeare, Vol. I.*" It has also been ascribed to Drayton and to Thomas Heywood. The only reason for connecting Drayton with the play was that Thomas Coxeter said he had seen an old manuscript of the play inscribed by Michael Drayton,[1] and that William Oldys remarked that "it has been said" that Drayton wrote it. But this testimony dates from more than a century after the first production of the play, and can hardly be regarded as conclusive.[2] The principal reason for supposing that Thomas Heywood had any connection with it was Ulrici's suggestion that "T. B." was a typographical error for "T. H." But it is to be borne in mind in connection with this that "T. B." does not appear in any edition of the play, but only upon the title-page of the prose pamphlet. More recently it has been suggested that the author was Thomas Dekker. It is true that the style is not entirely unlike that of Dekker, but it is about as much like that of Robert Greene, at least in the serious parts. I feel confident that Greene was not the author, though it is not impossible that a play written by him in the *genre* of *Dr. Faustus* and *Frier Bacon* and *Frier Bungay* should later have been revived with a new comic underplot and a consequent confusion of the part of Peter Fabell. As, however, so many features of it point

[1] Coxeter's fertility of invention suggests the suspicion that his only basis was an entry in the interleaved copy of Langbaine that he stole from Oldys.

[2] Fleay argues for Drayton on the basis of similarity to 1 *Sir John Oldcastle*; cf. *Eng. Drama*, I, 151.

to 1598–1600, we may suppose it to have been the work of one or more of the many playwrights who at that time were engaged in furnishing amusement to the public.

Place in the History of Comedy.—Scarcely any comedy of the Elizabethan age had greater success with the public than this. The passages in which this is alluded to are too well-known to call for repetition. The most famous of them is Ben Jonson's, in *The Divell is an Asse* :—

> And show this but the same face you have done
> Your dear delight, the Devil of Edmonton.

To judge the play fairly as a play is difficult for us. It has certainly suffered from careless revision, perhaps more than once. In its present form there is a promise that Peter Fabell will exercise his magic arts for the benefit of the lovers, and in the last scene he asserts that he—

> Used some pretty sleights ; but, I protest,
> Such as but sat upon the skirts of art,
> No conjurations nor such weighty spells
> As tie the soul to their performancy.

In the play itself his action seems limited to giving advice of the simplest sort, and in no way are even the skirts of magic art suggested. The confusion in regard to the means by which the wrathful pursuers were led to the wrong inn is inexplicable, even with the prose version before us. The Chamberlain of the rival inn (the White Horse ?) says : " 'Sfoot, our sign is removed ; this is strange ! " (V, i, 124), and his remark is confirmed a moment later by the conversation between Sir Arthur and the Host of the George : " *Sir Ar.* Look upon your sign ! *Host.* Body of St. George ! this is mine overthwart neighbour hath done this to seduce my blind customers ; " and still further on : " *Sir Ar.* Well, sir, for this your sign was removed, was it ? *Host.* Faith, we followed the directions of the devil, Master Peter Fabell." But the concluding lines of the play indicate clearly that it was not by interchanging the signs but by Smug's sitting astride of the sign of the White Horse and representing another St. George that Sir Arthur and Sir Ralph were misled :—

Smug. . . . I will be St. George again!
Sir Ralph. Did we not last night find two St. Georges here?
Fabell. Yes, knights, this martialist was one of them.

Unfortunately the play as we have it lacks the scene in which Smug, to escape Brian and the Keepers, climbs up and seats himself on the White Horse, and his pursuers, who are really the Knights following the lovers, mistake the inn. That such a scene once existed seems highly probable as it occurs in the prose pamphlet, but if so, it has been removed and a few references to it have been left by oversight.[1]

The difficulty of estimating the contribution of the play to the development of comedy is greatly increased by the uncertainty in regard to its date. It contains several elements of literary or dramatic interest which became stock elements in comedy. Some of them, we may be certain, did not make their first appearance in this play, but they are, at any rate, used here with considerable skill. The romantic hero and heroine and the self-sacrificing friend are familiar figures in the romances and plays of the day. Elopements were apparently also among the favourite subjects of the dramatist from a very early date, if we may believe the *Third Blast of Retrait from Plaies and Theaters*.[2] The use of darkness, artificial or natural, to produce an interesting situation or resolve a complication was also perhaps a commonplace. The most notable examples of it are *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, and Henry Porter's *Two Angry Women of Abington*. In both these cases, however, the use of the device is so entirely different that relationship between the three plays is hardly supposable. The use of a sub-plot is again not a new device, but this play shows, even in its present corrupt form, a skill in interweaving main plot and sub-plot which is very rare in comedies of the time. The use of the characterization-phrase, if not original with the author of this play, is at least very skilfully managed and is very effective in the case of both the Host and Sir John. The

[1] The prose pamphlet, I judge, is not later than the extant version of the play, for T. B. could hardly have derived the story he tells in Section XVI from the meagre account given in the play as it stands; on the other hand, it is based upon some version of the play, for T. B. hardly created the characters of Smug, Sir John, and the Host, especially as Smug seems to have been suggested by the song in the *Famous Historie*, p. 39.

[2] Roxburghe Library, *English Drama and Stage*, p. 142.

author's skill in characterization is also distinctly worthy of note. The heroine is of the same general type as the heroines of Greene's plays and is as simple and devoid of character as they, but in the few lines devoted to her she is presented clearly and attractively. The three young men are very slightly characterized or differentiated, and the two knights, though fairly definite in characterization, are so slightly differentiated that previous editors have not detected the confusion in Act V, Scene I, by which speeches belonging to one are assigned to the other. But all the comic characters are handled in what may fairly be called masterly fashion. Smug, the Smith, may be a traditional character; the allusions to him by S. Rowlands[1] show that in his day Smug had become the typical name of a drunken Smith, either independently of this play or in consequence of its popularity. But the characterization is none the less admirable on that account. Sir John is, of course, the traditional drunken priest, but he is also presented with skill and effectiveness. I am inclined to think that the Host of this play is earlier than his fellow in the *Merry Wives of Windsor*, but even if this be not the case, he is certainly not a copy of him but a distinct and individual creation. On the whole, therefore, the play shows remarkable skill in the technique of construction and characterization for the period at which it was written, and may possibly deserve the honour of having introduced several new and interesting factors into the drama of its day.

Previous Editions; the Present Text and Notes.—The best account of the editions of the *Merry Devill of Edmonton* is that given by Warnke and Proescholdt (W. P.) in their edition of the play (Halle, 1884). Although mentioned as early as 1604,[2] it was not entered on the Stationers' Register until October 22, 1607 (to A. Johnson),[3] and the earliest known edition is that of 1608 (Q 1). Besides this, other editions were printed by Johnson in 1612 (Q 2) and 1617 (Q 3); by Francis Falkner[4] in 1626 (Q 4) and 1631 (Q 5);

[1] *Works* (Hunterian Club), Knave of Clubs, p. 44, The Night Raven, p. 26, A Pair of Spy-Knaves, p. 17.

[2] *The Blacke Booke*, by T. M.: 'Giue him leaue to see the Merry Devil of Edmonton, or A Woman kill'd with kindness.' Bullen's *Middleton*, VIII, 36.

[3] Arber, *S. R.*, III, 159 b.

[4] Assigned to him by Johnson, June 21, 1624, Arber, IV, 81.

and by W. Gilbertson in 1655 (Q 6). The first edition contained many errors, some of which are corrected in both the second and the third, but in other instances each of these two preserves errors of the first edition that are corrected by the other, and each has errors of its own. The later editions are derived directly or indirectly from the second, though some of the earlier errors are corrected. The play appears in all the editions of Dodsley's *Old Plays* from 1744 down to the present time, and in Scott's *Ancient British Drama*, Vol. II (1810). An excellent edition was published in 1897 in the *Temple Dramatists* by Hugh Walker, Esq.; and another in *The Shakespeare Apochrypha*, 1908, by C. F. T. Brooke. A. F. Hopkinson's *Shakespeare's Doubtful Plays*, London, 1891, I have not seen.

The text of Warnke and Proescholdt is so good and the collation is so complete that it has seemed unnecessary to re-examine the originals. I have not always found it possible to agree with these editors in forming the text, but I have relied entirely upon their statements in regard to readings of the various editions. I have printed the text of the first quarto unless the contrary is stated in the footnotes. The text is so corrupt that, contrary to the regulation of this series, it has seemed advisable to retain the capitalization of Q 1. I have not attempted to give the readings of other editions, unless they present some special claim to interest.

The notes will, I believe, be found to be for the most part entirely new, though I have availed myself freely of the labours of my predecessors. In some cases they furnish information in regard to passages that have hitherto been neglected, and in others they perhaps give the right explanation of passages that have been misunderstood.

John M. Manly.

SCROLL ORNAMENTATION

THE MERRY DEVILL OF EDMONTON.

As it hath beene ſundry times Acted, by his Maieſties Seruants, at the Globe, on the banke-ſide.

LONDON
Printed by *Henry Ballard* for *Arthur Iohnſon*, dwelling at the ſigne of the white-horſe in Paules Church yard, ouer againſt the great North doore of Paules. 1608.

[The Persons of the Play[1]

Sir Arthur Clare.
Sir Richard Mounchensey.
Sir Raph Jerningham.
Harry Clare, *son to Sir Arthur.*
Raymond Mounchensey, *son to Sir Richard.*
Franke Jerningham, *son to Sir Raph.*
Peter Fabell, *the Merry Devil.*
Coreb, *a Spirit.*
Blague, *Host of the George.*
Sir John, *the Priest of Enfield.*
Banks, *the Miller of Waltham.*
Smug, *the Smith of Edmonton.*
Sexton *of Enfield.*
Bilbo, *servant to Sir Arthur.*
Brian, *Keeper of the Forest.*
Raph, *Brian's man.*
Friar Hildersham.
Benedick, *a Novice.*
Chamberlaine *of the White Horse.*
Lady Dorcas Clare.
Milliscent Clare, *her Daughter.*
The Prioresse *of Cheston Nunnery.*
Nuns *and* Attendants.

THE SCENE:

EDMONTON, WALTHAM, CHESTON, ENFIELD CHASE, ENFIELD].

[1] Not in Quartos.

The Prologue

Your silence and attention, worthy friends,
That your free spirits may with more pleasing sense
Relish the life of this our active sceane!
To which intent, to calme this murmuring breath,
We ring this round[1] with our invoking spelles.
If that your listning eares be yet prepard
To entertayne the subject of our play,
Lend us your patience![2]
Tis Peter Fabell, a renowned Scholler,
Whose fame hath still beene hitherto forgot
By all the writers of this latter age.[3]
In Middle-sex his birth and his abode,
Not full seaven mile from this great famous Citty,
That, for his fame in sleights and magicke won,
Was calde the merry Fiend of Edmonton.
If any heere make doubt of such a name,
In Edmonton yet fresh unto this day,
Fixt in the wall of that old antient Church
His monument[4] remayneth to be seene;
His memory yet in the mouths of men,
That whilst he livde he could deceive the Devill.
Imagine now that whilst[5] he is retirde
From Cambridge backe unto his native home,

[1] This is explained as referring to the shape of the theatre, and reference is made to "this wooden O" (*Henry V*, Prol. 23). The subject of the play and the last half of this line show that the author had also in mind the magic circle necessary in incantations.

[2] The incomplete line marks emphatically the end of the paragraph. The state of the text of Virgil may have given sanction to incomplete lines. In many cases, of course, incomplete lines are due to changes made in the text. No modern playwright watches the effect of his lines upon the audience more closely than did some of the Elizabethans. Ben Jonson elaborated every point in the first version of *E. M. in his H.* that made a hit and cut out or rewrote those that failed.

[3] 'Fabell is mentioned in our Chronicle-histories. . . . See also Norden's *Speculum Britanniæ*, written before 1593.' Warton (Hazlitt), *Hist. Engl. Poetry*, IV, 77 and *n.* 2.

[4] Weever, *Funeral Monuments*, p. 534, says the monument is without inscription.

[5] For a time? cf. *Cent. Dict.*, *s.v.* whiles, adv. But the construction may be disturbed by ll. 24–25; cf. l. 26.

Suppose the silent, sable-visagde night
Casts her blacke curtaine over all the World;
And whilst he sleepes within his silent bed,
Toylde with the studies of the passed day,
The very time and houre wherein that spirite
That many yeeres attended his commaund,
And oftentimes twixt Cambridge and that towne
Had in a minute borne him through the ayre,[1]
By composition twixt the fiend and him, *Draw the Curtaines.*[2]
Comes now to claime the Scholler for his due.
Behold him heere, laide on his restlesse couch,
His fatall chime prepared at his head,
His chamber guarded with these sable slights,[3]
And by him stands that Necromanticke chaire
In which he makes his direfull invocations
And binds the fiends that shall obey his will.
Sit with a pleased eye, untill you know
The Commicke end of our sad Tragique show. *Exit*

[1] Both the *Faust Book* and the *Famous Historie of Fryer Bacon* give many instances of similar occurrences.

[2] Editors put the stage direction after l. 33. Editorial interference in such matters has made the study of staging very difficult.

[3] 'Protected by the dark devices of Magic' (Walker). More probable is the explanation of W. P. :—'Ornamented with sable decorations.'

[Induction.[1] *Fabell's Chamber in Edmonton.*]

The Chime goes, in which time FABELL *is oft seene to stare about him, and hold up his hands.*

Fab. What meanes the tolling of this fatall chime ?
O, what a trembling horror strikes my hart !
My stiffned haire stands upright on my head
As doe the bristles of a porcupine.[2]

Enter COREB, *a Spirit.*

Cor. Fabell, awake ! or I will beare thee hence
Hedlong to hell.
Fab. Ha, ha,
Why dost thou wake me ?[3] Coreb, is it thou ?
Cor. Tis I.
Fab. I know thee well. I heare the watchfull dogs
With hollow howling tell of thy approch ;
The lights burne dim, affrighted with thy presence ;
And this distemperd and tempestuous night
Tells me the ayre is troubled with some Devill.
Cor. Come, art thou ready ?
Fab. Whither ? or to what ?
Cor. Why, Scholler, this[4] the houre my date expires ;
I must depart, and come to claime my due.
Fab. Hah, what is thy due ?
Cor. Fabell, thy selfe !
Fab. O, let not darkenes heare thee speake that word,
Lest that with force it hurry hence amaine
And leave the world to looke upon my woe :
Yet overwhelme me with this globe of earth,[5]

[1] Supplied by W. P. [2] Cf. *Hamlet*, I, v, 20.
[3] Early editions end the line here ; ll. 6–9½ may be scanned as two, ending with *me* and *well*.
[4] For the absorption of *is* by *this*, see Abbot, *A Shakespearian Grammar*, p. 461.
[5] W. P. misunderstand this strangely : 'Rather than so abruptly be carried to hell, Fabell will bear on his shoulders the whole globe of earth like Hercules, and at the same time endure the sufferings by which Prometheus was tormented ;' but the thought is the same as in *Faustus*, xiv, 99 ff. ; for the figure, see above, *Critical Essay* (Sources).

And let a little sparrow with her bill
Take but so much as shee can beare away,
That, every day thus losing of my load,
I may againe in time yet hope to rise.
Cor. Didst thou not write thy name in thine owne blood
And drewst the formall deed twixt thee and mee,
And is it not recorded now in hell ?
Fab. Why comst thou in this sterne and horred shape,
Not in familiar sort, as thou wast wont ?[1]
Cor. Because the date of thy command is out,
And I am master of thy skill and thee.
Fab. Coreb, thou angry and impatient spirit,
I have earnest busines for a private friend ;
Reserve me, spirit, untill some further time.
Cor. I will not for the mines of all the earth.
Fab. Then let me rise, and ere I leave the world,
Dispatch some busines that I have to doe ;
And in meane time repose thee in that chayre.
Cor. Fabell, I will. *Sit downe.*
Fab. O, that this soule, that cost so great a price
As the deere pretious blood of her redeemer,
Inspirde with knowledge, should by that alone
Which makes a man so meane[2] unto the powers,
Even lead him downe into the depth of hell,
When men in their owne pride strive to know more
Then man should know !
For this alone God cast the Angelles downe.
The infinity of Arts is like a sea,
Into which when man will take in hand to saile
Further then reason, which should be his Pilot,
Hath skill to guide him, losing once his compasse,
He falleth to such deepe and dangerous whirlepooles
As he doth lose the very sight of heaven :
The more he strives to come to quiet harbor,
The further still he finds himselfe from land.

[1] Cf. *Hamlet*, I, iv, 43.
[2] *Near* has been suggested, but the reference is not to knowledge but to pride.

Man, striving still to finde the depth of evill,
Seeking to be a God, becomes a Divell.
Cor. Come, Fabell, hast thou done ?
Fab. Yes, yes. Come hither !
Cor. Fabell, I cannot.
Fab. Cannot ? What ailes your holownes ?[1]
Cor. Good Fabell, helpe me !
Fab. Alas ! where lies your griefe ? some *Aqua-vitae* !
The Devil's very sicke ; I feare hee'le die,
For he lookes very ill.
Cor. Darst thou deride the minister of darkenes ?
In Lucifers dread name Coreb conjures thee
To set him free.
Fab. I will not for the mines of all the earth,[2]
Unles thou give me libertie to see
Seaven yeares[3] more, before thou seaze on mee.
Cor. Fabell, I give it thee.
Fab. Sweare, damned fiend !
Cor. Unbind me, and, by hell, I will not touch thee,
Till seaven yeares from this houre be full expirde.
Fab. Enough, come out.
Cor. A vengeance take thy art !
Live and convert all piety to evill :
Never did man thus over-reach the Devill.
No time on earth like Phaetontique[4] flames
Can have perpetuall being. Ile returne
To my infernall mansion ; but be sure,
Thy seaven yeeres done, noe tricke shall make me tarry ;
But, Coreb, thou to hell shalt Fabell carry. *Exit.*
Fab. Then thus betwixt us two this variance ends :
Thou to thy fellow Fiends, I to my friends ! *Exit.*

[1] Play on *holiness*. On Coreb's inability to leave the magic chair cf. the story of the Smith of Apolda, Thoms, *Lays and Legends of Germany*, 160 ; the smith has a chair, an apple-tree, and a wallet of similar power. [2] Cf. l. 39. [3] Q 1, Q 2, 'Fiends.'
[4] Misprinted 'Phaetentique,' Q 1, Q 2, Q 3 ; most modern editions have, wrongly, 'Phaetonic.' W. P. misunderstand the passage : 'such Phaetonic endeavours. As Phaeton perished in trying to take Phœbus' place, so Fabell will finally fail in attempting to out-wit the Devil.' But Phaetontic flames are the flames of the sun, the eternal fire.

[Act I. Scene I.[1]

Waltham: A Room in the George.]

Enter SIR ARTHUR CLARE, DORCAS, *his Lady*, MILLISCENT, *his daughter, yong* HARRY CLARE, *the men booted, the Gentlewomen in Cloakes and safeguardes;*[2] BLAGUE, *the merry host of the George, comes in with them.*

Host. Welcome, good knight, to the George at Waltham, my free-hold, my tenements, goods and chattels! Madam, heer's a roome is the very *Homer* and *Iliads* of a lodging; it hath none of the foure elements in it, I built it out of the Center, and I drinke neere the lesse sacke. Welcome, my little wast of maiden-heads![3] What? I serve the good Duke of Norfolke.[4] 6

Sir Ar. God a mercie, my good host Blague! Thou hast a good seate here.

Host. Tis correspondent or so: there's not a Tartarian[5] nor a Carrier, shall breath upon your geldings; they have villanous rancke feete, the rogues, and they shall not sweat in my linnen. Knights and Lords too have bene drunke in my house, I thanke the destinies.[6] 13

Y. Cla. Pre' the, good sinful Inkeeper, wil that corruption, thine Ostler, looke well to my gelding.[7] Hay, a poxe of these rushes!

[1] Acts and scenes are not noted in the early copies. [2] riding-skirts.

[3] Surely not 'addressed to Harry Clare,' as W. P. suppose. Sir Arthur and Lady Clare have been welcomed, now is the turn of Milliscent; the Host does not speak to Harry till l. 16.

[4] Other passages indicate that the Host's stock-phrase expresses a careless, roistering spirit. The Duke was probably Thomas, second duke of the Howard house, who opposed Wolsey and Cromwell. He seems to have become a traditional figure in popular songs and customs, cf. Chappell, *Old English Popular Music* (1893), I, 283 f.: 'A curious custom still remains, or did within recent memory, in parts of Suffolk, at the harvest suppers, to sing a song beginning—

I am the Duke of Norfolk,
Newly come to Suffolk, etc.—

one of the company being crowned with a pillow or cushion, and another presenting to him a jug of ale, kneeling' (p. 284).

[5] Thief (Nares); gipsy, stroller (W. P. and Wal.); but neither the Host of this play nor he of *M. W. of W.* seems to choose his terms very carefully.

[6] Cf. I, ii, 5, II, i, 16, and *M. of V.*, II, ii, 65, *A. Y. L.*, I, ii, 111.

[7] Q 1, Q 2, Q 3, 'geldings.'

Host. You ? Saint Dennis ! your gelding shall walke without doores, and coole his feete for his masters sake. By the body of S. George, I have an excellent intillect[1] to goe steale som venison. Now, when[2] wast thou in the forrest ? 19

Y. Cla. Away, you stale messe of white-broth ![3] Come hither, sister, let me helpe you.

Sir Ar. Mine Host, is not Sir Richard Mounchensey come yet, according to our appointment, when we last dinde here ?

Host. The knight's not yet apparent.—Marry, heere's a fore-runner that summons a parle, and saith,[4] heele be here top and top-gallant[5] presently. 26

Sir. Ar. Tis well. Good mine host, goe downe, and see breakfast be provided.

Host. Knight, thy breath hath the force of a woman, it takes me downe ; I am for the baser element[6] of the kitchin : I retire like a valiant souldier, face[7] point-blanke to the foe-man, or, like a Courtier, that must not shew the Prince his posteriors ; vanish[8] to know my canvasadoes, and my interrogatories,[9] for I serve the good Duke of Norfolke. *Exit.*

Sir Ar. How doth my Lady ? are you not weary, Madam ? 35
Come hither, I must talke in private with you ;
My daughter Milliscent must not over-heare.

Mil. I, whispring ? pray God it tend[10] my good ! [*Aside.*]
Strange feare assailes my heart, usurps my blood.

Sir Ar. You know our meeting with the knight Mounchensey
Is to assure our daughter to his heire. 41

L. Dor. Tis, without question.

[1] good notion.

[2] Q 1, Q 3, 'venison now, when' ; Q 2, 'venison, Now when.'

[3] The exact meaning is doubtful ; 'white meat' is a general term including all sorts of dishes made with milk. For the general sense of the passage compare *1 H. IV*, II, iv, 495 ff. The meaning assigned to 'white broth' by Murray, *N. E. D.*, *s. v. broth* in the quotation from Howell is doubtless wrong. There was no talk of boiling to death the Somersets ; Howell is speaking figuratively.

[4] Misprinted 'faith' in many of the early editions.

[5] Under all sail (Walker). [6] See *Critical Essay* (Date). [7] Q 1, 'souldiers face.'

[8] W. P. and Walker unnecessarily insert 'I' before 'vanish.'

[9] An interesting example of the Host's diction, doubtless meaning 'look after things.' 'Canvasadoes' is doubtless a burlesque form of 'canvass' (examination, inquiry).

[10] Walker rightly follows Q 1 ; W. P. follow Q 2 in inserting 'to.'

Sir Ar. Two tedious winters have past ore, since first
These[1] couple lov'd each other, and in passion
Glewd first their naked hands with youthfull moysture ;[2]
Just so long, on my knowledge.
L. Dor. And what of this ?
Sir Ar. This morning should my daughter lose her name,
And to Mounchenseys house convey our armes,
Quartered within his scutchion ; th' affiance, made
Twixt him and her, this morning should be sealde.
L. Dor. I know it should.
Sir Ar. But there are crosses,[3] wife ; heere's one in Waltham,
Another at the Abby, and the third
At Cheston ; and tis ominous to passe
Any of these without a pater-noster.
Crosses of love still thwart this marriage,
Whilst that we two, like spirits, walke in night
About those stony and hard hearted plots.[4]
Mil. O God, what meanes my father ? [*Aside.*]
Sir Ar. For looke you, wife, the riotous old knight
Hath over-run his annual revenue
In keeping jolly Christmas all the yeere ;
The nostrilles of his chimny are still stuft
With smoake, more chargeable then Cane-tobacco ;[5]
His hawkes devoure his fattest dogs, whilst, simple,[6]

[1] Emended to 'this' Q 6 ; but 'these' occurs with 'couple.'
[2] Cf. *V. and A.*, 143 and *Oth.*, III, iv, 36–39.
[3] Such foolish puns seem not to have offended the Elizabethans, cf. *R. and J.*, IV, v.
[4] Referring to 'crosses' ?
[5] 'Cigars' (Walker) ; but I can find no evidence that cigars were in use so early. Apparently it is merely tobacco put up and sold in cylindrical form and more expensive than ordinary leaf tobacco. Four kinds are mentioned : ball, leaf, cane, and pudding, cf. Nares. Aubrey (*Lett. by Em. Persons*, 1813, II, 512) says, 'They had first silver pipes. The ordinary sort made use of a walnut shell and a strawe. . . . It was sold then for its wayte in silver. I have heard some of our old yeomen neighbours say, that when they went to Malmesbury or Chippenham Market, they culled out their biggest shillings to lay in the scales against the tobacco.'
[6] This line and the next are certainly corrupt but no satisfactory emendation has been proposed. Walker adopts the reading of Hazlitt :—

His hawks devour his fattest hogs whilst Simple,
His leanest cur, eats his hounds' carrion

remarking that 'it has the advantage of giving a meaning though an unsatisfactory one.' I do not regard this as an advantage. On the passage as a whole cf. *1 Ed. IV*, p. 70.

His leanest curres eate his[1] hounds carrion ;
Besides, I heard of late, his yonger brother,
A[2] Turky merchant, hath sore[3] suck'de the knight
By meanes of some great losses on the sea ;
That, you conceive mee, before God, all's naught,[4]
His seate is weake. Thus, each thing rightly scand,
You'le see a flight, wife, shortly of his land.
Mil. Treason to my hearts truest soveraigne ! [*Aside.*]
How soone is love smothered in foggy gaine !
L. Dor. But how shall we prevent this dangerous match ?
Sir Ar. I have a plot, a tricke, and this it is—
Under this colour Ile breake off the match :
Ile tell the knight that now my minde is changd
For marrying of my daughter, for I intend
To send her unto Cheston Nunry.
Mil. O me accurst ! [*Aside.*]
Sir Ar. There to become a most religious Nunne.
Mil. Ile first be buried quicke.
Sir Ar. To spend her beauty in most private prayers.
Mil. Ile sooner be a sinner in forsaking
Mother and father.
Sir Ar. How dost like my plot ?
L. Dor. Exceeding well ; but is it your intent
Shee shall continue there ?
Sir Ar. Continue there ? Ha, ha, that were a jest !
You know a virgin may continue there
A twelve moneth and a day onely on triall.
There shall my daughter sojourne some three moneths,
And in meane time Ile compasse a faire match
Twixt[5] youthfull Jerningham, the lusty heire
Of Sir Raph Jerningham, dwelling in the forrest.
I thinke they'le both come hither with Mounchensey. *Exeunt.*[6]
L. Dor. Your care argues the love you beare our childe ;
I will subscribe to any thing youle have me.

[1] Q 1, Q 3, 'him.' [2] Early qtos., 'or.'
[3] Early qtos., 'sure.' [4] Early qtos., 'all naught.'
[5] Apparently Sir Arthur forgot to complete the construction.
[6] All the editions after Q 3 place the stage direction after 100.

Mil. You will subscribe to it! Good, good, tis well;
Love hath two chaires of state, heaven and hell.
My dear Mounchensey, thou my death shalt rue,
Ere to thy heart Milliscent prove untrue. *Exit.*

[Act. I. Scene II. *The Same.*]

Enter BLAGUE.

Host. Ostlers, you knaves and commanders, take the horses of the knights and competitors.[1] Your honourable hulkes have put into harborough, theile take in fresh water here, and I have provided cleane chamber-pots. Via,[2] they come!

Enter SIR RICHARD MOUNCHENSEY, SIR RAPH JERNINGHAM, *young* FRANKE JERNINGHAM, RAYMOND MOUNCHENSEY, PETER FABELL, *and* BILBO.

Host. The destinies be most neate Chamberlaines to these swaggering puritanes, knights of the subsidy.[3] 6

Sir Rich. God a mercy, good mine host.

Sir Raph. Thankes, good host Blague.

Host. Roome for my case of pistolles,[4] that have Greeke and Latine bullets in them; let me cling to your flanks, my nimble Giberalters,[5] and blow wind in your calves to make them swell bigger. Ha, Ile caper in mine owne fee-simple. Away with puntillioes and Ortho-

[1] The Host's choice of words seems to be determined to some extent by a desire for alliteration.

[2] 'Via' is a common exclamation urging haste. In most editions it and the two following words are wrongly printed as a stage direction.

[3] 'This neverthelesse is certeine, that who so may dispend 40 pounds by the yeare of free land . . . may be inforced unto the taking of that degree [knighthood], or otherwise paie the revenues of his land for one yeare.' Harrison, *Descr. Engl.*, bk. ii, cap. v, p. 115. But probably the Host jestingly intimates that they are mere knights of parliament, whose business it is to vote subsidies.

[4] Because, as university students, the two young men are filled with classical learning.

[5] Walker detects 'in Giberalters a coinage from jibbing horses' and thinks 'the blowing wind in the calves a reference to the tricks of trade whereby a poor animal is made to pass for one in good condition.' But *N. E. D.* is probably right in suggesting hat here and in a passage quoted from Harvey, 'Giberalter' is for 'Giberalter-monkey.' On the small legs of gentlemen, cf. *E. M. out of his H.*, III, i, 176, and *Britannia's Past.*, II, i.

graphy! I serve the good Duke of Norfolke. Bilbo, *Titere, tu, patulae recubans sub tegmine fagi.*

Bil. Truely, mine host, Bilbo, though he be somewhat out of fashion, will be your onely blade[1] still. I have a villanous sharp stomacke to slice a breakfast.

Host. Thou shalt have it without any more discontinuance, releases, or atturnement. What! we know our termes of hunting[2] and the sea-card.[3]

Bil. And doe you serve the good Duke of Norfolke still?

Host. Still, and still, and still, my souldier of S. Quintins![4] Come, follow me; I have Charles waine[5] below in a but of sacke, 'twill glister like your Crab-fish.

Bil. You have fine Scholler-like tearmes; your Coopers Dixionary[6] is your onely booke to study in a celler, a man shall finde very strange words in it. Come, my host, lets serve the good Duke of Norfolke.

Host. And still, and still, and still, my boy, Ile serve the good Duke of Norfolke. *Exeunt* Host *and* Bilbo.[7]

Enter Sir Arthur Clare, Harry Clare *and* Milliscent.

Sir Raph. Good Sir Arthur Clare!

Sir Ar. What Gentleman is that? I know him not.

Sir Rich. Tis M[aster] Fabell, Sir, a Cambridge scholler,
My sonnes deere friend.

Sir Ar. Sir, I intreat you know me.

Fab. Command me, sir; I am affected to you
For your Mounchenseys sake.

[1] Swords from Bilbao were called Bilboes.

[2] There could hardly be a better commentary on the Host's knowledge of the peculiarities of his diction.

[3] Either the compass-card or a chart was called a sea-card.

[4] Q 1 has 'S. Quintus.' This is supposed to be an allusion to the battle of St. Quentin (summer of 1557), but it was perhaps intended to suggest also that Bilbo's prowess had been exhibited only at the quintain (or quintin), cf Brand, *Pop. Ant.*, ii, 163.

[5] Charles' Wain is of course the constellation Ursa Major. Walker thinks 'wine as bright as Charles' Wain' is meant; but does not the Host only suggest that the constellation is to be seen as Bilbo empties a cup of sack? A stale crab is said to be luminous in the dark. The Host's mind passes from one shining thing to another. Walker thinks Ursa Major suggests the constellation Cancer.

[6] An obvious pun. Cooper's *Thesaurus Linguae Romanae et Britannicae*, 1565, is alluded to.

[7] No stage directions in most editions.

Sir Ar. Alas! for him, [*Aside.*]
I not respect whether he sinke or swim!
A word in private, Sir Raph Jerningham. [*They talk together.*]
Ray. Methinks your father looketh strangely on me.
Say, love, why are you sad?
Mil. I am not, sweete.
Passion is strong when woe with woe doth meete. [*Aside.*]
Sir Ar. Shall's in to breakfast? After, wee'l conclude
The cause of this our comming. In and feed,[1]
And let that usher a more serious deed.
Mil. Whilst you desire his griefe, my heart shall bleed. [*Aside.*]
Y. Jer. Raymond Mounchensey, come, be frolick, friend,
This is the day thou hast expected long.
Ray. Pray God, deere Jerningham,[2] it prove so happy!
Y. Jer. There's nought can alter it! Be merry, lad!
Fab. There's nought shall alter it! Be lively, Raymond!
Stand any opposition gainst thy hope,
Art shall confront it with her largest scope. *Exeunt* [*all but Fabell*].

[Act I. Scene III. *The Same.*]

PETER FABELL, *solus.*

Fab. Good old Mounchensey, is thy hap so ill,
That for thy bounty and thy royall parts
Thy kind alliance should be held in scorne,
And after all these promises by[3] Clare
Refuse to give his daughter to thy sonne,
Onely because thy Revenues cannot reach
To make her dowage of so rich a joynture
As can the heire of wealthy Jerningham?
And therefore is the false foxe now in hand[4]
To strike a match betwixt her and th' other?

[1] Cf. *Macbeth*, III, iv, 58. The word had no such connotation as now.
[2] Old eds., 'deere Harry Clare'; corr. by W. P.
[3] Hazlitt emends to 'my,' which W. P. and Walker adopt, explaining that 'my' is used to express contempt. But 'by' was probably the author's word; the construction is often careless.
[4] preparing.

And the old gray-beards now are close together,
Plotting it in the Garden. Is't even so?
Raymond Mounchensey, boy, have thou and I
Thus long at Cambridge read the liberall Arts,
The Metaphisickes, Magicke, and those parts
Of the most secret deepe Philosophy?
Have I so many melancholy nights
Watch'd on the top of Peter-house[1] highest tower,
And come we backe unto our native home,
For want of skill, to lose the wench thou lov'st?
Weele first hang Enfield[2] in such rings of miste[3]
As never rose from any dampish fenne:
Ile make the brinde[4] sea to rise at Ware,
And drowne the marshes unto Stratford bridge;
Ile drive the Deere from Waltham in their walkes,
And scatter them like sheepe in every field.
We may perhaps be crost; but, if we be,
He shall crosse the Devill, that but crosses me.[5]

Enter RAYMOND, *yong* JERNINGHAM [*and yong* CLARE.][6]

But here comes Raymond, disconsolate and sad,[7]
And heeres the gallant that must have the wench.
[*Y. Jer.*][8] I pri'thee, Raymond, leave these solemne dumps:
Revive thy spirits, thou that before hast beene
More watchful then the day-proclayming Cocke,
As sportive as a Kid, as francke and merry
As mirth herselfe!
If ought in me may thy content procure,
It is thine owne, thou mayst thy selfe assure.
Ray. Ha, Jerningham, if any but thy selfe
Had spoke that word, it would have come as cold
As the bleake Northerne winds upon the face
Of winter.

[1] Slur 'Peter-house.' [2] Old eds. 'Enuill.'
[3] Cf. *Famous Historie*, above, *Critical Essay* (Sources).
[4] 'brinde' is dissyllabic. [5] Slur 'He shall crosse.' [6] Added in Q 5.
[7] The line has an extra syllable at the caesura, or 'disconsolate' is to be apocopated.
[8] Omitted in Qq, 1, 2, 3.

From thee they[1] have some power upon my blood;
Yet being from thee, had but that hollow sound
Come from the lips of any living man,
It might have won the credite of mine eare;
From thee it cannot.

Y. Jer. If I understand thee, I am a villain;
What, dost thou speake in Parables to thy friends?

Y. Cla. Come, boy, and make me this same groning love, [*To* RAY.]
Troubled with stitches and the cough a'th lungs,
That wept his eyes out when he was a Childe,
And ever since hath shot at hudman-blind,[2]—
Make her[3] leape, caper, jerke, and laugh, and sing,
And play me horse-trickes;
Make Cupid wanton as his mothers dove.
But in this sort, boy, I would have thee love.

Fab. [*To* FRANKE.] Why, how now, Mad cap? What, my lusty Franke,
So neere a wife, and will not tell your friend?
But you will to this geere[4] in hugger-mugger?[5]
Art thou turnde miser, Rascall, in thy loves?

Y. Jer. Who,[6] I? z'sblood, what should all you see in me, that I should looke like a married man, ha? am I balde? are my legs too little for my hose? If I feele any thing in my forehead, I am a villain. Doe I weare a night-cap? doe I bend in the hams? What dost thou see in mee, that I should be towards marriage, ha?

Y. Cla. What,[7] thou married? let me looke upon thee, Rogue; who has given out this of thee? how camst thou into this ill name? What company hast thou bin in, Rascall?

[1] *i.e.* the words.

[2] blind-folded.

[3] Mistake for 'him'; probably carelessness on the part of the writer, not the speaker.

[4] business.

[5] in secret; Walker thinks it implies haste also.

[6] This speech is printed in part as verse in Q 1, Q 2, Q 3, the lines ending at 'in me' | 'ha' | 'hose' | 'I am'; the rest is printed as prose. W. P. print it as prose, but suggest an impossible scansion, ending the lines with 'Who I' | 'I should' | 'I balde' | 'If I' | 'I am' | 'night-cap? doe' | 'in mee' | 'marriage, ha?'

[7] In Q 1, Q 2, Q 3 this speech is divided at 'thee' | 'how' | 'company' | 'in.'

Fab. You are the man, sir, must[1] have Millescent,
The match is making in the Garden now;
Her joynture is agreed on, and th' old men,
Your fathers, meane to lanch[2] their busie[3] bags.
But in meane time, to thrust Mountchensey off,[4]
For colour of this new intended match,
Faire Millescent to Cheston must be sent,
To take the approbation for a Nun.
Nere looke upon me, Lad, the match is done.
Y. Jer. Raymond Mountchensey, now I touch thy griefe
With the true feeling of a zealous friend.
And as for faire and beauteous Millescent,
With my vaine breath I will not seeke to slubber[5]
Her angell-like perfections; but thou know'st
That Essex hath the Saint that I adore.
Where ere did we meete thee and wanton springs,[6]
That like a wag thou hast not laught at me,
And with regardless jesting mockt my love?
How[7] many a sad and weary summer night
My sighs have drunke the dew from off the earth,
And[8] I have taught the Nighting-gale to wake,
And from the meadowes sprung[9] the earely Larke
An houre before she should have list[10] to sing!
I have loaded the poore minutes with my moanes,
That I have made the heavy slow-pasde houres
To hang like heavie clogs upon the day.
But, deere Mounchensey, had not my affection
Seazde on the beauty of another dame,

[1] is to have, cf. l. 30.

[2] W. P. and Walker think this means 'launch'; but surely it means 'lance,' cf. [He] 'commandes hym cofly coferes to lance.' *E. E. Allit. P.*, B 1428 (*N E. D.*). For the spelling, cf. *N. E. D.*, *s.v. lance.*

[3] Walker thinks 'busie' is corrupt, and Dods. conjectured 'pursy.' But see *N. E. D.*, *busy*, I, 8, for examples of its use of buildings, mouldings, cushions, knots, etc.

[4] Editions have a comma at the end of l. 72 and end the sentence here.

[5] to sully.

[6] springals, lively young men, cf. Nares and *Cent. D.*, *s.v.*

[7] Qq, 'Now.'

[8] Q 1, Q 3, omit 'And.'

[9] Q 1, Q 3, 'spring.'

[10] Q 1, Q 3, 'rest.'

Before I'de wrong the chase, and o'regive love[1]
Of one so worthy and so true a friend,
I will abjure both beauty and her sight,[2]
And will in love become a counterfeit.[3]
Ray. Deere Jerningham, thou hast begot my life,
And from the mouth of hell, where now I sate,
I feele my spirit rebound against the stars.
Thou hast conquerd me, deere friend, in my free soule,
There time nor[4] death can by there power controule.
Fab. Franke Jerningham, thou art a gallant boy;
And were he not my pupill, I would say
He were as fine a metled Gentleman,
Of as free spirit, and of as fine a temper
As is in England; and he is a man[5]
That very richly may deserve thy love.
But, noble Clare, this while of our discourse,
What may Mounchenseys honour to thy selfe
Exact upon the measure of thy grace?
Y. Cla. Raymond Mounchensey? I would have thee know
He does not breath this ayre
Whose love I cherish and whose soul I love
More then Mounchenseyes;
Nor ever in my life did see the man
Whom, for his wit and many vertuous parts,
I thinke more worthy of my sisters love.
But since the matter grows unto this passe,
I must not seeme to crosse my Fathers will.
But when thou list to visit her by night,

[1] Q 1, 'Before I would vnage the chase, and ouergiue loue'; Q 3, 'Before I'de wrong the chase, and o'regiue loue'; other Qs 'Before I would wrong the chase and leaue the loue.' W. P. and Walker read as I do, except that they follow Q 2, Q 4, etc., in inserting, 'the' before 'loue'; but it is unnecessary and due to their substitution of 'leaue' for 'o'regiue.' This substitution W. P. and Walker rightly reject; for examples of 'overgive' with the required meaning see *N. E. D.*, *s.v. overgive*.

[2] the sight of it.

[3] Not 'a false coin' (W. P.), but 'an impostor' or 'a deformed person,' cf. *N. E. D. counterfeit*, C, 2 and 4.

[4] Q 1, Q 2, 'Their time or'; Q 3, 'Their time nor'; Q 4, Q 5, Q 6, 'There time or'; W. P. and Walker, 'Neither time nor.'

[5] This line is omitted in Q 1.

My horses sadled, and the stable doore
Stands ready for thee ; use them at thy pleasure.
In honest marriage wed her frankly, boy,
And if thou getst her, lad, God give thee joy !
Ray. Then, care, away ! Let fates my fall pretend,[1]
Backt with the favours of so true a friend !
Fab. Let us alone to bussell for the set,
For age and craft with wit and Art have met.
Ile make my spirits to dance such nightly Jigs
Along the way twixt this and Totnam crosse,
The Carriers Jades shall cast their heavie packs,
And the strong hedges scarse shall keepe them in ;
The Milke-maides Cuts[2] shall turne the wenches off
And lay the Dossers[3] tumbling in the dust ;
The franke and merry London Prentises,
That come for creame and lusty country cheere,
Shall lose their way and, scrambling in the ditches,
All night shall whoop and hollow, cry and call,
Yet none to other finde the way at all.
Ray. Pursue the project, scholler : what we can do[4]
To helpe indeavour, joyne our lives thereto ! [*Exeunt.*][5]

[Act II. Scene I.

Waltham : A Room in Banks's House.]

Enter BANKS, SIR JOHN *and* SMUG.

Banks. Take me with you,[6] good Sir John ! A plague on thee, Smug ! and thou touchest liquor, thou art founderd straight. What ! are your braines alwayes water-milles ? must they ever runne round ?
Smug. Banks, your ale is a Philistine fox ;[7] z' hart, theres fire

[1] plot, design. [2] common work-horses. [3] panniers.
[4] Note the extra syllable at the pause. [5] Not in Q 1, Q 2, Q 3.
[6] Probably 'Let me understand you,' as in 1 *H. IV*, II, iv, 506.
[7] An allusion, as Walker notes, to the story of Samson's tying fire-brands to the tails of foxes.

i'th taile. Out ![1] you are a rogue to charge[2] us with Mugs i'th rereward ! A plague of this winde ; O, it tickles our Catastrophe.[3] 6

Sir Jo. Neighbour Banks of Waltham, and Goodman Smug, the honest Smith of Edmonton, as I dwell betwixt you both at Enfield, I know the taste of both your ale houses, they are good both, smart both. Hem, Grasse and hay ! we are all mortall ; lets live till we die, and be merry ; and theres an end. 11

Banks. Well said, Sir John, you are of the same humor still ;[4] and doth the water runne the same way still, boy ?

Smug. Vulcan[5] was a rogue to him ; Sir John, locke, lock, lock fast,[6] sir John ; so, sir John. Ile one of these yeares, when it shall please the Goddesses and the destinies,[7] be drunke in your company ; thats all now, and God send us health. Shall I sweare I love you ?

Sir Jo. No oathes, no oaths, good neighbour Smug ;
Weel wet our lips together in hugge ;[8]
Carrouse in private, and elevate the hart, 20
And the liver and the lights, and the lights, marke you me, within us ; for, hem, Grasse and hay ! we are all mortall, lets live till we die, and bee Merry, and thers an end.

Banks. But to our former motion[9] about stealing some venison ; whither goe we ? 25

Sir Jo. Into the forrest, neighbour Banks, into Brians walke, the madde keeper.

Smug. Z'blood ! Ile tickle your keeper.

Banks. Yfaith, thou art alwayes drunke when we have neede of thee. 30

Smug. Neede of mee ? z'hart ! you shall have neede of mee alwayes while theres yron in an Anvill.

[1] Q 1, Q 2, Q 3, 'taile : out' ; W. P. and Walker 'taile on't,' which may be right.
[2] An equivoque. [3] Cf. V, ii, 10 and 2 *H. IV*, II, i, 66. [4] always.
[5] Smug's admiration for Sir John is indeed great ; Vulcan was of Smug's trade.
[6] The action would make this clear. As it is, it is hard to decide whether Smug wishes to embrace Sir John or is pretending to fence with him, cf. *N. E. D.*, *lock*, *v.* 7a, 7c. As a term in marching, it seems not to have been in use so early. [Smug wishes Sir John to lock arms by the elbows to drink with him, *Gen. Ed.*]
[7] Cf. I, i, 13. [8] Cf. I, iii, 59.
[9] proposal ; Banks is the only one of the three sober enough to remember their plan.

Banks. M.[1] Parson, may the Smith goe, thinke you, being in this taking ?[2]

Smug. Go ? Ile goe in spight of all the belles[3] in Waltham. 35

Sir Jo. The question is, good neighboure Banks[4]—. Let mee see : the Moone shines to night, ther's not a narrow bridge betwixt this and the forrest, his braine will be setled ere night ; he may go, he may go, neighbour Banks ! Now we want none but the company of mine host Blague at[5] the George at Waltham ; if he were here, our Consort were full. Looke where comes my good host, the Duke of Norfolks man ! and how ![6] and how ! a hem, grasse and hay ! wee are not yet mortall ; lets live till we die, and be merry ; and ther's an end. 44

Enter Host.

Host. Ha, my Castilian[7] dialogues ! and art thou in breath stil, boy? Miller, doth the match hold ? Smith, I see by thy eyes thou hast bin reading little Geneva print.[8] But wend we merrily to the forrest, to steale some of the kings Deere ! Ile meet you at the time apointed. Away, I have Knights and Colonells at my house, and must tend the Hungarions.[9] If we be scard in the forrest, weele meete in the Church-porch at Enfield ; ist Correspondent ? 51

Banks. Tis well ; but how if any of us should be taken ?

Smug. He shall have ransome, by the Lord.

Host. Tush, the knave keepers are my bosonians[10] and my pen-

[1] 'Master,' or more probably, 'Mast.'

[2] condition. Walker says 'agitation,' as in *M. W. of W.*, III, iii, 191 ; but the meaning is more general.

[3] I suppose this is an allusion to the curfew bells, cf. IV, ii, 8.

[4] Construction broken. W. P. rightly reject Hazlitt's reading, 'the question is good.'

[5] So, Q 1, Q 3 ; the rest, 'of,' which is better.

[6] Not a query, but an exclamation meaning 'ho !'

[7] Cf. Hungarian etc., ll. 50 and 54. 'Dialogues' in the Host's diction means 'speaks

[8] An equivoque. The Geneva Bible (first ed. 1560) was the most popular version before that of 1611, and so far as I can learn, the only version printed in 8vo, all other versions being fol. or 4to. *N. E. D.* gives no instance of 'gin' or 'Geneva' as the name of the liquor before 1700, but under *Geneva*[2] quotes Massinger, *Duke of Milan* (1623), I, i, 9–12, 'If you meet An officer preaching of sobriety, Vnlesse he read it in Geneua print, Lay him by the heeles,'—Graccho is declaring it treason to be sober.

[9] Here 'Hungarions' obviously means 'hungry persons.'

[10] beggars, dependants ; cf. *N. E. D. s.v. Besonio* and *Bezonian*, and see 2 *H. IV*, V, iii, 118 ; 2 *H. VI*, IV, i, 134.

sioners. Nine a clock![1] Be valiant, my little Gogmagogs;[2] Ile fence with all the Justices in Hartfordshire. Ile have a Bucke till I die; Ile slay a Doe while I live. Hold your bow straight and steady! I serve the good Duke of Norfolke. [*Exit.*]

Smug. O rare! who, ho, ho, boy! 59

Sir Jo. Peace, neighbor Smug! You see this is a Boore, a Boore of the country, an illiterate Boore, and yet the Cittizen[3] of good fellowes. Come, lets provide; a hem,[4] Grasse and hay! wee are not yet all mortall; weel live till we die, and be merry; and theres an end. Come, Smug! 64

Smug. Good night, Waltham—who, ho, ho, boy! *Exeunt.*

[Act II. Scene II.

Waltham: A Room in the George.]

Enter the Knights *and* Gentlemen [*and the* Ladies] *from breakfast againe.*

Sir Rich. Nor I for thee, Clare, not of this.
What? hast thou fed me all this while with shalles?[5]
And com'st to tell me now, thou lik'st it not?
Sir Ar. I doe not hold thy offer competent;
Nor doe I like th' assurance of thy land,[6] 5
The title is so brangled[7] with thy debts.
Sir Rich. Too good for thee; and, knight, thou knowest it well,
I fawnd not on thee for thy goods, not I;
Twas thine owne motion; that thy wife doth know.
L. Dor. Husband, it was so; he lies not in that. 10

[1] This is the time set for meeting, but in IV, i, 34, the clock strikes ten and in IV ii, 8, the Sexton says: 'Well, 'tis nine o'clock; 'tis time to ring curfew.' Is this an indication of the use of the two clocks with which some critics endow Shakespeare!

[2] Giants, cf. *N. E. D.*

[3] Possibly only the Host's term for 'companion'; but W. P. think it an opposition to 'boore of the country.'

[4] Q 1, etc., 'hen,' corr. by Dods.

[5] 'A quibble on *shall*, shale, shell and *shall* denoting futurity' (W. P.). Cf. 'Thus all with shall or shalles ye shal be fed,' Churchyard, *Challenge*, quoted by W. P. from Nares.

[6] Q 1, Q 2, Q 3, 'loue.'

[7] shaken.

Sir Ar. Hold thy chat, qùeane.
Sir Rich. To which I hearkned willingly, and the rather,
Because I was perswaded it proceeded
From love thou bor'st to me and to my boy;
And gav'st him free accesse unto thy house,
Where he hath not behavde him to thy childe
But as befits a Gentleman to doe.
Nor is my poore distressed state so low,
That Ile shut up my doores, I warrant thee.
Sir Ar. Let it suffice, Mounchensey, I mislike it,
Nor thinke[1] thy sonne a match fit for my childe.
Sir Rich. I[2] tell thee, Clare, his blood is good and cleere
As the best drop that panteth in thy veines.
But, for this maide, thy faire and vertuous childe,
She is no more disparagd by thy basenes
Then the most orient and the pretious jewell,
Which still retaines his lustre and his beauty
Although a slave were owner of the same.
Sir Ar. She is the last is left me to bestow,
And her I meane to dedicate to God.
Sir Rich. You doe, sir?
Sir Ar. Sir, sir, I doe, she is mine owne.
Sir Rich. And pity she is so!
Damnation dog thee and thy wretched pelfe! *Aside.*[3]
Sir Ar. Not thou, Mounchensey, shalt bestow my childe.
Sir Rich. Neither shouldst[4] thou bestow her where thou mean'st.
Sir Ar. What wilt thou doe?
Sir Rich. No matter, let that bee;
I wil doe that, perhaps, shall anger thee:
Thou hast wrongd my love, and, by Gods blessed Angell,
Thou shalt well know it.
Sir Ar. Tut, brave not me!

[1] W. P. and Walker put a semi-colon at the end of l. 20 and regard 'thinke' as imperative. Ll. 20, 21 are assigned to Sir Richard in Q 1, Q 2, Q 3.
[2] Q 1, Q 2, Q 3, 'To.'
[3] Q 1, Q 2, Q 3, print 'aside' as if it were a part of Sir Richard's speech.
[4] Hazlitt changes to 'shall'st'; the next line certainly calls for 'shalt' here.

Sir Rich. Brave thee, base Churle! Were't not for man-hood[1]
I say no more, but that there be some by [sake—
Whose blood[2] is hotter then ours is,
Which, being stird, might make us both repent
This foolish meeting. But, Harry[3] Clare,
Although thy father have abused my friendship,
Yet I love thee, I doe, my noble boy,
I doe, yfaith.
L. Dor. I, doe, do,
Fill all the world with talke of us, man, man;
I never lookt for better at your hands.
Fab. I hoped[4] your great experience and your yeeres
Would have prov'de patience rather to your soule,
Then with this frantique and untamed passion
To whet their[5] skeens. And, but that[6]
I hope their friendships are too well confirmd,
And their minds temperd with more kindly heat
Then for their froward parents soares[7]
That they should breake forth into publique brawles.
Howere the rough hand of th' untoward world
Hath moulded your proceedings in this matter,
Yet I am sure the first intent was love.
Then since the first spring was so sweet and warme,
Let it die gently; ne're kill it with a scorne.
Ray. O thou base world, how leprous is that soule
That is once lim'd in that polluted mudde!
Oh, sir Arthur, you have startled his free active spirits
With a too sharpe spur for his minde to beare.
Have patience, sir; the remedy to woe [*To* SIR R.]
Is to leave what of force we must forgoe.
Mil. And I must take a twelve moneths approbation, [*Aside.*]

[1] Were it not that I am a man instead of a hot-headed boy.

[2] W. P. insert 'youthful' before 'blood,' to mend the metre; but the metre is often bad.

[3] Early eds., 'Raph'; corr. by Q 6.

[4] Q 1, Q 2, Q 3, 'hope'; corr. by Q 4.

[5] 'Their' refers to the young men.

[6] Q 4, etc., read 'for that.'

[7] W. P. and Walker take this to mean soaring flights, high words; it is just as likely to be 'sores.'

That in meane time this sole and private life
At the yeares end may fashion me a wife.
But, sweet Mounchensey, ere this yeare be done,
Thou'st be a frier, if that I be a Nun.
And, father, ere young Jerninghams Ile bee,
I will turne mad to spight both him and thee.
Sir Ar. Wife, come, to horse, and, huswife, make you ready,
For, if I live, I sweare by this good light,[1]
Ile see you lodgde in Chesson house[2] to night. [*Exeunt.*][3]
Sir Rich. Raymond, away! Thou seest how matters fall.
Churle, hell consume thee and thy pelfe and all!
Fab. Now, M. Clare, you see how matters fadge;
Your Milliscent must needes be made a Nun.
Well, sir, we are the men must plie this match.
Hold you your peace, and be a looker on;
And send her unto Chesson, where he will,
Ile send mee fellowes of a handfull[4] hie
Into the Cloysters where the Nuns frequent,
Shall make them skip like Does about the Dale
And make[5] the Lady prioresse of the house
To play[6] at leape-frogge, naked in their smockes,
Untill the merry wenches at their masse
Cry "teehee weehee!"
And tickling these mad Lasses in their flanckes,
Shall sprawle, and squeake, and pinch their fellow Nunnes.
Be lively, boyes, before the Wench we lose,
Ile make the Abbas[7] weare the Cannons hose.[8] *Exeunt.*

[1] A common oath.
[2] Chesson, Cheston, (now Cheshunt) Nunnery was near Enfield and not far from Waltham Abbey.
[3] Inserted in Q 4. [4] four inches, a 'hand,' cf. *N. E. D.*
[5] 'make' seems to have slipped in from the line above instead of 'with'; 'their' in l. 94 seems to support this suggestion.
[6] In Q 1, Q 2, Q 3, these two words are in the preceding line.
Abbess. [8] Alluding to a well-known indecent story.

[Act II. Scene III. *The Same.*]

Enter HARRY CLARE, FRANKE JERNINGHAM, PETER FABELL, *and* MILLESCENT.

Y. Cla. Spight now hath done her worst; sister, be patient!
Y. Jer. Forewarnd poore Raymonds company! O heaven!
When the composure of weake frailtie meete
Upon this mart of durt, o, then weake love
Must in hir owne unhappines be silent,
And winck on[1] all deformities.
Mil. Tis well.
Whers Raymond, Brother? Whers my deere Mounchensey?
Would wee might weepe together and then part;
Our sighing parle[2] would much ease my heart.
Fab. Sweete beautie, fould your sorrowes in the thought
Of future reconcilement. Let your teares
Shew you a woman, but be no farther spent
Then from the eyes; for, sweet, experience sayes
That love is firme thats flatterd with delayes.[3]
Mil. Alas, sir, thinke you I shall ere be his?
Fab. As sure as parting[4] smiles on future blisse.
Yond comes my friend! See, he hath doted
So long upon your beautie, that your want[5]
Will with a pale retirement wast his blood;
For in true love Musicke doth sweetly dwell:
Severd, these lesse worlds beare within them hell.[6]

Enter RAYMOND MOUNCHENSEY.

Ray. Harry and Francke, you are enjoynd to waine[7]

[1] shut her eyes to.
[2] Here dissyllabic, as it usually is when not a book-word.
[3] Cf. 'The course of true love never did run smooth.'
[4] Q 1, Q 2, Q 3, 'panting.'
[5] the want of you.
[6] Our author's thought is not very consecutive in these lines, and often elsewhere.
[7] wean.

Your friendship from mee ; we must part ; the breath
Of all advised corruption—pardon mee ![1]
Faith, I must say so ; you may thinke I love you ;
I breath not, rougher spight do sever us ;[2]
Weele meete by stealth,[3] sweet friend ;[4] by stealth you twaine ;[5]
Kisses are sweetest got with strugling paine.
Y. Jer. Our friendship dies not, Raymond.
Ray. Pardon mee :
I am busied ; I have lost my faculties,
And buried them in Milliscents cleere eyes.
Mil. Alas, sweete Love, what shall become of me ?
I must to Chesson to the Nunery,
I shall nere see thee more.
Ray. How, sweete ?
Ile be thy votary, weele often meete :
This kisse divides us, and breathes soft adiew ;
This be a double charme to keepe both true. [*Kisses her again.*]
Fab. Have done : your fathers may chance spie your parting.
Refuse not you by any meanes, good sweetnes,
To goe unto the Nunnery ; farre from hence
Must wee beget your loves sweete happines.

[1] Ll. 23–25 prose in first five eds. None of these eds. has any punctuation between 'we' and 'corruption,' after which there is a comma. W. P. have 'we must part the breath. Of all advised corruption pardon me !' But their first clause could hardly mean anything but 'we must die' ; their other sentence is intelligible enough but does not suit the context. Walker punctuates as I do, except that he has only a comma after 'corruption' ; I do not know whether he regards 'all' as the subject of 'advised' or not. I take 'all' as *adj.* and 'advised' as *adj.* and the remark as broken off and apologized for. Hazlitt reads 'ill-advised.'

[2] W. P. have 'you may think I loue you ; I breath not, rougher spite do seuer vs,' and have no explanatory note. Walker punctuates as I do, but adopts 'to' for 'do' from Hazlitt. I understand it to mean : 'You may think I love you, inasmuch as I do not declare a rougher spite doth sever us.'

[3] Misprinted 'steale,' Q 1, Q 2, Q 3.

[4] W. P. and Walker 'friends,' but all the early eds. 'friend' ; see next note.

[5] If this line and the next are rightly assigned to Raymond, 'you twaine' must be vocative and should be preceded by a comma ; but I cannot resist the conviction that the two lines should be ascribed to Harry. If so, he first addresses Raymond as 'sweet friend' in regard to their own future meetings and then, referring to Raymond and his sister as 'you twaine,' speaks of their meetings. It is to be noted that if this assignment is not made, Harry takes no part in this conversation. It may also be added that the intervention of this speech makes Raymond's reply in lines 31 to 33 less absurd.

You shall not stay there long ; your harder bed
Shall be more soft when Nun and Maide are dead.

Enter BILBO.

Y. Cla.[1] Now, sirra, whats the matter ?

Bil. Marry, you must to horse presently ; that villanous old gowty churle, Sir Arthur[2] Clare, longs till he bee at the Nunry.

Y. Cla. How, sir ?

Bil.[3] O, I cry you mercy, he is your father, sir, indeed ; but I am sure that theres lesse affinitie betwixt your two natures then there is betweene a broker[4] and a Cutpurse.

Y. Cla.[5] Bring my gelding, sirra.

Bil. Well, nothing greeves me, but for the poore wench ; she must now cry *vale* to Lobster pies, hartichokes, and all such meates of mortalitie. Poore gentlewoman, the signe must not be in *Virgo*[6] any longer with her, and that me grieves ful wel.

Poor Milliscent
Must pray and repent :
O fatalle wonder !
Sheele now be no fatter,
Love must not come at her,
Yet she shall be kept under. *Exit.*

Y. Jer. Farewell, deere Raymond.
Y. Cla. Friend, adew.
Mil. Deere sweete,
No joy enjoyes my hearte till wee next meete. *Exeunt.*

Fab. Well, Raymond, now the tide of discontent
Beats in thy face ; but, er't be long, the wind
Shall turne the flood. Wee must to Waltham Abby,[7]
And as faire Milliscent in Cheston lives,

[1] All eds. '*Ray.*'
[2] Old eds. 'Richard' ; corr. by W. P.
[3] Early eds. omit speaker's name.
[4] A receiver of stolen goods and consequently of great affinity with a cutpurse.
[5] All eds. '*Ray.*'
[6] Possibly because she is to be no longer a woman of this world, cf. III, i, 12 and *Much Ado*, II, i, 331, *All's Well*, I, iii, 20, *A. Y. L.*, V, iii, 5, (with a difference). Bilbo is not yet supposed to know anything of the plot for the marriage.
[7] Cf. note on II, ii, 82.

A most unwilling Nun, so thou shalt there
Become a beardles Novice; to what end,
Let time and future accidents declare.
Tast thou my sleights, thy love Ile onely share.
Ray. Turne frier? Come, my good Counsellor, lets goe,
Yet that disguise will hardly shrowd my woe. *Exeunt.*

[Act III. Scene I. *Cheston: The Nunnery.*]

Enter the Prioresse of Cheston, *with a* Nun *or two*, SIR ARTHUR CLARE, SIR RALPH JERNINGHAM, HENRY *and* FRANCKE, *the* Lady, *and* BILBO, *with* MILLISCENT.

L. Dor. Madam,
The love unto this holy Sister-hood,
And our confirmd opinion of your zeale
Hath truely wonne us to bestow our Childe
Rather on this then any neighbouring Cell.
Pri. Jesus[1] Daughter, Maries childe,
Holy Matron, woman milde,
For thee a masse shall still be sayd,
Every Sister drop a bead;
And those again succeeding them
For you shall sing[2] a Requiem.
Y. Jer. [*Aside*] The wench is gone, Harry; she is no more a woman of this world. Marke her well, shee lookes like a Nun already. What thinkst on her?
Y. Cla. By my faith, her face comes handsomly to 't. But peace, lets heare the rest.
Sir Ar. Madam, for a twelve-months approbation,
Wee meane to make this triall of our childe.
Your care and our deere blessing, in meane time,
Wee pray, may prosper this intended worke.

[1] What W. P. mean by putting a comma after 'Jesus' I do not understand, but it is obviously intentional, as they quote the correct reading, 'Jesus' daughter Mary's child.'
[2] Misprinted 'riug' in Q 1; 'ring' in Q 2.

Pri. May your happie soule be blithe,
That so truely pay your Tithe :
He who many children gave,
Tis fit that he one child should have.
Then, faire Virgin, heare my spell,
For I must your duty tell.

Mil. [*Aside*] Good men and true, stand together, and heare your charge !

Pri. First, a mornings take your booke,
The glasse wherein your selfe must looke ;
Your young thoughts, so proud and jolly,
Must be turned to motions holy ;
For your buske, attires, and toyes,
Have your thoughts on heavenly joyes ;
And for all your follies past
You must doe penance, pray, and fast.

Bil. [*Aside.*] Let her take heed of fasting ; and if ever she hurt her selfe with praying, Ile nere trust beast.

Mil. [*Aside.*] This goes hard, berladye !

Pri. You shal ring the sacring[1] Bell,
Keepe your howers, and toll[2] your knell,
Rise at[3] midnight to your Mattins,[4]
Read your Psalter, sing your Lattins,[5]
And when your blood shall kindle pleasure,
Scourge your selfe in plenteous measure.

Mil. [*Aside.*] Worse and worse, by Saint Mary !

Y. Jer. [*Aside.*] Sirra Hal, how does she hold her countenance ? Wel, goe thy wayes, if ever thou prove a Nunne, Ile build an Abby.

Y. Cla. [*Aside.*] She may be a Nun ; but if ever shee proove an Anchoresse, Ile dig her grave with my nailes.

Y. Jer. [*Aside.*] To her againe, mother !

Y. Cla. [*Aside.*] Hold thine owne, wench !

[1] Misprinted 'sauing' in Q 1. The sacring bell or saunce bell is rung by the server at the Sanctus and certain other parts of the Mass.
[2] Old eds. 'tell' ; corr. by Hazlitt.
[3] Misprinted 'ad' in W. P.
[4] In the ancient service of the church matins began at midnight.
[5] Clearly, any portion of the Latin service which was sung.

Pri. You must read the mornings Masse,
You must creepe unto the Crosse,[1]
Put cold Ashes on your head,
Have a Haire-cloth for your bed.
Bil. [*Aside.*] She had rather have a man in her bed.
Pri. Bid[2] your beads, and tell your needs,
Your holy *Avies*, and your Creedes;
Holy maide, this must be done,
If you meane to live a Nun.
Mil. [*Aside.*] The holy maide will be no Nun.
Sir Ar. Madam, we have some busines of import,
And must be gone.
Wilt please you take my wife into your closet,
Who further will acquaint you with my mind;
And so, good madam, for this time Adiew.
Exeunt women [*and Sir Arthur.*]
Sir Raph. Well now, Francke Jerningham,[3] how sayest thou?
To be briefe,—
What wilt thou say for all this, if we two,
Her[4] father and my selfe, can bring about
That we convert this Nun to be a wife
And thou the husband to this pretty Nun?
How then, my Lad? ha, Francke, it may be done.
Y. Cla. I, now it workes. [*Aside.*]
Y. Jer. O God, sir, you amaze mee at your words;
Thinke with your selfe, Sir, what a thing it were
To cause a Recluse to remove her vow,
A maymed, contrite, and repentant soule,
Ever mortified with fasting and with prayer,
Whose thoughts, even as hir eyes, are fixd on heaven;
To drawe a virgin, thus devour'd with zeale,
Backe to the world! O impious deede!

[1] In the adoration of the cross on Good Friday. Next line, allusion to Ash Wednesday.
[2] Misprinted 'Bind' in all early eds.
[3] All early eds., 'Clare.' The error was apparently due to the author, as the line is metrically correct with 'Clare' instead of 'Jerningham.'
[4] Early eds., 'thy.' Perhaps another instance of confusion on the part of the author.

Nor by the Canon Law can it be done
Without a dispensation from the Church.
Besides, she is so prone unto this life,
As sheele even shreeke to heare a husband namde.
Bil. I, a poore innocent shee! Well, heres no knavery; hee flowts the old fooles to their teeth. [*Aside.*]
Sir Raph. Boy, I am glad to heare
Thou mak'st such scruple of that conscience;
And in a man so young as is your selfe,
I promise you tis very seldome seene.
But, Franke, this is a tricke, a meere devise,
A sleight plotted betwixt her father and my selfe,
To thrust Mounchenseyes nose besides the cushion;[1]
That, being thus debard of all accesse,
Time yet may worke him from her thoughts,[2]
And give thee ample scope to thy desires.
Bil. A plague on you both for a couple of Jewes! [*Aside.*]
Y. Cla. How now, Franke, what say you to that?
Y. Jer. Let me alone, I warrant thee. [*To Harry.*]
Sir,[3]
Assurde that this motion doth proceede
From your most kinde and fatherly affection,
I do dispose my liking to your pleasure;
But for it is a matter of such moment
As holy marriage, I must crave thus much,
To have some conference with my ghostly father,
Frier Hildersham, here by, at Waltham Abby,

[1] W. P. quote Nares as authority for the statement that 'cushion' was a term in archery for the target, but Nares produces no evidence for his view. All the passages cited are capable of an entirely different explanation. *N. E. D.* is non-committal in regard to the origin of the phrase, but such examples as: 'And whan he weneth to syt, Yet may he mysse the quysshyon,' Skelton, *Col. Cloute*, 998; 'He hath missed the cushen and sitteth bare,' Hieron, *Defence*, II, 157, indicate that a cushion which one attempts to sit upon is the figure in most cases. The reference may be, however, to the game described by Brand, II, 161 f., or to crowning with a cushion, cf. note on I, i, 6, and the discussion in Chappell. 'Besides' is a common form of 'beside' which occurs in most editions after the first.

[2] The line is metrically imperfect; perhaps some such word as 'absent' should be inserted after 'him.'

[3] I follow W. P. in making a separate line of this extra-metrical word.

To be absolvde of things, that it is fit
None only but my confessor[1] should know.
Sir Raph.[2] With all my heart. He is a reverend man;
And to morrow-morning wee will meet all at the Abby,
Where by th' opinion of that reverend man
Wee will proceede. I like it passing well.
Till then we part, boy; I,[3] thinke of it; farewell!
A parents care no mortall tongue can tell. *Exeunt.*

[Act III. Scene II. *At the Gate of Cheston Nunnery.*]

Enter Sir Arthur Clare, *and* Raymond Mounchensey, *like a Frier.*

Sir Ar. Holy yong Novice, I have told you now
My full intent, and doe refer the rest
To your professed secrecy and care.
And see,
Our serious speech hath stolne upon the way,
That we are come unto the Abby gate.
Because I know Mountchensey is a foxe,
That craftily doth overlooke my doings,
Ile not be seene, not I; tush, I have done,
I had a Daughter, but shee's now a Nun.
Farewell, deere sonne, farewell. *Exit.*
Ray. Fare you well!—I, you have done!
Your daughter, sir, shall not be long a Nun.
O my rare Tutor, never mortall braine
Plotted out such a masse of pollicie.
And my deere[4] bosome is so great with laughter,
Begot by his simplicity and error,
My soule is fallen in labour with her joy.
O my true friends, Franke Jerningham and Clare,
Did you now know but how this jest takes fire—
That good sir Arthur, thinking me a Novice,

[1] cónfessór.
[2] Early eds. wrongly assign to Sir Arthur; and they print ll. 113–115 as prose.
[3] Ay.
[4] Cf. Schmidt's Shakespeare Lexicon.

Had even powrd himselfe into my bosome,
O, you would vent your spleenes with tickling mirth!
But, Raymond, peace, and have an eye about,
For feare perhaps some of the Nuns looke out.
Peace and charity within,
Never toucht with deadly sin.
I cast my holy water pure[1]
On this wall and on this doore,
That from evill shall defend,
And keepe you from the ugly fiend.
Evill spirit, by night nor day,
Shall approch or come this way;
Elfe nor Fairy, by this grace,
Day nor night shall haunt this place.
Holy maidens— *Knocke.*[2]

Answere within. Who's that which knocks? ha, who is there?

Ray. Gentle Nun, here is a Frier.

Enter NUN.

Nun. A Frier without, now Christ us save!
Holy man, what wouldst thou have?

Ray. Holy Mayde, I hither come
From Frier and Father Hildersome,
By the favour and the grace
Of the Prioresse of this place
Amongst you all to visit one
That's come for approbation,—
Before she was as now you are,
The Daughter of Sir Arthur Clare,
But since she now became a Nun,
Call'd Milliscent of Edmunton.

Nun. Holy man, repose you there;
This newes Ile to our Abbas beare,
To tell her[3] what a man is sent,
And your message and intent.

[1] Misprinted 'poore' in early eds.
[2] 'Holy maidens knocke' printed as stage-dir. in early eds.
[3] Q 1, Q 2, omit 'her.'

Ray. Benedicite. *Exit.*
Nun. Benedicite.
Ray. Doe, my good plumpe wench ; if all fall right,
Ile make your sister-hood one lesse by night.
Now happy fortune speede this merry drift,
I like a wench comes roundly to her shrift.

Enter LADY *and*[1] MILLISCENT.

L. Dor. Have Friers recourse then to the house of Nuns ?
Mil. Madam, it is the order of this place,
When any Virgin comes for approbation,—
Lest that for feare or such[2] sinister practise
Shee should be forcde to undergoe this vaile,
Which should proceed from conscience and devotion,—
A visitor is sent from Waltham house,
To take the true confession of the maide.
L. Dor. Is that the order ? I commend it well.
You to your shrift, Ile backe unto the Cell. *Exit.*
Ray. Life of my soule ! bright Angel !
Mil. What meanes the Frier ?
Ray. O Milliscent, tis I !
Mil. My heart misgives me ; I should know that voyce.
You ? who are you ? the holy virgin blesse me !
Tell me your name : you shall, ere you confesse me.
Ray. Mountchensey, thy true friend.
Mil. My Raymond, my deere heart !
Sweete life, give leave to my distracted soule
To wake a little from this swoone of joy.
By what meanes camst thou to assume this shape ?
Ray. By meanes of Peter Fabell, my kind Tutor,
Who in the habite of Frier Hildersham,
Franke Jerninghams old friend and confessor,
Plotted by Francke, by Fabell[3] and my selfe,

[1] Q 1, Q 2, Q 3 omit 'and.'
[2] Omitted by Walker without note.
[3] The passage is clearly corrupt. W. P. read 'Harry' for 'Fabell' in l. 85 and explain : 'Fabell, in the habit of Frier Hildersham, made his plot with the aid of Francke and Harry and with my own assistance, and *so*, *i.e.* in that disguise, he conversed with Sir Arthur Clare.' But, as Walker remarks, 'The explanation is not satisfactory. "Plotted

And so delivered to Sir Arthur Clare,
Who brought me heere unto the Abby gate,
To be his Nun-made daughters visitor.
Mil. You are all sweete traytors to my poore old father.
O my deere life, I was a dream't[1] to night
That, as I was a-praying in mine Psalter,
There came a spirit unto me as I kneeld,
And by his strong perswasions tempted me
To leave this Nunry ; and methought[2]
He came in the most glorious Angell-shape
That mortall eye did ever looke upon.
Ha, thou art sure that spirit, for theres no forme
Is in mine eye so glorious as thine owne.
Ray. O thou Idolatresse, that dost this worship
To him whose likenes is but praise of thee ![3]
Thou bright unsetting star, which through this vaile,
For very envy, mak'st the Sun looke pale !
Mil. Well, Visitor, lest that perhaps my mother
Should thinke the Frier too strict[4] in his decrees,
I this confesse to my sweet ghostly father :
If chast pure love be sin, I must confesse,
I have offended three yeares[5] now with thee.
Ray. But doe you yet repent you of the same ?
Mil. Yfaith, I cannot.
Ray. Nor will I absolve thee
Of that sweete sin, though it be venial ;
Yet have the pennance of a thousand kisses,
And I enjoyne you to this pilgrimage :

by" can hardly mean made his plot with the aid of.' Walker says 'some words, probably two or three lines, seem to have dropped out.' But the difficulty seems to reside almost entirely in the grammatically superfluous 'who' (l. 83); without it the construction is not more careless than in many other passages.

[1] Walker thinks this is probably like 'a-blakeberryed' and similar forms explained by Skeat as remnant of *prep.* 'on' + noun + ending '-ath,' as 'a-hunted' = 'a-hunting'; but it is more probably a *pp.* with the prefix 'a-' = '*y*-,' though no verbal form but this is known, cf. *N. E. D.*, *a-dreamed*.

[2] The metre of this line would be improved by taking 'He came' from the next line ; but that line would be spoiled.

[3] Who resembles an angel only in that he is praised by thee.

[4] In what respect ?

[5] Cf. I, i, 43.

That in the evening you bestow your selfe
Heere in the walke neere to the willow ground,
Where Ile be ready both with men and horse[1]
To waite your comming, and convey you hence
Unto a lodge I have in Enfield chase.
No more replie, if that you yeeld consent —
I see more eyes upon our stay are bent.
Mil. Sweete life, farewell! Tis done: let that suffice;
What my tongue failes, I send thee by mine eyes. *Exit.*

Enter FABELL, CLARE, *and* JERNINGHAM.

Y. Jer. Now, Visitor, how does this new made Nun?
Y. Cla. Come, come, how does she, noble Capouchin?
Ray. She may be poore in spirit, but for the flesh,
Tis fatte and plumpe, boyes. Ah, rogues, there is
A company of girles would turn you all Friers.[2]
Fab. But how, Mountchensey, how, lad, for the wench?
Ray. Sounds,[3] lads! yfaith, I thanke my holy habit,
I have confest her, and the Lady Prioresse
Hath given me ghostly counsell with her blessing.[4]
And how say yee, boyes,
If I be chose the weekely visitor?
Y. Cla. Z'blood, sheel have nere a Nun unbagd[5] to sing masse then.
Y. Jer. The Abbot of Waltham will have as many Children to put to nurse as he has calves[6] in the Marsh.
Ray. Well, to be breefe, the Nun will soone at night turne tippit;[7] if I can but devise to quit her cleanly of the Nunry, she is mine owne.
Fab. But, Sirra Raymond,
What newes of Peter Fabel at the house?

[1] Plural, as in l. 152.

[2] Ll. 125–127 prose in early eds.; emended by Collier. If it is verse, 'there is' should be contracted to rhyme with 'Friers' (freres); W. P. suggest 'Friers all,' *metri gratia.*

[3] 'Zounds'; misprinted 'Sound' in Q 1, Q 2, Q 3.

[4] We have no record of his interview with the Prioress. This and the preceding line as prose in early eds.

[5] not pregnant; cf. *N. E. D., bagged.*

[6] Waltham calves were proverbial for stupidity, not for number, so far as I know; Romney Marsh lies just south of the Abbey.

[7] Early eds., 'lippet'; corr. by Collier. 'Turn tippit' is used both of women and of men, and of change for the better or for the worse; perhaps originally it signified the abandonment of holy orders. Cf. 'turn one's coat' and 'turn-coat.'

Ray. Tush, hees the onely man ;[1]
A Necromancer and a Conjurer
That workes for yong Mountchensey altogether ;
And if it be not for Fryer Benedicke,
That he can crosse him by his learned skill,
The Wench is gone ;
Fabell will fetch her out by very magicke.
Fab. Stands the winde there, boy ? Keepe them in that key,[2]
The wench is ours before to-morrow day.
Well, Harry[3] and Franke, as ye are gentlemen,
Sticke to us close this once ! You know your fathers
Have men and horse lie ready still at Chesson,
To watch the coast be cleere, to scowt about,
And have an eye unto Mountchenseys walks :
Therfore you two may hover thereabouts,
And no man will suspect you for the matter ;
Be ready but to take her at our hands,
Leave us to scamble[4] for hir getting out.
Y. Jer. Z'bloud, if al Herford-shire were at our heeles,
Weele carry her away in spight of them.
Y. Cla. But whither, Raymond ?
Ray. To Brians upper[5] lodge in Enfield Chase ;
He is mine honest Friend and a tall[6] keeper ;
Ile send my man unto him presently
T' acquaint him with your comminge and intent.
Fab. Be breefe and secret !
Ray. Soon[7] at night remember
You bring your horses to the willow ground.
Y. Jer. Tis done ; no more !

[1] Again we are not informed how Raymond got his information. The mention of Fryer Benedicke betrays the influence of the original Bacon-Bungay story. This whole conversation, 139–147 is in prose in early eds.

[2] Does this rhyme with 149 by intention ? The following lines, 150–165 are prose in all early eds.

[3] Early eds., 'Raph' ;\corr. in Q 6.

[4] struggle ; cf. *King John.* IV, iii, 146.

[5] The North Lodge of the present Chase is nearer Cheshunt than the West or the South Lodge. Enfield lies 'downe the wood,' IV, i, 129.

[6] excellent, lusty. [7] early.

Y. Cla. We will not faile the hower.
[*Ray.*][1] My life and fortune now lies in your power.
Fab. About our busines! Raymond, lets away!
Thinke of your hower; it drawes well of the day. *Exit.*[2]

[Act IV. Scene I. *Potter's Gate, Enfield Chase.*]

Enter BLAGUE, BANKS, SMUG, *and* SIR JOHN.

Host. Come, yee Hungarian pilchers,[3] we are once more come under the *zona torrida* of the forrest. Lets be resolute, lets flie to and againe; and if the devill come, weele put him to his Interogatories, and not budge a foote. What? s'foote, ile put fire into you, yee shall all three serve the good Duke of Norfolke.

Smug. Mine host, my bully,[4] my pretious consull, my noble Holefernes, I have bin drunke i' thy house twenty times and ten,[5] all's one for that: I was last night in the third heavens, my braine was poore, it had yest[6] in 't; but now I am a man of action; is't not so, lad?

Banks.[7] Why, now thou hast two of the liberall sciences about thee, wit and reason, thou maist serve the Duke of Europe.

Smug. I will serve the Duke of Christendom, and doe him more credit in his celler then all the plate in his buttery; is't not so, lad?

Sir Jo. Mine host and Smug, stand there; Banks, you and your horse[8] keepe together; but lie close, shew no trickes, for feare of the keeper. If we be scard, weele meete in the Church-porch at Enfield.

[1] This line should be assigned to Raymond; it is nonsense in the mouth of Harry.
[2] So Q 1, Q 2, Q 3; of course it means '*Exeunt.*'
[3] Nares, *s.v.* 'Hungarian,' says 'for "filchers."' Walker declares that there is no authority for this use of pilchers and says that 'the men addressed are pilchers proleptically because they hope to secure the skin of the deer [for pilchers].' But there is authority for 'pilcher' in the sense required. Tusser has 'Some steale, some pilch, some all away filch.' *Husbandrie*, 33, and Levins, *Man. Vocab.*, col. 130, has 'to Pilche, miche, suffurari.'
[4] Cf. *M. W. of W.*, I, iii, 6, 11; II, i, 225; II, iii, 18, 29; IV, v, 17.
[5] Cf. 'twice and once.'
[6] froth.
[7] Misprinted 'Bilbo' in Q 1, Q 2, Q 3.
[8] W. P. strangely quote from Halliwell: '*A horse*, a machine on which anything is supported by laying it across.' But this was no wooden horse; Banks was to carry off the deer on horse-back.

Smug. Content, sir John.

Banks. Smug, dost not thou remember the tree thou fellst out of last night ?

Smug. Tush, and 't had bin as high as the Abby, I should nere have hurt my selfe ; I have fallen into the river, comming home from Waltham, and scapt drowning.

Sir Jo. Come, sever, feare[1] no spirits ! Weele have a Bucke presently ; we have watched later then this for a Doe, mine Host.

Host. Thou speakst as true as velvet.[2]

Sir Jo. Why then, come ! Grasse and hay, etc. *Exeunt.*

Enter CLARE, JERNINGHAM *and* MILLESCENT.[3]

Y. Cla. Franke Jerningham !

Y. Jer. Speake softly, rogue ; how now ?

Y. Cla. S' foot, we shall lose our way, its so darke ; whereabouts are we ?

Y. Jer. Why, man, at Potters gate ;[4] the way lies right : hearke ! the clocke strikes at Enfield ; whats the houre ?

Y. Cla. Ten,[5] the bell sayes.

Y. Jer. A lies in's throate,[6] it was but eight when we set out of Cheston. Sir John and his Sexton are at ale to night, the clocke runs at random.

Y. Cla. Nay, as sure as thou liv'st, the villanous vicar is abroad in the Chase this darke night : the stone Priest[7] steales more venison then halfe the country.

Y. Jer. Milliscent, how dost thou ?

Mil. Sir, very well.
I would to God we were at Brians Lodge.

Y. Cla. We shall anon ; z'ounds, ha[illegible]e ! what meanes this noyse ?

[1] Misprinted 'eare' in Q 1.

[2] One of many similar phrases. Cf. 'I am [illegible] ew, as skin betweene thy browes,' *Gammer Gurton*, V, ii, 121.

[3] This might well be a new scene, but to differ from previous eds. would introduce confusion in references. There are other similar instances.

[4] Walker locates this at the modern village of Potter's Bar ; if so, it is about a mile and a half north-west of North Lodge, cf. III, ii, 162, and considerably out of the direct way from Cheshunt.

[5] Cf. IV, ii, 8 and II, i, 55.

[6] 'He (that is, the bell) lies in his throat.' This may be W. P.'s interpretation ; other editors wrongly print "A lie 's in his throat."

[7] A stone horse is a stallion.

Y. Jer. Stay, I heere horsemen.
Y. Cla. I heare footmen too.
Y. Jer. Nay, then I have it: we have bin discoverd,
And we are followed by our fathers men.
Mil. Brother and friend, alas, what shall we doe?
Y. Cla. Sister, speake softly, or we are descride.
They are hard upon us, what so ere they be.
Shadow your selfe behind this brake of ferne,
Weele get into the wood, and let them passe. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter Sir John, Blague, Smug, *and* Banks, *one after another.*

Sir Jo. Grasse and hay! wee are all mortall; the keeper's abroad and there's an end.
Banks. Sir John!
Sir Jo. Neighbour Bankes, what newes?
Banks. Z'wounds, Sir John, the keepers are abroad; I was hard by 'am.
Sir Jo. Grasse and hay! wher's mine host Blague?
Host. Here, Metrapolitane.[1] The Philistines are upon us,[2] be silent; let us serve the good Duke of Norfolke. But where is Smug?
Smug. Here; a poxe on yee all, dogs; I have kild the greatest Bucke in Brians walke. Shift for your selves, all the keepers are up. Lets meete in Enfield Church porch; away, we are all taken els. *Exeunt.*

Enter Brian, *with* Raph, *his man, and his hound.*

Bri. Raph, hearst thou any stirring?
Raph. I heard one speake here hard by, in the bottome. Peace, Maister, speake low; zownes, if I did not heare a bow goe off, and the Bucke bray, I never heard deere in my life.
Bri. When went your fellowes out into their walks?
Raph. An hower agoe
Bri. S' [illegible] abroad, and they cannot heare
Of them: where the devill are my men to night?
Sirra, goe up the wind towards Buckleys lodge!
Ile cast about the bottome with my hound,
And I will meete thee under Cony oke.[3]

[1] The only Metropolitans in England were the archbishops of Canterbury and York.
[2] Cf. *Judges*, XVI, 12. [3] 'No doubt an oak with a rabbit hole under it.' (Walker.)

Raph. I will, Sir.

Bri. How now ? by the masse, my hound stayes upon something ; Harke, harke, Bowman,[1] harke, harke, there !

Mil. Brother, Franke Jerningham, brother Clare !

Bri. Peace ; that's a womans voyce ! Stand ! who's there ? Stand, or Ile shoote.

[*Enter* MILLISCENT.]

Mil. O Lord ! hold your hands, I meane no harme, sir.

Bri. Speake, who are you ?

Mil. I am a maid, sir ; who ? M. Brian ?

Bri. The very same ; sure, I should know her voyce ; Mistris Milliscent ?

Mil. I, it is I, sir.

Bri. God for his passion ! what make you here alone ?
I lookd for you at my lodge an hower agoe.
What meanes your company to leave you thus ?
Who brought you hither ?

Mil. My brother, Sir, and M. Jerningham,
Who, hearing folks about us in the Chase,
Feard it had bin sir Raph[2] and my father,
Who had pursude us, thus dispearsed our selves,
Till they were past us.

Bri. But where be they ?

Mil. They be not farre off, here about the grove.

Enter CLARE *and* JERNINGHAM.

Y. Cla. Be not afraid, man ! I heard Brians tongue,
Thats certain.

Y. Jer. Call softly for your sister.

Y. Cla. Milliscent !

Mil. I, brother, heere.

Bri. M. Clare !

Y. Cla. I told you it was Brian.

[1] The name of the hound ?

[2] All early eds., 'Sir Arthur' ; the metre shows that the confusion is due to the author. W. P. say, the metre would be smoothed by reading 'my father and Sir Raph.'

Bri. Whoes that ? M. Jerningham, you are a couple of hot-shots,[1] Does a man commit his wench to you, to put her to grasse at this time of night ?

Y. Jer. We heard a noyse about here[2] in the Chase,
And fearing that our fathers had pursude us,
Severd our selves.

Y. Cla. Brian, how hapd'st thou on her ?

Bri. Seeking for stealers[3] are abroad to night,
My hound staied on her, and so found her out.

Y. Cla. They were these stealers that affrighted us ;
I was hard upon them, when they horst[4] their Deere ;
And I perceive they took me for a keeper.

Bri. Which way tooke they ?

Y. Jer. Towards Enfield.

Bri. A plague upon 't, thats that damned Priest, and Blague of the George — he that serves the good Duke of Norfolke.

A noyse within : Follow, follow, follow.

Y. Cla. Peace, thats my fathers voyce.

Bri. Z'ownds, you suspected them, and now they are heere indeed.

Mil. Alas, what shall we doe ?

Bri. If you goe to the lodge, you are surely taken.
Strike downe the wood to Enfield presently,
And if Mounchensey come, Ile send him t'yee.
Let mee alone to bussle[5] with your Fathers ;[6]
I warrant you that I will keepe them play
Till you have quit the Chase ; away, away ! [*Exeunt all but* BRIAN.][7]
Whoes there ?

Enter the Knights.

Sir Raph. In the king's name, pursue the Ravisher !

Bri. Stand, or Ile shoote.

Sir Ar. Whoes there ?

Bri. I am the keeper that doe charge you stand ; You have stollen my Deere.

[1] Walker, quoting Nares, thinks 'hot-shots' were skirmishers. This misses the point ; hot-shots are 'reckless fellows.' [2] Misprinted 'her,' Q 1, Q 2, Q 3.
[3] 'Who' is omitted, as often in this construction.
[4] Did the stealers stop for this ? Cf. IV, i, 64, but also, V, ii, 23.
[5] Cf. I, iii, 131. [6] Early eds., 'Father.' [7] Added by W. P.

Sir Ar. We stolne thy Deere ? we doe pursue a thiefe.
Bri. You are arrant theeves, and ye have stolne my Deere.
Sir Raph. We are Knights,—Sir Arthur Clare, and Sir Raph Jerningham.
Bri. The more your shame, that Knights should bee such thieves.
Sir Ar. Who, or what art thou ?
Bri. My name is Brian, keeper of this walke.
Sir Ar.[1] O Brian, a villain !
Thou hast receiv'd my Daughter to thy Lodge.
Bri. You have stolne the best Deere in my walke to night. My Deere !
Sir. Ar. My daughter ![2]
Stop not my way !
Bri. What make you in my walke ?
You have stolne the best Bucke in my walke to night.
Sir. Ar. My Daughter !
Bri. My Deere !
Sir Raph. Where is Mountchensey ?
Bri. Wheres my Bucke ?
Sir Ar. I will complaine me of thee to the king.
Bri. Ile complaine unto the king you spoile his game.[3]
Tis strange that men of your account and calling
Will offer it !
I tell you true, Sir Arthur and Sir Raph,
That none but you have onely spoild my game.
Sir Ar. I charge you, stop us not !
Bri. I charge you both ye get out of my ground !
Is this a time for such as you,
Men of place[4] and of your gravity,
To be abroad a-theeving ? Tis a shame ;
And, afore God, if I had shot at you,
I had servde you well enough. [*Exeunt.*][5]

[1] Eds. *Raph.*
[2] 'There is in this passage a whimsical suggestion of Shylock's cry for his ducats and his daughter' (Walker).
[3] Ll. 159–170 as prose in most eds., arranged by W. P., as was much of the passage just preceding.
[4] W. P. and Walker adopt 'men of your place' from Dodsley.
[5] Not in Q 1, Q 2, Q 3.

[Act IV. Scene II. *The Porch of Enfield Church.*]

Enter BANKS THE MILLER, *wet on his legges.*

Banks. S'foote, heeres a darke night indeed! I thinke I have bin in fifteene ditches betweene this and the forrest. Soft, heers Enfield Church: I am so wet with climing over into an orchard for to steale some filberts. Well, heere Ile sit in the Church porch, and wait for the rest of my consort.

Enter the Sexton.

Sex. Heeres a skye as blacke as Lucifer, God blesse us! Heere was goodman Theophilus buried; hee was the best Nutcracker[1] that ever dwelt in Enfield. Well, tis 9. a clock,[2] tis time to ring curfew. Lord blesse us, what a white thing is that in the Church porch! O Lord, my legges are too weake for my body, my haire is too stiffe for my night-cap, my heart failes; this is the ghost of Theophilus. O Lord, it followes me! I cannot say my prayers and one would give me a thousand pound. Good spirit, I have bowld and drunke and followed the hounds with you a thousand times, though I have not the spirit now to deale with you. O Lord!

Enter Priest.

Sir Jo. Grasse and hay! we are all mortall. Who's there?

Sex. We are grasse and hay indeede; I know you to bee Master Parson by your phrase.

Sir Jo. Sexton!

Sex. I, Sir!

Sir John. For mortalities sake, whats the matter?

Sex. O Lord, I am a man of another element;[3] Maister Theophilus Ghost is in the Church porch. There was a hundred Cats, all fire, dancing here even now, and they are clombe up to the top of the steeple; ile not into the bellfree for a world.

Sir Jo. O good Salomon; I have bin about a deede of darknes to night: O Lord, I saw fifteen spirits in the forrest, like white

[1] I don't understand this claim to distinction. Nutcrack-Night was not for such as he.
[2] Cf. IV, i, 34. [3] I am of another world, I'm dead; but cf. V, ii, 140.

bulles ; if I lye, I am an arrant theefe : mortalitie haunts us—grass and hay ! the devills at our heeles, and lets hence to the parsonage.[1]

Exeunt.

The Miller *comes out very softly.*

Banks. What noise was that ? Tis the watch, sure. That villanous unlucky rogue, Smug, is taine, upon my life ; and then all our villeny comes out. I heard one cry, sure.

Enter HOST BLAGUE.

Host. If I go steale any more veneson, I am a Paradox ! S'foot, I can scarce beare the sinne of my flesh in the day,[2] tis so heavy ; if I turne not honest, and serve the good Duke of Norfolke, as true mareterraneum[3] skinker should doe, let me never looke higher then the element[4] of a Constable.

Banks. By the Lord, there are some watchmen ; I heare them name Maister Constable.[5] I would to God my Mill were an Eunuch, and wanted her stones, so I were hence.

Host. Who's there ?

Banks. Tis the Constable, by this light ! Ile steale hence, and if I can meete mine Host Blague, ile tell him how Smug is taine, and will him to looke to himselfe. [*Exit.*

Host. What the devill is that white thing ? This same is a Church-yard, and I have heard that ghosts and villenous goblins have beene seene here.

Enter Sexton *and* Priest.

Sir Jo. Grasse and hay ! O, that I could conjure ! wee saw a spirite here in the Church-yard ; and in the fallow field ther's the devill with a mans body upon his backe in a white sheet.[6]

Sex. It may be a womans body, Sir John.

Sir Jo. If shee be a woman, the sheets damne her ;[7] Lord blesse us, what a night of mortalitie is this !

Host. Priest !

[1] Misprinted 'parsonages,' Q 1, Q 2, Q 3.

[2] Cf. Falstaff.

[3] Probably for 'Mediterranean,' as W. P. suggest ; 'skinker' is 'tapster,' cf. 1 *H. IV*, II, iv, 26.

[4] Cf. *Critical Essay* (Date).

[5] The Host and Banks, of course, do not recognize each other.

[6] This is Banks, of course, but has he the deer on his back ? I think not.

[7] A woman guilty of fornication was condemned to appear in a white sheet two or three days, says Stubbes, *Anat. of Abuses*, 98.

Sir Jo. Mine host!
Host. Did you not see a spirit all in white crosse you at the stile?
Sex.[1] O no, mine host; but there sate one in the porch. I have not breath ynough left to blesse me from the Devill.
Host. Whoes that?
Sir Jo. The Sexton, almost frighted out of his wits. Did you see Banks or Smug?
Host. No, they are gone to Waltham, sure. I would faine hence; come, lets to my house. Ile nere serve the Duke of Norfolk in this fashion againe whilst I breath. If the devill be amongst us, tis time to hoist saile, and cry roomer.[2] Keepe together. Sexton, thou art secret, what? Lets be comfortable one to another.
Sir Jo. We are all mortall, mine host.
Host. True; and Ile serve God in the night hereafter afore the Duke of Norfolke. [*Exeunt.*

[Act V. Scene I. *Waltham: the White Horse Inn.*]

Enter Sir Arthur Clare *and* Sir Raph Jerningham,[3] *trussing their points as new up.*

Sir Ar.[4] Good morrow, gentle knight.
A happy day after your short nights rest!
Sir Raph.[5] Ha, ha, sir Arthur,[4] stirring so soone indeed?
Birlady, sir, rest would have done right well;
Our riding late last night has made me drowsie.
Goe to, goe to, those dayes are gone with us.
Sir Ar.[4] Sir Raph,[5] Sir Raph,[5] care go with those dayes,
Let 'am even goe together, let 'am goe!

[1] This speech is assigned to the Priest in Q 1, Q 2, Q 3.
[2] W. P. quote Halliwell, '*To cry roomer*, to give the command to tack about before the wind.'
[3] Early eds., 'Sir Raph Clare and Sir Arthur Jerningham.' The names are also confused in the text; ll. 1–30. It is absurd that Jerningham should speak ll. 10–16, whereas they are entirely appropriate to Sir Arthur Clare. I have, therefore, changed the assignment of the speeches in all previous eds. as is indicated below. After l. 30, the assignment seems right till we reach l. 53, when it is again confused.
[4] All eds., 'Sir Raph.' [5] All eds., 'Sir Arthur.'

Tis time, yfaith, that wee were in our graves,
When children leave obedience to their Parents,
When there's no feare of God, no care, no dutie.
Well, well, nay, nay, it shall not doe, it shall not ;
No, Mountchensey, thou'st[1] heare on't, thou shalt,
Thou shalt yfaith !
Ile hang thy son, if there be law in England.
A mans Child ravisht from a Nunry !
This is rare !
Well, well, ther's one gone for Frier Hildersham.

Sir Raph.[2] Nay, gentle knight, do not vexe thus,
It will but hurt your health.
You cannot greeve more then I doe, but to what end ? But harke you, Sir Arthur,[3] I was about to say somthing—it makes no matter. But hearke you in your eare : the Frier's a knave ; but God forgive me, a man cannot tell neither ; s'foot, I am so out of patience, I know not what to say.

Sir Ar.[3] Ther's one went for the Frier an hower agoe. Comes he not yet ? s'foot, if I doe find knavery unders cowle, Ile tickle him, Ile firke him.[4] Here, here, hee's here, hee's here. Good morrow, Frier ; good morrow, gentle Frier.

Enter HILDERSHAM.

Sir Raph.[2] Good morrow, Father Hildersham, good morrow.
Hil. Good morrow, reverend Knights, unto you both.
Sir Ar. Father, how now ? you heare how matters goe ;
I am undone, my Childe[5] is[6] cast away.
You did your best, at least I thinke the best ;
But we are all crost ; flatly, all is dasht.
Hil. Alas, good knights, how might the matter be ?
Let mee understand your greefe for Charity.
Sir Ar. Who does not understand my griefes ? Alas, alas !
And yet yee do not ! Will the Church permit

[1] W. P. and Walker follow Hazlitt in changing 'thou'st' to 'thou'lt' but 'thou'st' is a common form ; see II, ii, 77, where it is retained by W. P. and Walker.
[2] All eds., 'Sir Arthur.' [3] All eds., 'Sir Raph.' [4] Cf. *H. V.*, IV, iv, 29, 33.
[5] This indicates that the speech is rightly assigned to Sir Arthur.
[6] Misprinted 'ist' in W. P.

A Nun in approbation[1] of her habit
To be ravished ?
Hil. A holy woman, benedicite !
Now God forfend that any should presume
To touch the sister of a holy house.
Sir Ar. Jhesus deliver mee !
Sir Raph. Why, Milliscent, the daughter of this knight,[2]
Is out of Cheston taken the last night.
Hil. Was that faire maiden late become a Nun ?
Sir Raph. Was she, quotha ? Knavery, knavery, knavery ; I smell it, I smell it, yfaith ; is the wind in that dore ? is it even so ? doost thou aske me that now ?
Hil. It is the first time that I ere heard of it.
Sir Ar. That's very strange.
Sir Raph. Why, tell me, Frier, tell mee ; thou art counted a holy man ; doe not play the hypocrite with me, nor beare with mee.[3] I cannot dissemble. Did I ought but by thy own consent,[4] by thy allowance — nay, further, by thy warrant ?
Hil. Why, Reverend knight —
Sir Raph. Unreverend Frier —
Hil. Nay, then give me leave, sir, to depart in quiet ; I had hopd you had sent for mee to some other end.
Sir Ar.[5] Nay, stay, good Frier ; if any thing hath hapd
About this matter in thy love to us,
That thy strickt order cannot justifie,
Admit it be so, we will cover it.
Take no care, man :

[1] Cf. III, ii, 63.
[2] This indicates that the speech is rightly assigned to Sir Raph. Ll. 43–45, as prose in early eds.
[3] The passage is probably corrupt, but the explanation which W. P. give is possible ; nor need you be indulgent to me. I am quite prepared to bear the whole truth.' Collier conjectures 'now' for 'nor.' That a dash should be placed after 'nor' and the speech regarded as broken is a suggestion which is not out of harmony with the construction of other passages of the play.
[4] This indicates that this speech and consequently the next should be assigned to Sir Arthur, but as it is not absolutely certain I have retained the old reading.
[5] The tone of this speech is more suited to Sir Raph than to Sir Arthur, but Hildersham's reply would indicate that it is rightly assigned to Sir Arthur, or that the confusion noted at the first of this scene manifests itself here as it certainly does below.

Disclayme not yet thy counsell and advise,
The wisest man that is may be orereacht.
Hil. Sir Arthur, by my order and my faith,
I know not what you meane.
Sir Raph.[1] By your order and your faith ?
This is most strange of all : Why, tell me, Frier,
Are not you Confessor to my Son Francke ?
Hil. Yes, that I am.
Sir Raph. And did not this good knight here and my selfe
Confesse with you, being his ghostly Father,
To deale with him about th' unbanded[2] marriage
Betwixt him and that faire young Milliscent ?
Hil. I never heard of any match intended.
Sir Ar. Did we not breake our minds[3] that very time,
That our device of making her a Nun
Was but a colour and a very plotte
To put by young Mountchensey ? Ist not true ?
Hil. The more I strive to know what you should meane,
The lesse I understand you.
Sir Raph. Did you not tell us still how Peter Fabell
At length would crosse us, if we tooke not heed ?[4]
Hil. I have heard of one that is a great magician,
But hees about the University.
Sir Raph. Did not you send your novice Benedic
To perswade the girle to leave Mountchenseys love,
To crosse that Peter Fabell in his art,[5]
And to that purpose made him visitor ?
Hil. I never sent my novice from the house,
Nor have we made our visitation yet.
Sir Ar. Never sent him ? Nay, did he not goe ?[6]
And did I not direct him to the house,
And conferre with him by the way ? and did he not

[1] Early eds. have Sir Arthur, but l. 73 shows clearly that Sir Raph is the speaker.
[2] W. P. change to 'intended,' but Walker rightly defends the original reading as meaning 'not yet settled ; merely talked of.'
[3] declare our intentions.
[4] This and the previous line as prose in early eds.
[5] Cf. note on III, ii, 141.
[6] Ll. 96–104 as prose in early eds.

Tell me what charge he had received from you,
Word by word, as I requested at your hands ?
Hil. That you shall know ; hee came along with me,
And stayes without. Come hither, Benedic !

Enter BENEDIC.

Yong Benedic, were you ere sent by mé
To Cheston Nunnery for a visitor ?
Ben. Never, sir, truely.
Sir Raph.[1] Stranger then all the rest !
Sir Ar.[2] Did not I direct you to the house ? Confer with you
From Waltham Abby unto Cheston wall ?
Ben. I never saw you, sir, before this hower !
Sir Raph. The devill thou didst not ! Hoe, Chamberlen !

Enter CHAMBERLAINE.

Cham. Anon, anon.
Sir Raph. Call mine host Blague hither !
Cham.[3] I will send one over to see if he be up ; I thinke he bee scarce stirring yet.
Sir Raph. Why, knave, didst thou not tell me an hower ago, mine host was up ?
Cham. I, sir, my Master's up.
Sir Raph. You knave, is a up, and is a not up ? Doest thou mocke me ?
Cham. I, sir, my M.[4] is up ; but I thinke M. Blague indeed be not stirring.
Sir Raph. Why, who's thy Master ? is not the Master of the house thy Master ?
Cham. Yes, sir ; but M. Blague dwells over the way.
Sir Ar. Is not this the George ? Before God, theres some villany in this.
Cham. S'foote, our signe's remoov'd ;[5] this is strange ! [*Exit.*][6]

[1] 'Sir Ar.' in early eds. [2] 'Sir Ra.' in early eds. [3] Misprinted 'Cla' Q 1, Q 2, Q 3.
[4] Here and elsewhere in this play 'M.' is to be explained as master.
[5] Cf. *Critical Essay*, above.
[6] The early eds. have no stage direction. W. P. insert *exeunt* but if anyone goes out it is only the chamberlain. The knights remain, and Blague speaks to them immediately after his entrance. W. P., having sent them out, are obliged to make them re-enter at that point. The old eds. have no scene division and none is needed. The action is continuous and the stage is not cleared. I follow W. P. though unwillingly, merely in order to avoid confusion in reference to this part of the play.

[Act V. Scene II. *Waltham: The St. George Inn.*]

Enter BLAGUE, *trussing his points.*

Host.[1] Chamberlen, speake up to the new lodgings, bid Nell looke well to the bakt meats! [*Enter* SIR ARTHUR *and* SIR RAPH.][2] How now, my old Tennents bauke[3] my house, my castle, lie in Waltham all night, and not under the Canopie of your host Blagues house? 4

Sir Ar. Mine host, mine host, we lay all night at the George in Waltham; but whether the George be your fee-simple or no, tis a doubtfull question. Looke upon your signe! 7

Host. Body of Saint George, this is mine overthwart neighbour hath done this[4] to seduce my blind customers. Ile tickle his catastrophe[5] for this; if I do not indite him at next assises for Burglary, let me die of the yellowes;[6] for I see tis no boote in these dayes to serve the good Duke of Norfolke. The villanous world is turnd manger; one Jade deceives another, and your Ostler playes his part commonly for the fourth share. Have wee Commedies[7] in hand, you whorson, villanous male London letcher? 15

Sir Ar. Mine host, we have had the moylingst[8] night of it that ever we had in our lives.

Host. Ist certaine?

Sir Raph. We have bin in the Forrest all night almost.

Host. S'foot, how did I misse you? Hart, I was a-stealing a Bucke there. 21

Sir Ar. A plague on you; we were stayed for you.

[1] The Host's speech is printed as if verse in early eds., the lines ending with 'lodgings,' 'meats,' 'horse,' 'not,' 'house.' [2] Supplied by W. P.

[3] Early eds. have 'my old Iennerts banke, my horse.' Steevens has emended 'horse' to 'house'; 'bauke' for 'banke,' is a happy emendation by W. P. Professor Gayley suggests Tennents for 'Iennerts,' writing as follows: "Tenants is correlative to Host. 'What, my old tenants shun my house!' Cf. for 'Tenant,' *Lear*, IV, i, 14; for the rest, Host, speaking of his 'tenant,' Falstaff, in *M. W. W.*, IV, v, 5, 'There's his chamber, his house, his castle'." Nothing could be more satisfactory or more certainly right. Fleay's amusing suggestion and ingenious argument as to the presence of Sir John Oldcastle may be found in his *Life of Shakespeare*, 131 f. and *Chron. Engl. Drama*, ii, 314.

[4] Cf. V, i, 126. [5] Cf. II, i, 6. [6] jaundice.

[7] 'Comedies' is apparently suggested to the lively mind of the Host merely by the phrase 'playes his part.' His next words are probably directed against the Host of the rival inn. [8] most laborious.

Host. Were you, my noble Romanes ? Why, you shall share ;[1] the venison is a footing.[2] *Sine Cerere & Baccho friget Venus ;*[3] that is, theres a good breakfast provided for a marriage thats in my house this morning.

Sir Ar. A marriage, mine host ?

Host. A conjunction copulative ; a gallant match betweene your daughter and M. Raymond Mountchensey, yong Juventus.[4]

Sir Ar. How ?

Host. Tis firme, tis done. Weele shew you a president i'th civill law for't.

Sir Raph. How ? married ?

Host. Leave trickes and admiration. Theres a cleanely paire of sheetes in the bed in the Orchard chamber,[5] and they shall lie there. What ? Ile doe it ; Ile serve the good Duke of Norfolke.

Sir Ar. Thou shalt repent this, Blague.

Sir Raph.[6] If any law in England will make thee smart for this, expect it with all severity.

Host. I renounce your defiance, if you parle so roughly. Ile barracado my gates against you. Stand faire, bully ;[7] Priest, come off from the rereward ! [*Enter* PRIEST.] What can you say now ? Twas done in my house; I have shelter i'th Court for't. D'yee see yon bay window ?[8] I serve the good Duke of Norfolk, and tis his lodging. Storm, I care not, serving the good Duke of Norfolk. Thou art an Actor in this, and thou shalt carry fire in thy face eternally.[9]

[1] How the venison reached the inn is not clear. Cf. notes on IV, i, 117, and IV, ii, 50.

[2] I know no satisfactory meaning for 'footing.' [The spit was frequently turned by foot. *Gen. Ed.*]

[3] The quotation is, of course, from Terence, *Eun.*, IV, v, 6.

[4] 'juventus' and 'lusty juventus' were often applied to young men. There is no reason to suspect here a particular reference to the old interlude.

[5] In the Sixteenth Century the rooms of inns were named, not numbered. Cf. the notes on 1 *H. IV*, II, iv, 30, in any good edition. Q 1 omits the definite article.

[6] I strongly suspect that this and the preceding speech are wrongly assigned. This seems decidedly to belong to Sir Arthur.

[7] W. P. read 'Stand, faire bully.'

[8] What bay-window is meant does not appear.

[9] Walker thinks this sentence is addressed to Sir Raph, 'that Sir Raph's indignation is pretended and in punishment of the pretence the redness of the face, betokening passion, will endure forever.' I see no reason to believe that Sir Raph had any part in the plot against Sir Arthur. Mr. Fleay's suggestion, *Life of Shakespeare*, 131, that it is addressed to Sir John does not necessarily fall with his theory of the identity of the Priest and Sir John Oldcastle, for this may be unconnected with the preceding sentence and addressed jocularly to the Priest.

Enter SMUG, MOUNTCHENSEY, HARRY CLARE, [FRANK JERNINGHAM] *and* MILLISCENT.

Smug. Fire, s'blood, theres no fire in England like your Trinidado sack.[1] Is any man heere humorous? We stole the venison, and weele justifie[2] it: say you now!

Host. In good sooth, Smug, theres more sacke on the fire, Smug.

Smug. I do not take any exceptions against your sacke; but if youle lend mee a picke staffe,[3] ile cudgle them all hence, by this hand.[4]

Host. I say thou shalt into the Celler.

Smug. S'foot, mine Host, shalls[5] not grapple? Pray, pray you; I could fight now for all the world like a Cockatrices ege.[6] Shalls not serve the Duke of Norfolk? *Exit.*

Host. In, skipper,[7] in!

Sir Ar. Sirra, hath young Mountchensey married your sister?

Y. Cla. Tis certaine, Sir; here's the Priest that coupled them, the parties joyned, and the honest witnesse that cride Amen.

Ray. Sir Arthur Clare, my new created Father,
I beseech you, heare mee.

Sir Ar. Sir, sir, you are a foolish boy; you have done that you cannot answere;[8] I dare be bould to ceaze her from you; for shee's a profest Nun.

Mil. With pardon, sir, that name is quite undone;
This true-love knot cancelles both maid and Nun.
When first you told me I should act that part,
How cold and bloody it crept ore my hart!
To Chesson with a smiling brow I went;
But yet, deere sir, it was to this intent,

[1] Trinidado sack may have been especially potent, but no record of its virtues has come down to us.

[2] Apparently Brian has agreed not to prosecute for the venison.

[3] pike-staff. [4] A common oath.

[5] Common colloquially for 'shall we.'

[6] As a cockatrice is known to fight after death, it might also fight while still in the egg, but most editors regard this as an allusion to the deadly power of the cockatrice's eye; ege' may well be a misprint.

[7] W. P. refer to *Tam. of Sh.*, II, ii, 341. [8] answer for at law.

That my sweete Raymond might find better meanes
To steale me thence. In breefe, disguised he came,
Like Novice to old father Hildersham ;
His tutor here did act that cunning part,
And in our love hath joyned much wit to art.

Sir Ar. Is't even so ?

Mil. With pardon therefore wee intreat your smiles ;
Love, thwarted, turnes itselfe to thousand wiles.

Sir Ar. Young Maister Jerningham, were you an actor
In your owne loves abuse ?

Y. Jer. My thoughts, good sir,
Did labour seriously unto this end,
To wrong my selfe, ere ide abuse my friend.

Host. He speakes like a Batchelor of Musicke, all in Numbers. Knights, if I had knowne you would have let this covy of Partridges sit thus long upon their knees[1] under my signe post, I would have spred my dore with old Coverlids.

Sir Ar. Well, sir, for this your signe was removed,[2] was it ?

Host. Faith, wee followed the directions of the devill, Master Peter Fabell ; and Smug, Lord blesse us ! could never stand upright since.[3]

Sir Ar. You, sir, twas you was his minister that married them ?

Sir Jo. Sir, to prove my selfe an honest man, being that I was last night in the forrest stealing Venison — now, sir, to have you stand my friend, if that matter should bee calld in question, I married your[4] daughter to this worthy gentleman.

Sir Ar. I may chaunce to requite you, and make your necke crack for't.

Sir Jo. If you doe, I am as resolute as my Neighbour vicar of Waltham Abby ;[5] a hem, grasse and hay ! wee are all mortall ; lets live till we be hangd, mine host, and be merry, and theres an end.

[*Enter* FABELL *with* BILBO *and* SMUG.][6]

[1] 'Sit upon their knees' means kneel, as regularly.
[2] Cf. V, i, 126.
[3] Smug seems to have fared ill in his climb.
[4] Misprinted 'you' in Q 1.
[5] Why this allusion to the Vicar of Waltham Abbey ?
[6] Omitted in Q 1, Q 2, Q 3.

Fab. Now, knights, I enter ; now my part begins.
To end this difference, know, at first I knew
What you intended, ere your love tooke flight
From old Mountchensey ; you, sir Arthur Clare,
Were minded to have married this sweete beauty
To yong Franke Jerningham ; to crosse which match,
I usde some pretty sleights, but, I protest,
Such as but sate upon the skirts of Art,
No conjurations, nor such weighty spells
As tie the soule to their performancy.
These for his love, who once was my deere puple,
Have I effected. Now, mee thinks, tis strange
That you, being old in wisedome, should thus knit
Your forehead on this match, since reason failes ;
No law can curbe the lovers rash attempt ;
Yeares, in resisting this, are sadly spent.
Smile, then, upon your daughter and kind sonne,
And let our toyle to future ages prove,
The Devill of Edmonton did good in Love.

Sir. Ar. Well, tis in vaine to crosse the providence :
Deere Sonne, I take thee up into my hart ;
Rise, daughter ; this is a kind fathers part.

Host. Why, Sir John,[1] send for Spindles noise,[2] presently : Ha er't be night, Ile serve the good Duke of Norfolke.

Sir Jo. Grasse and hay ! mine Host, lets live till we die, and be, merry, and theres an end.

Sir Ar. What, is breakfast ready, mine Host ?

Host. Tis, my little Hebrew.[3]

Sir Ar. Sirra, ride straight to Chesson Nunry,
Fetch thence my Lady ; the house, I know,
By this time misses their yong votary.
Come, knights,[4] lets in !

Bil. I will to horse presently, sir. — A plague a my Lady, I shall misse a good breakfast. Smug, how chaunce you cut[5] so plaguely behind, Smug ?

[1] Misprinted 'Sir George' in early eds.
[2] company of musicians.
[3] Cf. V, ii, 23 ; a 'little Hebrew' is as meaningless here as 'noble Romanes' there.
[4] Probably a misprint for 'knight.'
[5] Supply 'are' before 'cut.'

Smug. Stand away, Ile founder you else.
Bil. Farewell, Smug, thou art in another element.
Smug. I will be by and by ; I will be Saint George[1] againe.
Sir Ar. Take heed the fellow doe not hurt himselfe.[2]
Sir Raph. Did we not last night find two S. Georges here ?[3]
Fab. Yes, knights, this martialist[4] was one of them.
Y. Cla. Then thus conclude your night of merriment !
Exeunt omnes.

[1] Misprinted 'Sir George' Q 1, Q 2, Q 3.
[2] Apparently Smug attempts to climb up to the sign.
[3] Cf. the discussion, *Critical Essay* (Place in the History of Comedy), above.
[4] soldier,—alluding either to Smug's readiness to fight or to his impersonation of St. George.

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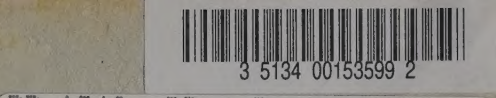

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